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# THIRTEENTH REPORT

December 1915

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# THINGS NINETY-NINE

No thing is mediocre. Some things only look more important than others

EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE

W. C. KENDALL J. L. BARNEY G. G. CLARK, Secretary

THE DARTMOUTH PRESS, F. A. MUSGROVE, '99, PROPRIETOR
DECEMBER, NINETEEN HUNDRED AND FIFTEEN

# THINGS NINETY-NINE

## ALPHABETICALLY ARRANGED

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**Adit.** Last year was the class report's fat year. This year, by all the rules horticultural and otherwise, should be a lean year. But just as the apple tree in your garden never seems to have any fat years and the weatherman's forecasted "trace of snow" turns out to be a howling blizzard, you can never tell how a class report is going to develop.

This year's '99 report started out to be "lean," simply a few things ninety-nine as the title suggests, in strict alphabetical order. In September the following undiplomatic note and questionnaire was sent out:

We are after material for the next class report. Therefore the following questions. They are many and as inclusive as the committee dared. Some may seem impertinent, some trifling, some may be inapplicable to your particular case. In answering, however, those that are applicable to you, kindly bear in mind that the pleasure you are to obtain from the next report will be determined by the care with which

the other one hundred and twenty-six fellows answer, and their pleasure by the care with which you answer, that a serious attitude toward the questions begets worth while data, that things which may seem inconsequential to yourself may appear consequential to the executive committee, that silence respecting one's self instead of always being modesty may be conceit, that the interest and value of a class report varies with the number of men and the volume of data "cleared" through it, that he who answers promptly lays up treasure for himself in the hearts of the executive committee and saves his reputation and temper from the onslaught of a fusilade of secretarial post cards. As a special bargain counter inducement to a speedy reply, the executive committee announce first that your letter in reply is not to be quoted in the coming report, our scheme is to ask you to assume the rôle of reporter and furnish copy out of which the executive committee may build a report, and second that they would like to keep up the good record of a '99 report each year by publishing the coming report in December. So answer the questions at once. If you need any assistance, put them in your pocket when you go home tonight and get your wife to help you. Think of it, a cram for a Dartmouth exam with your pipe, your wife, and your own fireside to aid and the exam paper right in your hands. Can you beat it? Yes, when you read the answers of all the other fellows two months hence. Hasten that day. Here are the questions. Now to them.

1. Are these addresses correct?
2. What are your business and residence telephone numbers?
3. Are the following vital statistics concerning your children and family correct?
4. What business or professional changes have you made during year?
5. What have you done in your business or profession this year?
6. Has the war affected you? How?
7. What research have you been at work on or accomplished?
8. What books, learned or unlearned essays or technical articles in the magazines, or papers, speeches, talks, smoke or otherwise, have you worked on, contributed, or made during year? When? Where? How?
9. What travels during year, for business or pleasure have you made?
10. Did you go to either the San Diego or Frisco Fair? If so, tell us all about it.
11. Have you been to Hanover?
12. What did you do for a vacation?
13. Did you plant a garden this summer? If so, how did it do?
14. Can you classify as Mayor, Alderman, Legislator, School or Library Trustee, Church Warden, Selectman, hog-reeve, viewer of wood and water, or anything else?

15. What honors, municipal, school, church, club, academic, have you held or received?
16. Have you acquired a summer home as yet, where, how, when? What are you doing to it, or it to you?
17. What make of auto or autos do you run, if any?
18. If you don't use an auto, do you keep a horse or mule for riding or driving? If not either, then how do you get about?
19. Do you steer a motor boat, sail a yacht? If so, what, how, and where?
20. What other members of the class have you or your family seen since fall 1914? Where, when, how?
21. What news, serious, tragic, comic, farcical do you know of any member of '99? Note we do not use the word "gossip."
22. Whom have you seen, and what do you know of interest concerning any members of the classes of '96, '97, '98, 1900, 1901?
23. What Dartmouth gatherings did you attend during winter?
24. Have you any diary or parts of such kept by you during college, or letters written by you? This question is asked not for immediate following up, but to locate matter for a historical picture of our college days, for future possible use.
25. Do you remember a History of Sophomore year, similar to Abbott's History of Freshman year? Who wrote it? When was it read? Have you a copy?
26. What degrees other than those conferred by Dartmouth do you possess?
27. Would you, accompanied or unaccompanied by your wife or ladies, attend an inexpensive after-the-game supper upon the occasion of the Dartmouth-Pennsylvania football game to be held in Boston this fall? The '99 men in Boston will be glad to put up and entertain at their homes over-night any who would so attend.

The result, in part due to the note, very likely, and in part due to the "times" resulted in a veritable freshet of live copy. The editorial blue pencil probably ought to have slashed more than it has for our pocketbook's sake. However, the year has been so unusual, producing so much of interest that we decided that as the "tree had blossomed, so should it bear" though there be nary-a-report next year. Last year 115 out of 127 grads and non-grads enrolled under '99 helped in building up the Quindecennial Report. This year the number heard from, has jumped to 124, almost a perfect score, a secretary's ambition, a secretary's approachable but unreachable goal.

**A. M. Abbott Leads off.**

There is nothing like breaking your rules and regulations at the outset. Then you have them broken and it doesn't hurt your conscience so badly when you want to break them again. This is probably why we break our New Year's Eve resolutions New Year's day. At any rate we are going to break our rule, not to publish any letters, at once.

The very first man on the list and the very first man to send in his answers to the Questionnaire took the grip right out of our good resolutions. Then the interesting letters kept coming, showing that this was an exceptional year, when we had thought it would only be ordinary. The temptation should be sufficient excuse, even though the old rule that "all rules should have an exception" didn't warrant the change of front. Therefore we hasten to make the first exception with the first tempter, "Pap" himself. He writes September 20, 1915:

DEAR GEORGE: I am going to start this today, but I know perfectly well that I cannot hope to finish it. The market has been boiling and I have but little time for writing anything except business letters. Since the market opened things with me have taken a big boost and especially is this true during the past six months. The war knocked this business (stocks and bonds) higher than a kyte as you know and a year ago I did not know where the next pair of baby shoes were to come from. Never was I so broke in my life. I slid back to the printing business and made a few "iron boys" that way, but had it not been for credit and friends yours truly would have been down and out for fair. However, that is all over and the fellow who is placed as I am and who does not make his everlasting fortune out of this war should be shot as a dummy.

I have had great success in building up a speculative and investment business; accounts that will not only be permanent, but have been extremely successful. The last six or eight months have been the most satisfactory of my business career. Never has the future looked brighter. There haven't been any talks, smoke or otherwise, except impromptu ones in the office on finance and the general condition of certain stocks. For travel, I've been only to and from my golf club. Did not take any vacation. If things will permit though I am going to Hot Springs in October for a few weeks. (Pap was there October 24th to November 6th.)

Now see here, old man, that question about the gardening is something that touches a rather sore spot. How did you know about my

garden? I believe that you asked this question just to rub it in. As long as you ask I suppose I must confess. Yes, I planted a garden and it turned out to be the joke of the town. It seems that a friend of mine in the seed business got a little sore because I nicknamed him "Seedy" and at the club and everywhere he went the name stuck to him and he did not like it. Spring came and I went to him for seeds of course. He gave me a wonderful assortment of beautiful packages and told me just what to do with them. I took them home and told my wife all about the wonderful seeds I had secured from my friend. We enriched the soil and with much toil and labor planted everything just as he said. I am speaking now about a flower garden. Our house is on a corner and the grounds are most conspicuous. Well, we waited and the seeds sprang up fine, they seemed to grow to beat the band and you never saw a prouder couple than Mr. and Mrs. A. M. Abbott. The neighbors came and looked and said "fine," "wonderful," "how well they are growing," "where did you get the seeds," etc., etc. One day one of our nosey kind of neighbors called and began to examine the green things shooting out of the ground. Well to make a long story short the whole blasted flower garden was not a flower garden but a vegetable one. Every seed was some kind of a vegetable and you should have seen the result. Our front and back lawn looked like a farmer's back field and the whole town knew the joke in twenty-four hours. I must say it was a good one on me and so can you wonder that I am a little sore on this garden question. I have not or probably will not hear the last of it.

There's nothing doing along the line mayoralty and aldermanic but I might qualify as "Chicken Inspector." Honors are, Business Manager, Plainfield Comedy Club, Director of the Park Club of Plainfield. Others that will not look good in print. I rent a summer cottage every year. This year I had one at Woodmont, Conn. Just at present I haven't any auto but will, I hope, be able to buy a "Twin Six" this winter.

With respect to '99-ers, I see "Mot" Sargeant, Hawley Chase, with now and then a glimpse of Jo Gannon and Luke Varney, all in New York either at the office or on the street. Last winter I saw a lot of "P" and "J" Redington. "P" came on from the West to lecture and made his headquarters with John here in New York and I trained around with them a good deal. We had a few very fine "parties" and we showed the best of the "White Lights" to "P."

It has been all work with me for the past year and I am in no position to tell you much news, but I hope the above may be of interest to the boys. You know that I am always glad to do what I can to help along, in any way that I can. Yours, "Pap."

**A. J. Abbott** "Rab" reports an average business unaffected by the war; for a vacation, a short time at the Beach. Saturday, November 6, the day of the Pennsy game he wrote:

"Dear George: Am seated in the office with the sun shining full in my face, so jealous of all you fellows that are to see the game today and what comes after that words do not express my feelings. Had put off writing to Kendall with the hope that at the last minute I could be with the crowd. But owing to the ill health of my father and good business am obliged to stay on the job. Am with you in spirit just the same. Have nothing to tell you as all I think of is work, all the time. My family is well and growing so I have a great deal to rejoice in. Am sending you a check for ten. If I owe more I'll try and pay. Rab"

**E. A. Abbott** "Randolph Rab" has moved his real estate business and his residence from Hollister to Fresno, Cal. Notwithstanding the extreme business depression of the year he has been able to keep even with the tide. He has, however, worked all the time. No so-called "vacation!" But some of the things he has done, we should classify as vacations de luxe. He reports further:

The war has had a very decided ill effect on the land business in this state. Times, so-called, have been quite hard for the last year and the real-estate market is always the first to feel the effect. Crops were bountiful but no market and no price on account of restricted export trade and lack of money. Land has dropped in price and every inducement made to get buyers, but always the same answer,—no money. Sales have fallen off with every firm and we have no way to see a change for the better until the war is over. The few sales I have been able to make this past year have been small, long, easy terms and few and far between. My income has been more than cut in two.

My travels have been restricted entirely to motor trips in this state, partly business and partly pleasure, or both combined. Not long extended trips, but short ones like a trip to San Francisco for a couple of days. Some wonderful mountain trips. This summer I drove from here to General Grant's National Park. Wonderful scenery of the Sierras and the big trees. Also a trip to North Fork in the Sierras where P. G. Redington lives and presides over millions of acres of timber owned by the United States. All through Sonama County from hill to valley, including London's "Valley of the Moon". All through

the mountains in the south of San Benito county where the quicksilver mines are located and now running full blast on account of the war. Since the first of November, 1914, I have driven over 15,000 miles in my Overland, and I assure you I have had some very difficult and dangerous trips in the winter during the rains. I also have taken many trips across San Francisco bay.

I have attended the San Francisco Fair quite a number of times. To attempt to tell you about it would take too long and I can only say that it is wonderful, both in nature of the varied exhibits and in its setting and architecture. The colorings are beyond words. The gardens are a flame of color, varying with the season and the plants selected. The electrical effects, produced by direct, indirect and combined lighting are marvelous. The effects produced at night by powerful searchlights on the buildings and the sky cause one to stop and wonder where it will all end. Entertainment of every sort is afforded you from feasting your eyes on the most beautiful of the world's art and filling your mind with the most wonderful display of exhibits of every kind, to laughing your head off at some comic amusement of the 'Zone.' I cannot 'tell you about it' and I am not going to try. I can say, however, that it is the grandest show on earth, and it is the first exposition to commemorate a coming event, the opening of the Panama Canal, a work now completed, and one which means so much to all of us. I can only express the wish that all '99 men can see this most wonderful of all expositions.

Yes, I planted a dandy garden this spring and it was a sure-enough success. Our early peas fairly melted in your mouth after being prepared in such a way as only my wife can prepare them. I'm not going to tell you just how early in the year we had radishes, peas, lettuce, beets, carrots, etc., as I know if I did you would all want to come to California at once and start a garden this spring. I certainly will have another one this coming spring.

The only '99 man I have had the pleasure of seeing is 'Bill' Sears. I used to stop at his office regularly every time I drove from Hollister to San Francisco, and sometimes I would find him out at work and sometimes at home 'tinkering' on his made-over automobile. I think he has a new one now that does not require so much tinkering, so I do not know what he does with his spare time. He has a fine big boy, and I suppose he puts in some time teaching him how to do the 200 yards in the time Bill used to do it. The last time I saw Bill, my wife and I were entertained at his house at luncheon.

Bones Woodward is doing fine at Seattle. He kindly entertained my sister when she was there this summer. "Sis" writes that he has a fine wife and family and a dandy home. He gave her a beautiful trip around Seattle in his motor, and did himself proud in entertaining the sister of a '99 man. Cush writes me quite regularly and some of his letters contain interesting news about Randolph, his trips home, his

new Haines roadster and what it will do, his success in his business, the fact that he is still single and expects to remain so, poor collections, etc., etc. My sister who lives in Randolph sends me wonderful reports about John Dubois. He is a model husband and father, has a charming and adorable wife and three fine children, has a good business well cared for, and in short conducts himself in all ways as a good reliable and steady citizen should.

I met A. B. Patterson '98 here the other day. He is still bald but looks fine and hard and strong, as a result of his out-door work in the forest service. He is Forest Supervisor of the Sequoia Nat'l Forest which comprises over 2½ million acres of timber. He was in Fresno for a day and was driving a Ford car. He was on his way to the Visalia country where prune orchards thrive with the bee in his bonnet to buy one, and then find a wife and finally settle down and live on the profits of raising prunes, no mean product in this state I can assure you. "Pat" said that when he was in the boarding house at Hanover hating prunes served for every meal, that he little thought he would be in California hunting a prune orchard in which to live and make his income increase. The same day I met Patterson, I also met Paul Redington '00. P. G. is Forest Supervisor of the Sierra Nat'l Forest. I was some pleased to see him, and we played some pool and had a few drinks, and then I brought him out to the house to sample some of my wife's good cooking. Either Paul was very hungry or the cooking pleased him, because he certainly did act like he enjoyed the dinner. He persuaded me to take a day off and drive him home to North Fork. I finally agreed, and the next morning my wife and I in my trusty Overland met Paul and drove the 50 miles up into the mountains to his forest home. There we were met by his lovely wife and introduced to his wonderful boy. SOME BOY. Only two years old and one must take his hat off to this boy. He talks like a man and is very well and mighty handsome. Paul is some proud father I assure you. We stayed over Sunday and were well entertained. Paul presides over 1,743,000 acres of land and over 14 billions of merchantable timber. He is proud of his work and is becoming a recognized factor in the Forest Service. He is now in San Francisco attending a convention of Lumbermen.

**C. E. Adams** Charles Ezra answers that he has been at work every day, and found plenty of it. In addition he has been caring for his father, who was ill for over a year at his home in Keene, and who passed away October 4, 1915. There have, therefore, been no vacations, and the summer home which he has at Gilsum, N. H., has been rented this last season. He has succeeded, however, in keeping in physical trim by keeping the weeds out of a garden that he hired planted, and has

had the pleasure of "meeting up" with Dave Storrs, Charles Sturtevant, Dr. Hopkins, and Warren Kendall.

**N. B. Adams** "Cig" says he never worked harder than this year. "N. P.", Pitt and Willis are among his customers, but he doesn't say that they are wholly responsible for the extra work. He's made many friends and been happy. He keeps the old family place at Limerick, Maine, as a summer place and for a vacation he spent two rainy, though restful weeks within its comfortable shelter.

**E. L. Allen** "Ed has kept moving right on this last year. He has been revising his formulas for soda fountain syrups, and inventing many new drinks. Has perfected formula for "marshmallow" that leads them all, and his company has sold thousands of pounds of it. If your wife tells you she has had a luscious marshmallow soda down town a-shopping, you may know it was "Ed's". He has no kick coming on account of the war, though they have been forced to advance the price of finished product on account of advance in price of raw material, largely imported from Germany, and though the advance in sugar has helped to eat up some of the profits, for it has served to show that there are chemists in the United States as well as in Germany. Ed's winter home is so pleasantly located, on Arlington Heights, with a park next door, and a fine unobstructed view, that he doesn't need to have a summer home. A garden which he admits may have been unsatisfactory financially, though quite satisfactory otherwise, helps to make it a real summer home, in the summer time. Still he did run away from the ruts of business for a week's hunting in the Maine woods, and is now considering something new in the way of a summer drink.

**K. Asakawa**
**Abroad** "K" has been leading a strenuous existence. Every minute outside of regular work, he has put upon the war, going even so far as to read the German Sagas in order to get at the German point of view. He has been at work on one major research and one minor

research, and presented introductory papers on both. On July 23 a paper on "Japan's Early Experience with Buddhism" was presented at the meeting of the American Historical Association at San Francisco—that's as near as he got to the Fair. He was himself abroad, on a tour of observation, among the warring nations, which began in June and lasted through September, and included Italy,—where he even got down to the "toe of things" in Sicily,—France and England. "K" saw Carl and Mrs. Miller in New Haven in November, 1914, Berger in New York December, 1914, and Fuller in New Haven this last October. He writes, January 23, 1916:—

Dear "Sport" George: My European trip of last summer was nothing more than a blind man's journey in a new land. It would be rude to refuse you altogether, but I must circumvent your nefarious scheme by furnishing you with the barest outlines of my pilgrimage and reserving to myself all the foolish notions I have gained which, were they brought to light, would be my undoing.

It was my first trip to Europe. For it I chose this time of all times for I supposed that the everlasting tourists would for once have been frightened away from the zone of war and that in many important respects the belligerent nations would be more likely to reveal what they were at this critical moment than at any other time. My purpose was not to study military or financial situation, but to come in actual contact with the allied nations when they were in a serious and earnest mood, and to feel with my own hands, as it were, what sort of culture and training each nation had received from its past and how that culture and training influenced the individual man and woman in practical conduct and at this particular time.

There would be risks and inconveniences in such a trip, but I thought it would be well even for so meek an individual as I, for the sake of the light I was confident I should gain, to be a little dare-devil for once. Far greater a requisite for me for this trip than courage (for a chicken's courage would suffice for that) was the capacity for shedding like water all my personal prejudices about European nations and their history, reaching out my hands for them with humility and receiving with sensitiveness the impressions they might give me. It is needless to say that my capacity along these lines hardly existed, but nevertheless I created for myself an opportunity to test and cultivate it.

I left New York on an Italian boat on June 5th and returned there September 30th in a Dutch ship, having spent nearly four months beyond the protection of the Stars and Stripes. A half of that time

was passed in Italy and the remainder divided between France and England.

Of inconveniences, there were many, especially in Italy, where I was, to my infinite relish, subjected to incredibly frequent police examinations. I welcomed these opportunities to come in practical touch with Italians and others and missed them whenever they were not forthcoming.

One real and great inconvenience for me was my acquaintance with the English language. I noted an immediate relaxation of my alertness as soon as I stepped on board an English vessel to go across the channel; and when I got to London I felt so much at home that not even the Zeppelin raid that came over there early in September succeeded in thrilling me and reopening my pores to the extent of attention that had been constant with me in Italy and France. In these European countries, I found that an ability to read combined with an inability to speak well was rather an advantage for my special purpose. I exploited my ignorance as much as I dared and indeed I not only got along somehow at stores, restaurants and police stations, but also —do you believe it?—exchanged ideas (with a liberal use of gestures and solecisms) with all classes of Italians and French and made friends. As for ready contacts and observations, there was no end to the fun I got out of them with my handful vocabulary and pocket lexicon. I want to remind you, Sport, that—with due respect for your legal love —the reason that you are not keener than you are about America is because you know the American language (which, of course, is not English). Unlearn it and discover what a marvellous, amorphous world surrounds you.

Well, Sport, I have conducted you to the portal of my house of many and mysterious observations; and I must stop, both for your sake and for mine, lest they might bewilder you and embarrass me. Your obedient servant, K. Asakawa.

**J. W. Ash** John replies to the questionnaire that he has removed from Chattanooga to Corvallis, Oregon, and then after a lot of clever answers, like women in their postscripts, puts the real stuff in a footnote. It is written on yellow paper headed "Builders' Supply Co.—Cement, Lime, Plaster, Sewer Pipe, Drain, Tile, etc.—John W. Ash, Pres. and Gen. Mgr.—Jas. D. Child, Sec. and Treas." We quote:

Corvallis, Oregon, Nov. 10, 1915. My dear George: This is the footnote and it is liable to be more brief than I intended because I went to fill up my pipe and found the $100 money bag empty and I have bummed so much tobacco from Ted lately that I feel ashamed of

myself, so when this pipeful is gone, I will have to quit. Now for it, starting with No. 9.

After putting in a winter of comparative idleness (I made a two-day survey between Nov. 1st and April 1st), I got the old western fever back in my system and as I still had a few dollars left, I bought a ticket and "lit a rag" as the nigger says. I went to Texas, thence to California, took in the San Diego and Frisco fairs and liked them both, the former the best, as I saw it at its best in April. When I got tired of those places, Los Angeles and a few other towns, I struck North into Oregon which I did in fair shape and landed here. That gets me on question 15. I became acquainted with a few members of the Oregon Agricultural College faculty and the Eng. Dept. got me to give the Engineering class a lecture on Engineering in general. I did so. From a technical point of view it was a howling failure, but judging from the laughter and cheers, it was a grand success as a humorous anecdote. The boys would like to have it repeated, but I do not see my name upon the list of lecturers for the coming winter. Well I dug out of here and went around to some of my old stamping places in Washington and then I went down into Idaho to my old claim. I mooned around my old cabins that I built 25 years ago, one of them was sitting down and the other getting ready to lie down. The old trails were all grown up, but I wandered around through the woods for a few days and then pulled out for home with the fever worse than when I started on the trip.

As soon as I got back I started getting ready for another trip. By June 5th I had a carload of furniture and other junk loaded and freight paid on it and the machine rigged for a long trip. I loaded my wife, five children, the colored girl and myself into the machine and departed from there.

The trip would fill a small book, it was one continual round of hills, rocks, mud, water, canyons, mountains, and pleasure all the way and with the exceptions of Bardstown, Ky., Chicago, Omaha, and Grand Island, Neb., we camped out every night. Our route was over the Dixie Hy. to Chicago, Lincoln Hy. to Ogden, Utah, thence to Boise, Idaho, across Central Oregon through the John Day and Strawberry country to the Deschutes and Columbia River. We got onto the Columbia Hy. the day after it was opened up and in spite of warnings that we could not get over it with our load, we made the trip and was the first touring car from the East to pass over it. It was the real scenic route of the whole trip, but we lost our last Tenn. air there in two tires. They both went within two hours of each other and the loss was followed by a heavy wind. The next day we got to Portland and arrived here about 8 a. m. Ted was waiting for me and had my furniture in a house and grub ready to cook.

I saw Buck Burns in Omaha in June. I got him to cash a check for me, don't know whether he ever got any money on it or not.

Since I came here I have finished two street paving contracts and am engaged in the manufacture of concrete sewer pipe, drain tile, building blocks and cement products in general.

My pipe has gone out. Goodbye. Yours ever, J. W. Ash.

The trip does fill a book, a clever bit of work called "Chattanooga to Oregon", which contains on its right hand pages the day to day journal of the trip as set down by John and on the left hand pages real photographs taken by John, too. We take the liberty of quoting a few of the days.

June 5, 1915. On this date, about 9 a. m., Mrs. Ash, five children, from three to twelve years of age, colored maid, and myself, left Chattanooga in a light six-cylinder, 7-passenger, 40-H.P., 1914 model, Hudson car, loaded with a camp outfit, bedding, tent flies, provisions, two extra tires, ropes, tire chains, axe, shovel, trunk, and three suit cases, fishing tackle, and small rifle, and other things deemed necessary for a comfortable trip. The whole outfit, passengers and machine, weighed practically 4000 lbs. We passed around the edge of Lookout Mountain, down the Tennessee River to Rankins Ferry, crossed the river on ferryboat propelled by a small motorboat attached to the side. We crossed the Cumberland Mountains where we paid $1.00 toll, had a blow-out, broke our trunk rack, and paid another toll of 50 cents on the other side near Wonder Cave. We visited the cave and found it very wonderful and pretty. It took about two hours to walk through it. Most of the roads were very rough and rocky, especially across the mountains, but we found occasional stretches of chert and macadam roads that were fine. We made camp at an ideal spot on the edge of a small stream. Mosquitoes quite bad. Made 62 miles.

June 7—Left Camp No. 2, had fine roads and figured on making Louisville that night, but about 2 p. m. we struck a streak of bad roads caused by cloud burst. We stopped and were putting on our chains when a new big six driven by a man plunged past us and immediately got stuck. We helped him out and he went plunging ahead without chains. We finally got started and drove carefully and slowly for about a mile, when we found the big six down in the ditch for keeps. We worked past him and then went back with shovel and axe and started to help him out. Had to pry the car up with a long pole and block it up with rocks. Got him up when another big car came along with a Mr. Tanner and wife of Indianapolis. They got past him and hitched a tow-line to him and got him on the road, if you can call three feet of mud a road; it was all a new fill of dirt three feet deep and was soaked to the bottom. We helped one another through and it took us

over two hours to go two miles. From there on for many miles the road was very bad. We were in the lead. We met a car going south, they advised us to be very careful in fording the next creek we came to, where the bridge had been washed out and gave us implicit instructions how to cross it. We followed their directions, the water was deep and got up in our bedding and suit cases, but not in our carburetor, so we got safely over. The two cars following did not do so well, they had to be pulled out. They finally overtook us as we had broken a front spring somewhere in the rough travel and were going carefully and we finally drove into Bardstown, Ky., where we put up at a hotel so as to get our car fixed during the night. We made 132 miles in spite of bad roads.

Sunday, June 13—During the night a heavy storm came up and before we could get dressed the rain was driving in under the canvas and the wind was pulling up our stakes so that it was necessary for everybody to grab the canvas and hold it tight. Even then it was torn out of our hands several times and our bedding got soaked as well as ourselves and our clothes. The maid on the other side lay on her cot and hung on for dear life while the water ran down her head and arms onto her bed. During a lull we threw our clothes into the machine and rolled our bedding into a heap and got into the machine where we dressed the best we could and for the rest of the night we sat upright and slept when we didn't have to hold the canvas down. It was real funny and laughable. I tried to hold down the canvas with one hand and put my pants on with the other and for fifteen minutes I never got but one leg in my pants and the children were laughing at me. The sun came out next morning which was Sunday and we found trees uprooted, wires and poles down and one big limb over a foot through had been torn off one of the cottonwoods and dropped a few feet from the front of the machine. I should hate to think what would have happened if it had gone about ten feet further in our direction. After getting our bedding and clothes hung up in the sun, we had a good hot breakfast of bacon and eggs, baked beans, potatoes, bread and coffee and as soon as we got all the things dried we packed up and made a start about 11 o'clock. The roads were in bad shape, but we crosed the Father of Waters at Clinton, Iowa, about 4.30 p. m. We laid in a stock of provisions at a bakery; being Sunday we couldn't get into a grocery store and left to find a camping place, which we found about six miles west. We made 73 miles during the day.

Sunday, June 20—Left Camp No. 12 at 8.40 a. m. and struck our worst roads yet, nothing but mud, water, deep holes and deep ditches on each side of the road, so that you were in constant dread of skidding into one of the ditches and drowning the whole crowd. Had to use ropes for the first time, myself and the three largest children in our bare feet and legs would pull on the rope while Mrs. Ash drove

the car and we would go ahead and show her just where to drive through the water so she wouldn't get into the ditch. It began to look like getting a team, but we stayed with it and drove and pulled. One place ahead of us we could see some men and a team pulling a car out of a bad place, so we detoured over another road and did fairly well for a while. A freight train came along when we were down in a deep hole, the engineer slowed down to see how we got out and the crew laughed like good fellows to see us out there in our bare legs pulling on the rope, but we showed them we had an engine that didn't have to have rails to travel on and they waved their hats at us when we pulled out. We made camp that night on schoolhouse grounds two miles west of Central City and made 87 miles that day in spite of the mud. Mosquitoes were thick and the children gathered grass and manure and built several smudges to keep them off.

June 21—Left Camp 13 at 9.00 a. m. The dews were so heavy that we couldn't get our canvases dried out, and we had another siege of mud and water, several times we had to turn around and back track to some other road on account of places that were practically impassable. Not five miles of the Lincoln Highway was fit to travel on towards Grand Island where we arrived at 1.00 having been four hours going 26 miles. At Grand Island we were promised good roads at least to Kearney, so we started out with a brave heart and a lot of nice fresh provisions. Just got out of town when we made a mistake in the road and started to turn around. We got crossways of the road and couldn't go any further, our engine ran but the wheels refused to go. I got out and got under and found there was something wrong with the transmission, so we pushed the car around to the side of the road and 'phoned back to Grand Island for a tow back to town. We found that one axle was twisted in two and the other twisted up like a rope. Apparently they held together till we got out of the bad places and then gave out before we got into them again, which was fortunate for us. We wired to Omaha for a new pair of axles, engaged some rooms opposite the garage and sat down to wait and watch a few other cars roll in. They all had hard tales to tell and the cars from the West told us what we were up against in front of us. We cheered them up likewise. Lots of them concluded to lay over a few days and rest up and wait for a little sunshine, but we doubt if they ever got it. Only 26 miles today.

June 23—Axles arrived about 6 a. m. Got busy and got them in and left at 9.00 a. m. Had good weather and pretty good roads till nearing Kearney. Mrs. Ash was driving and passed a fast freight train and they were not poking along either, but it started to pour again and we had to slow down. We left Kearney and got into bad roads again. In one place there was a string of autos stuck in the mud ahead of us and had to be pulled out with teams. We watched carefully and by

using our shovel occasionally we kept out of the ditch and had no serious trouble. Some of the machines dropped into the first camping places and the rest of them stopped at the next town called Elm Creek, but we calmly wended our way onwards and left them behind in spite of their protestations that we would get stuck and have to stay in the mud all night. By detouring in several places, we cheated one or two farmers with teams who had an attitude of "watchful waiting" for us to get stuck so they could make five dollars easy, but we kept digging out and plunging ahead. In one place a farmer and his wife in their wagon drove along on their farm on the other side of the fence and kept up with us. When we got stuck they would stop and watch me dig out while Mrs. Ash drove the car and the rest walked. After we had done this at least three times in a mile they gave it up and I could see the look of disgust on their faces as the woman remarked, "Well, I know they will get stuck in the next hole." We didn't get into the "next hole" for the simple reason there was a machine already in it. It looked as if he was there for keeps with two teams trying to pull him up, so we hailed a farmer afoot and asked him a few questions about the roads thereabouts and if there really was a road anywhere, at which he became very indignant and said we ought to stay at home as the people in that country were satisfied and didn't want to advertise their country or sell out and move, whereupon we simply remarked that if some people weren't so stingy they would spend a few dollars and get them some roads. He had enough and walked away, so we backed up a few hundred yards and took another road and found a camping place east of Overton, Neb. We made 73 miles and ate a good supper of bacon, eggs, beans, bread, milk and coffee.

June 25—Before reaching Ogalalla we broke that same spring again and I was working on it when eight cars, all of which we had left behind us at previous times went sailing by, all as happy as if they were going to a Fourth of July picnic. We were on high, dry ground once again. I got fixed up and caught the whole bunch at Ogalalla. We let them get out ahead as we couldn't travel very fast with the spring broken. At Big Spring we started to climb a long steep hill and on top it was just as flat as a table as far as we could see in front of us with a house a long, long way off. As it was getting late Mrs. Ash took the wheel and I rode on the front where I could watch the spring and we beat it. Just before we got to the ranch the car jumped out of a rut and into a barbed wire fence. In less time than it takes to mention it, I was minus a pants' leg and some skin, but we got to the ranch where we found one of the eight cars and we joined them and made camp. We could see the mountains in Colorado from there. Made 78 miles. The children saw their first prairie dogs and owls and just went wild over them and just kept in a regular uproar making them run into their holes.

Sunday, June 27—Left Camp 17 at 9 a. m. Had good roads to Cheyenne, went into garage for oil, grease, etc., got provisions and a new set of axles I had ordered sent there from Salt Lake in case of accident. As we were leaving Cheyenne a terrific storm came up and we stopped under shelter for the worst to blow over. We commenced to climb up and up all day long and got our first view of the snow-capped Rocky Mountain peaks. Got up to an elevation of over 9000 feet at the summit of the U. P. near the Ames Monument, made camp at Tie Siding, Wyoming, and got hay out of a stable for a bed. The nights were getting lots colder. Made 90 miles today.

June 29—Left Nelson Ranch through Rawlins and started up the Continental Divide. Passed through a town large enough for 1000 people, but there was not a single soul in the whole town. Lots of the buildings were in good condition and some had curtains still up in them. Ran short of water and had to use dirty alkali water for our radiator. We were now in the sagebrush country proper. We climbed up and up all day, most of the road following an abandoned railroad grade with lots of the ties still in the roadbed. Met one of the cars that was ahead of us going back to Rawlins for repairs. We found a big fine jar of stuffed dates and figs in the road. The seal was unbroken and we had a nice feed at someone else's expense for which we thanked them. We lost an axe the day before and had to buy a new one, it evened it up. Had fine road all the way up the divide, but it was awful windy and threatened to blow us clean off the roof of the world. Nothing but sagebrush to be seen anywhere, not a building except a flag station and section house on the railroad. We saw our first badger, but he got into his hole before I could get out the little rifle. Had a still hunt for two sage hens. Got one and a few chickens. Had a puncture on the divide, the second on the trip so far. Got to a deserted coal mine and made camp in one of the shacks. There was a bed, stove and other things in there just as clean as you would wish for. Had supper, cleaned the chickens and went to bed. Paid 40 cents a dozen for eggs and 20 cents a quart for new milk. Made 121 miles.

June 30—Left Camp 20 at 8 a. m. after having a fine breakfast of sage chickens, passed through Point of Rocks, Rock Springs and Green River, had beautiful roads. Mrs. Ash drove most of the way and I enjoyed the scenery and smoked my pipe. Went into camp west of Bryan on Black Ford at 2 p. m. We fished, but caught nothing. Worked on the car and caught up on the washing. Made 58 miles.

July 3—Left Camp 23 at 8 a. m., went to Ogden, wrote and mailed some letters, had the usual crowd of spectators to ask questions and then left, had good roads all day, met lots of farm rigs going to celebrate the 4th. Stopped at Brigham City, decorated the car with Old Glory and went on. Bought some bread, eggs and butter at a ranch and made camp on creek near pass in the mountains 25 miles west of Strevells. Came very near meeting with an accident. Mrs. Ash was

driving and we were on a pretty fair road which we could see apparently for miles ahead of us, when all of a sudden the road curved sharp to the left and ran down a very steep hill. Our brakes having gone bad on us again, we tried to get into low gear and go down in compression, but for some reason or other the engine went dead, so we couldn't shift into low gear. By that time we were well started down the hill with all the brakes on we could get on. Half way down the hill was a team coming up. We yelled at the driver to get out of the way. He got as far as he could on the side of the bank and we shot by him on the outer edge on a very small margin. The road swerved sharply to the right again, but we made the turn all right and went out on the straight road about forty miles an hour, none the worse but pretty well shaken up and rather scared. Made 142 miles. Total to date 2578 miles.

July 9—Heavy rains all night, left Seneca at 9 a. m., roads muddy and rough. Had to go down one steep mountain grade 4 miles long. Everybody afraid to ride. They all walked except the two little fellows. Went through a canyon 14 miles, met a Ford in the road, had to hold it out over the edge of the road while Mrs. Ash drove past. Went through Canyon City, John Day and Daysville. Paid 40c a gallon for gas. Had heavy mountain roads all day and had to dig out of the mud several times. Made camp on Rock Creek, Antone, P. O. Bought some pork that must have been in pickle 5 years. Did some fishing, but caught nothing. Made 72 miles.

July 10—Left Antone at 7.30, made good time through the hills to Mitchell 20 miles, then our troubles commenced again, but we could nearly see the end of the trip and took it as it came. After leaving Mitchell it was up and down mountains and through canyons all day. The scenery was fine and continually changing. The erosions among the hills were all colors of the rainbow and all shapes imaginable. The children were in raptures over the different animal shapes they could picture out without any stretch of the imagination. The rocks stood up like gigantic statues of lions, bears, elephants, human beings and everything imaginable. At the summit of the last mountain we climbed, we stopped and looked back over the country we had been going through all day. It did not seem possible that an auto could ever get through such a wild, rough country and in fact very few of them do. Had we known what was ahead of us when we left Drewsey, we should have taken the regular route through Burns and Prineville, but we got through it that day without an accident and only one blowout. The road was marked all the way with empty beer bottles and jack rabbits were innumerable. We passed through Antelope to Shaniko where we bought our Sunday provisions and made camp at a farm house. We all slept that night on the hay in the barn. Made 77 miles today. 3174 miles to date.

Sunday, July 11—Left about 8 a. m. We soon got a fine view of the snow-covered peaks in the Cascade Range, Hood, Jefferson, Wash-

ington, Three Sisters and several others. Crossed the Deschutes and down the Columbia River to The Dalles. Had our first engine trouble and had to make camp on a hill above the Columbia River, ten miles out of The Dalles. Had a blowout. Made only 81 miles.

July 12—Left Camp 32 at 8 a. m. Had more engine trouble, got to Hood River, passed over Mitchell's Point on to the Columbia Highway. Had been advised to ship our car to Portland from Hood River as Mitchell's Point was dangerous and the tunnel through was not open to traffic, but we took a chance as other cars had already been over and we were the first big touring car from the East to go over the new Columbia Highway. It was passable but far from being finished. The scenery along here was grand and we made camp in an old cement house by the river. Had two punctures and lost the last Tennessee air that we had carried all the way in our two front tires. All the previous punctures and blowouts had been on the rear wheels. Made only 42 miles.

July 13—Left Camp 33 about 9 a. m. Went to Portland, traveling slowly and taking in all the scenery. Had a little work done on the car and left Portland about 2 p. m. Had a heavy rain on the road and had to use our ropes twice to get us out of the ditch. Passed through Salem, got mixed up on the roads and did not arrive in Corvallis till about 8.30 p. m. Used our headlights on the road the first time since starting on the trip. Found a welcome awaiting us. Made 135 miles today, a total to date of 3430 miles.

Don't they give you a thrill akin to those you got when you read Lewis and Clark's journal? Don't they give you a better concept of the distance across the continent than you had before? Don't they make you want to take off your hat to Mrs. John Ash?

**"Association, Dartmouth Livery Stable", Read at Class Supper Nov. 6, 1915— R. P. Johnston**

In the year 1896 there was formed an organization known as the Dartmouth Educational Association which has done a great and good work at Dartmouth College. Realizing the need of other similar institutions in Dartmouth I have seen fit to form what is called the Dartmouth Livery Stable Association, of which I have the honor to present the prospectus.

The Dartmouth Livery Stable Association is a corporation organized under the laws of the commonwealth of New Hampshire for the purpose of assisting needy students pursuing courses of study at Dartmouth College. The place within which it is established is the town of Hanover. The reasons for its organization were as follows:

There are many students at Dartmouth College who from temporary lack of funds are unable to hire teams to go to Lebanon. These

men are as a rule cribbing their way through college, and are self respecting and self supporting. They are not objects of charity and are unwilling either to ask or receive it. A temporary loan, however, for which the student could give his note, would be purely a business transaction, and would be of the utmost assistance to him, meaning the entire success or failure of his plans to hire teams to go to Lebanon. Realizing the great value and advantage of one-horse teams for trips to Lebanon the Dartmouth Livery Stable Association has been formed to provide the means by which such teams may be procured. Its method of procedure is as follows:

Each member of the Association pays yearly to the treasurer the sum of $10, and from the fund thus created teams are hired for students upon application. Each application is carefully considered and investigated by the officers and trustees. The recipients of the teams are required to give their personal promise that they will go only to Lebanon, and not to the Junc or anywhere else. Students found going to Enfield or Aetna will never be allowed to receive another team.

When the teams are returned the horses go again into the general barn of the Association, and are again loaned out as occasion demands. The Association is operated on a very efficient and economical basis, and pays its officers no salaries and feeds its horses no oats, and the work of the hostlers and trustees is entirely gratuitous.

The loans during the past year averaged 7¼ teams per boy. To most of the boys these teams were of the greatest assistance and represented the difference between staying in college and going to Lebanon. When a single one-horse team means so much to a boy, every one of whom we have looked up and with whom we are satisfied, it seems that the great work of the Livery Stable Association should have more generous support.

The teams do not go to inefficients, or to those who have not shown ability to attain a mark of at least ½ case in beer, or have done work of equal rating in cider. Teams are lent to first class able lads who have shown some excuse for their existence, and some promise that they are going to get to Leb anyway, even if they have to walk—the kind of boys we like to think are typical representatives of the college, and boys that you would help get to Lebanon if their cases were brought personally to you.

The machinery we have devised for doing this operates satisfactorily. We have loaned teams to but very few boys who have failed to return the horse, and in such cases we have charged the horse to profit and loss, and allowed the boy to send us another horse when he gets out of college.

Of late we have limited the loan of horses to members of the two upper classes. This gives us a chance to get full information regarding the applicant and to find out if he can drive. The treasurer will be glad to furnish you with any information regarding details of the

work. All the directors of the fund and trustees of the College are furnished with lists of the horses outstanding, and also those in the barn, and can give you the names of the horses and of the boys being helped in case you are interested.

It is with sorrow that we report the death of three horses during the fiscal year just closed. One died of old age, one of insomnia from being up so much at night, and the other expired at a point near the Spring House, from what cause we do not know.

Below we append the Treasurer's report:

*Statement for the year ending with the death of Hen Swasey*:—

| | |
|---|---|
| Cash received from all sources | $8.58 |
| Paid for hay | .75 |
| Paid for horse liniment | .50 |
| Paid for whips, cudgels, etc. | 12.00 |
| Rebate on empties | 9.98 |
| Deficit at end of year, | 1.25 |

So you see we came out with a clean balance sheet, but our needs for the ensuing year are great and we must have a horse blanket. We trust some good friend of the College may see fit to present us with one, or to leave us one in his will, and we hope he will die early so we may have the use of the horse blanket by next winter.

The following is a list of pledges made for our good work, all the donors feeling that they know personally of the value of what we are doing:

| | |
|---|---|
| Abbott, Pap | $ 2.00 |
| Barney, James | 3.00 |
| Carson, Philip | 25.00 |
| Corey, Guy | 100.00 |
| Drew, Pitt | 5.00 |
| Hoban, Owen | 2.00 |
| Hoskins, Neal | 1,500.00 |
| Kendall, Warren | 10.00 |
| Sanborn, Rodney | 250.00 |
| Wardle, Edward | 8.00 |
| Wason, Harry | 5,000.00 |

I may add that none of the above is paid yet.

Respectfully submitted, Robt. P. Johnston, *Treas.*

**W. T. Atwood** Bill reports that he has worked a little harder and earned a little more than the previous year; that he has been a trustee of the Melrose Public Library for the last three years, a position which he resigned this year and that he is and has been clerk of the Melrose Orthodox Congrega-

tional Church for the last four years. He is also trustee of his fraternity, Phi Kappa Psi, and has been active in the recent remodelling of the Dr. Smith property owned by them. This year he has become an alumni agent for the Dartmouth Christian Association. Bill retains the family farm on the Penobscot at Hampden, Me., and made his usual pilgrimage to the old sod and camped out on the river bank there with his family during July. As the sun shone only one day out of the thirty he was glad to get back to his home in Melrose, and clear the weeds out of his garden and supply his neighbors and friends in town with sweet corn, summer squash, tomatoes, beans, and beets from his plenteous crop. Bill reports seeing Bill Colbert, Cav and Joe Gannon at Commencement, and Musgrove and family in Boston in September en route for a little vacation at Hampton Beach. December 14th, Bill was elected to the school board of Melrose for three years, obtaining the second highest vote in a field of five candidates. The election affidavit returned showed not even a cent expended on the campaign.

**H. M. Bailey** Bailey reports a changed address. The war makes him sad, but business has been good, and the same old story, building everything small or large and keeping the quality high. It keeps him on the road most of the time, and except for a short time in July boating and fishing at Congomond Lake, an occasional day trout fishing in the woods of Western Massachusetts, stolen from business in the trout season, he did not get any vacation.

**E. G. Baldwin** Ned was at work in Granville, N. Y., during the summer, but in October came to Boston and has been working for the B. & M.

**J. L. Barney** James celebrated the advent of the year 1915 with a bona fide attack of whooping cough. For a time it made him look and feel like the articles at a ten cent store after the Xmas rush, but he came out of it in due course looking as handsome as ever and able to perform his double duties as secretary of the Pope Lumber Co. and treas-

urer and wheelhorse of the '99 executive committee. He reports nothing done out of the ordinary in the lumber business, but the other members of the executive committee could not agree to a like classification of his part of the work for the class. Both have kept him busy and at home. His "winter home is even more livable in summer than in winter", and so with little after-one-o'clock-Saturday-week-end journeys in his "good old White", he brought his family and self through the heated season in fine form without any transfer of his household gods and penates elsewhere.

**E. W. Barstow** Barstow's position as Principal of the Barrow's Grammar School has kept him busy following the regular routine of a school-master's job. He found time additionally, however, to serve as chairman of a committee to revise blank forms for elementary school system, and for the year ending with June to act as President of the Springfield Eudcational Club, the social and professional organization of the eighty school men of the city. Work was varied by hikes amid the environs of Springfield during autumn days, a couple of trips to Boston, and the annual summer migration, with family, to Round Pond, Me., where there were eight weeks of real life in the open,—tennis, swimming, boating, and the pleasures of simple cottage life.

**K. Beal** Kenneth as teacher of the Mechanic Arts High School has drawn his salary, with the exception of sick leave for a fortnight and given in return full measure of service, and for his second promotional worked up a paper on "Reading for First and Second Year High School Boys". Though Kenneth thinks "research" is too big a word to cover such a paper, and though it was done more than a year ago, still as we did not get it before, we are going to mention it. Kenneth's other activities, as poet, as man, for the year reach their climax in the magical word "Harwich", and are summed up in the following prose lyric of country life, by Kenneth himself, written October 11, 1915:

Dear George: May and I have solemnly sworn to get our duty to you off our consciences, and she has finished her stint before I have. I am going to accept your suggestion and add to my rather disappointingly commonplace replies to the questionnaire a few facts about our summer.

In the first place, we concluded last winter that whatever happened we must get out of our routine surroundings for the summer, both for our own and for the children's sakes. So we kept our eyes on the real estate columns of the daily papers. Presently we struck what sounded too good to be true, a quite low-priced cottage, furnished, with better than an acre and a half of land, for sale in Harwich on very easy payments. Well, everything had to be "easy," I can assure you, to give us any prospect of swinging it, but also we were inflexible on the *need* of swinging it. So, receiving an encouraging reply from the agent when I wrote him, I took the morning train the following Saturday (early in March) for the Cape. The proposition proved more attractive even than I had dared to hope, we closed the deal, the deed was made out to my wife on her birthday, and with the two older boys we made a pilgrimage of joy to view the place.

It was one of those rare middle March days, and the "winter of our discontent was over." The odorous pine woods, the open stretches of country between, the restful spaces about the "little red house" at the corner of the old town roads, the fantastic whiteness of the silverleaf trees in front, and the shapely masses of willows and lilacs behind, with the clear bright sparkling blue of flooded bogs some distance back, the quaintly paneled latch doors with tiny lights of glass above, the curious but tempting miscellany of furniture, the little steep front stairs, the tiny round "Cape Cod cellar", the two fire-places with swinging cranes, the first lunch of sandwiches and crackers, with water from our own driven well, while we sat about a crackling blaze upon our own hearthstone, these and a hundred other indescribable feelings made that day of March a memorable day in our lives. One of the blind alleys of life suddenly opened, and our gaze on the future was steadied by a long free look down forbidden vistas.

Our summer met every expectation. For many, the place would seem disappointing, because a mile or so from the beach, no excitement, no "movies," no gaiety. But *we* had what we wanted. The boys roamed at will over fields and through woods, interviewed snakes, bees, hornets, and butterflies, picked "the first ripe strawberry out of the wood," made seats in the willows, kept the glasses filled with flowers, and their own faces full of brightness and color. They did the dishes, helped with the washing and sweeping between whiles. Meanwhile May and I cleaned the house from garret to cellar. *She* had to be assured that no bug or animal that is deadly or unneighborly to man had any foothold in our Mansion of Peace. And I did my part by sundry jobs of repairing, a new cellar window and frame and part of the cellar wall,

window puttying, roof ladder, and so on. One morning while May was fetching her coffee in from the kitchen, part of the ceiling fell on her head (on the *pug,* fortunately) and I had a pleasant experience in stripping the rest of it off for the plasterer. The ice-box sprung a leak and we converted it into a wood-box.

We made a weekly pilgrimage to the beach, like a family of mid-nineteenth century emigrants, George in his go-cart, across his knees the rolled up tent, Arthur and Malcolm pulling their solid play cart, loaded with food, drink, bathing suits, towels, boats, with scattering informal calls along the road, pauses for new flowers, or longing looks at the skiff in the creek. At last the long, white stretch of quiet beach beneath the pine-covered ridge of the land that Agent Julian sells for neither love nor money, dreaming of metropolitan prices per foot, but keeping them with an expediency of kindness undreamed of by him, for our humble troop to enjoy thereby the wholesome comfort of secluded privacy. The hidden poles are pulled from beneath the bushes, and on the strip behind and below high tide level where spring floods had poured the white sand, we set up our tent. Vehicles wheel into position like the supply train of an army, shoes and stockings fly off at new and indescribable angles, the surf pounds in over the protecting bar that makes the water warm and safe. We lie flat on the sand and "feel right well" how the course of life quickens and deepens within us. The children have disappeared a quarter of a mile up the beach and will be back with tales of fishes and eels, crabs and rapids, lugging with them sticks, shells, and precious plunder of the sea.

But we are back again, the night has shut in, the air is cool. We light the lamp. The streets are dark. The last passing voice of the evening goes. No bell, no call, the uninterrupted quiet of the country night.

These are but glimpses, fragmentary and imperfect. But I have simply let something of what is warm within pass out on this paper. Courage and hope and ambition revive, and life seems just to have begun. If I were rushing into print, I should have written probably less naturally, but I know you will appreciate and share our delight. Best wishes in every way to you, George. Sincerely, KENNETH BEAL

**L. P. Benezet** Bennie's life this year has been full. It knew sorrow in the death on April 4th of his father, Gustave P. Benezet. Mr. Benezet, Senior's grandfather was known as "The First Grenadier" of the Guard under Napoleon and one of the first to receive the Legion of Honor. G. P. Benezet was born in France, May 22, 1843, but came to this country in early manhood and served successfully as superintendent of Hamilton Watch Factory in Lancaster, Pa., of Peoria Watch

Co., of Illinois Watch Co. at Springfield. From 1890-1913 he was in the jewelry business in Peoria, but since that date had been living with Bennie. It has known joy in the birth of a son Louis, born June 29, 1915.

Bennie has been five years now at LaCrosse. The school report of this year procured by the secretary shows up some of the things that Bennie has accomplished in that time. He has increased grade school average enrollment 500 and jumped the high school from 506 to 947, inaugurated kindergarten to take care of half the children formerly crowding primary grades, established ungraded rooms, special help periods, policy of promoting children as soon as ability is shown to do work of next grade, put in a system of promotion by subjects, all moves to advance the backward pupil. He has rewritten courses of study twice, lessened tardiness by 1400 cases, 50%, likewise truancy, dropped tardiness of teachers from 206 to 153 by requiring them to account to principals, reduced cases of corporal punishment from 60 to 9, inaugurated a system of interchange of kindergarten and first grade for last two months of each semester, thereby accelerating remarkably first grade work. He established summer continuation school, first with tuition, reducing tuition and finally this year getting it free. The result was an enrollment of 1324, 615 taking advance work, 402 review work with extraordinary beneficial results. This year he had all grades charted not only for over age, normal and under age data, but for additional data of rapid, normal, slow progress on a rigid one year basis, the last three factors being his own innovation with respect to said charts, so that each teacher knows the history of her class. Results—rapid progress has increased 12.1% to 20.8% slow progress shrunk from 37.8% to 36.1%, normal progress fell 50.1% to 43.1%. He has done the same thing for high schools and found that nearly half the pupils are over age in spite of the fact that 38% have made rapid progress. He has succeeded in reducing the tendency to drop out of high school at end of second year so that now one-half entering stay through to the finish, the best showing in the state. A live Parent and Teachers' Association, an Alumni Association getting scholarship funds for collegiate education, Junior High

Schools and now a complete advocacy of year round school which meets the present sociological and economic changes and shall turn out high school graduates at sixteen, are some of the things he has done and wishes to do. It's no dry-as-rust report, but a marvellous handling of statistical data and thinking.

Besides the above, the first of the year saw him hard at work finishing a "History of the United States", which is now in use in LaCrosse in manuscript form, later studying European History and economics. He has written a "History of Government and War in Europe" for seventh and eighth grades, published by Scott Foresman & Co. On February 22-26, he was in attendance at the meeting of the National Educational Association at Cincinnati. He was the enthusiastic particle at a luncheon given at the Hotel Gibson by Morrill '97 to the twenty Dartmouth men in attendance which included Edson '78, Bickford '78, Hilton '90, Patey '98, Young '01, Foster, Parker '04, so Patey reports. Before nine different audiences he has lectured on the "Causes of the War", and on November 3rd, he addressed the faculty and students of the Milwaukee Normal School. You can see there was no chance for a vacation. The only days away from work were a trip to Iowa investigating the State Board of Education at the special request of Governor Phillips of Wisconsin.

**H. J. Berger** "Hen" Berger became editor of the *American Stationer* on July 1. Some years ago he held the same position, so this is a return to a "first love".

**C. W. Bonney** Charles has worked hard. Besides his practice, the course in Applied Anatomy which he gave at Jefferson Medical College required a great deal more time and effort than anticipated. But it was a decided success and having been thoroughly systematized last year, will be easier this year. He has made also a study of cancer of the jaw at the Philadelphia Hospital where he has a service, and is about to publish a paper upon the research in the *American Journal of Surgery.* Another recent paper of his was "The Preparatory Treatment for Prostatectomy" *Interstate Medical Journal,* September, 1915.

He only got a short vacation. But the work all brings its reward, not only in accomplishment, but in faculty advancement.

**A. W. Boston** Bert reports that he has "kept moving" in his profession this year. The phrase seems very "pat" for the work of a Principal of a high school; also for the course of home study he has been at, and his vacation motoring up and down the highways of Maine.

**A. H. Brown** "A. H." has sold one and a quarter million dollars worth of Studebaker autos this last year. Business frequently takes him to Seattle, Tacoma, and Spokane, there was a trip to San Francisco in December, 1914, and Chicago in June, 1915. He is a special traffic officer, Chairman of Membership Committee—Rotary Club, and was Chairman of Portland Ad Club luncheon, Automobile Day last Spring. He didn't get away for vacation until September 26, which found him en route to Sol Duc Hot Springs, Olympic Mts., with his family, as the following letter which is too interesting to omit, indicates:—

FRIEND GEORGE:—Am enclosing replies to your questions and am answering while en route to the Olympic Mountains, Washington, with my family on a vacation.

Am sorry to say I have not been to the Fairs, nor have I seen any '99 men out here in the past year. It has been a great tourist year, however, and a great many Easterners have returned from California via Portland, Seattle, and in some cases gone through to Vancouver, B. C., to go home over the Canadian Pacific. Our civic organizations have entertained thousands of tourists, and I have contributed not a little of my personal time in that direction. While the Panama Exposition has proven wonderful and a paying proposition, still the Pacific Northwest has proven a much stronger attraction to many tourists than California on account of its more delightful summer climate, and its superior scenery.

I had the pleasure of entertaining Dr. and Mrs. Ernest F. Nichols here last fall while they were on a tour of the Pacific Coast, and took them out on the new Columbia River Highway, incidentally putting them over some roads, the like of which they had never before seen. Mrs. Nichols paid me the compliment of calling me "the man who tamed the motor car". Dr. Walter T. Sumner '98 was appointed Bishop of the

Episcopal Diocese of Oregon last winter, as perhaps you know. Huselton '01 and I welcomed him on behalf of Dartmouth upon the arrival of his train. He has been excellently received here and is highly regarded. Our Alumni Association holds a noon luncheon monthly at the Portland Hotel. I am the only '99 man here and attend whenever I can.

My business duties cover the management of the sale of Studebaker automobiles in Oregon, Washington, Northern Idaho, and Western Montana, also all of Alaska. I guess this is about the biggest territory any man in any business in this country controls. In addition to business duties, I am active in City Government work, in the Chamber of Commerce, Rotary Club, Automobile Dealers' Association, and Automobile Club. I took an active part in our municipal election last spring when we put over a bond issue of $1,250,000 for good roads.

I average to get as far East as Detroit twice a year, my last trip was in June last, but my trips are so hurried I get practically no time to go way back or to spend any time on social matters. Although my headquarters are Portland, I travel considerable throughout the Northwest, and am quite familiar with all this section, so if any one wants any information I will gladly tell them what I can.

This is a great country, it's worth seeing, but is worth more to live in, and help build up. Come out and see it some summer, and tell the rest the same. The latch string is out, and I'll give you all the best ride in the best car built. We have Suffrage for women, pure water, wonderful climate, fertile soil, unsurpassed scenery, and are rapidly developing excellent roads, and as a by-word to the Salubrians—both Oregon and Washington go dry in 1916, so all will then be safe and sane.

With kindest personal regards to you and every other '99-er, and with best wishes for the continued success and prosperity of every man in '99, I remain, Yours very truly, "A. H." Brown.

**N. P. Brown** Since January 1, "N. P." has been First Asst. Atty. General of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts with a palatial office at the State House, right on the top of Beacon Hill. He has been Trustee of the Parlin Memorial Library since 1903, President of Everett Board of Trade since 1912, President Mystic Valley Waterways Association since 1913, and Director on Finance Committee, Everett Trust Co., but we didn't know it. In addition he still practices law. He spent July in Hanover, the family were there July and August, and "N. P." went up for week ends in August. He had the Professor Hawes' house—old Elm House, and the following agreeable schedule of living: forenoon, golf with his

oldest daughter, or Professor Dixon, or his son Billy; afternoon, tennis; evening, billiards or social calls. A sprained ankle, obtained at tennis, broke up the schedule, and he went for a short auto trip through Eastern New York, Burlington, through the Hero Islands and around Lakes Champlain and George. In October he was invited by the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Co. to be their guest on their Annual Field Day trip to Richmond, and spoke at the banquet given by them to the Richmond Civic Authorities and the Military Organizations, The Light Infantry Blues, The Grays, The Howitzers, at the Jefferson Hotel, Richmond. It was a great banquet. The only other speakers were Congressman Montague, and Governor Stuart of Virginia, Major Bowles of the Blues, Major Ainslee of Richmond, Dr. A. A. Berle, Chaplain. "N. P." says, "the trip was most delightful, especially after the speech was off my mind", Since November "N. P." has begun the erection of a house on his lot in Rope Ferry Walk, Hanover. Hunter '01 is the contractor, and "N. P." hopes to have it all ready for summer occupancy next year. He will need it as a retreat from his strenuous duties, both private and public, when the time comes.

**S. Burns, Jr.** "Buck" has been busy bringing out more new investment issues. September was the biggest month in thirteen years; notwithstanding that, he says the war has affected him, "made investors timid". His research has been perfecting himself how to sell bonds. His literary productions have been solely advertisements in papers to get the dollar from the investors. His travels consisted in going back and forth to his summer cottage at Lake Okabogi, Iowa, and a motor trip to Minneapolis and Lake country during his vacation. He did plant a garden—"but in his wife's name"—shrewd gentleman! Classifies as Treasurer Dartmouth Alumni Association of the Plains, and holds the "honor" of a "respected citizen". Doesn't own a summer home, but does own a Cadillac, and also rows a boat on the lake. The only '99 man he has seen was Jack Ash "enroute by auto west. He came through here last spring at the time of the heavy rains and seemed to be happy and prosperous. He and his wife had their five children with them

in their Hudson and spent most of their nights in camping out, and on particularly rainy nights would settle down in district schoolhouses. I believe he or Mrs. Ash are related to Mr. Shook, the wholesale jeweler here in town. His (*i. e.,* Jack's) check is good". The only '99 news he knows is the tragic news that his own hair is turning gray. To the question what degrees do you possess, he replies "none by Dartmouth, title of father by two children", and to the question whether he would attend an after-the-game supper, he says, with a pathetic ring between the words, "yes, in spirit".

**H. S. Carr** Homer Stephen has kept at a steady grind. Has not been able to get away anywhere this year. This notwithstanding that Niles, Mich., is a fairly healthy place as places go. Homer says he hasn't seen a member of the class in years, and but one Dartmouth man in centuries. But did he enjoy the Quindecennial Report? "You bet I did", he wrote Barney. He was hoping to come east this fall and be at the Penn game and supper afterward—a rousing welcome awaited him, but he was unable to make it. Besides his practice, Carr is pension examiner.

**P. W. Carson** Kit is one of the three not heard from.

**F. W. Cavanaugh** Between law in Worcester and football in Hanover, "Cav" sometimes feels that he is well acquainted with those old hags, Miss Scylla and Miss Charybdis. However, taking all together, he waxes well on it, and his family multiplies. A new daughter, Rosemary, was born January 11, 1915. At any rate, he has this year allowed himself to be bound for another three years to the job of turning out winning teams for Dartmouth. This is no small task, yet he does it and is reckoned one of the best coaches in the country. He is also developing fame as an orator. At the time of the football rush, last fall, Palæopitus decreed the sophomores to have been victors, but Cav, in a clever speech afterwards, won the hearts of 1919 by commending the first-year men for their pluck, saying if he had had a vote it would have been in their favor. The New

York Alumni heard of it, and he is to do the "heavy" at the Dartmouth Banquet there in January. His travels during the year, like the trip to the New York Banquet, have been incidental to football, trips to Philadelphia and New York for the football conferences, and the numerous journeys with the team. He did get away from football once and go to Block Island for a two weeks' real vacation with his family.

**H. B. Chase** Hawley kept school just the same regardless of of the war, and tried to earn his salary. Then when vacation time came he turned around and tried to spend it. In his Overland he toured New England for pleasure, even made Hanover twice during the summer. To us this would seem *magna cum.* To Hawley it was only recompense for having contracted and been through a siege of scarlet fever during the winter. "The oldest man on record with a child's disease", as he puts it.

**T. W. Chase** Tedo's year has been as usual, stuck to job, trying to increase production, lower cost and improve output. He's done pretty well at it, too. As a change he got in a few days' fishing in the spring and a week's auto trip in the fall. He has made Hanover several times. He has his mother's cottage at Kennebunk Beach for a summer retreat, but of late years has used it very little. Besides an auto "Tedo" is one of few that keeps also a "driving horse". That is probably due to Vermont influence. He says it can rip off a mile in fifteen minutes, but Franko, whom Tedo sees occasionally, thinks it does better than that.

**J. D. Child** "Ted" pulled up stakes in the South at the same time John Ash did, and transferred himself to Corvallis, Oregon. He and John have organized the Builders' Supply Co., and deal in cement, lime, plaster, and all the hundred and one things that you have to have, but of which you never dream, when you come to building or rebuilding a house for yourself. "Ted" is Secretary and Treasurer of the concern.

Corvallis is a lively looking place from its photo, which Ash sent the Secretary. While John was doing his Lewis and Clarke stunt across the plains of Nebraska, "Ted" had already preceded him by Pullman, and was getting both John's household gods and their business Penates in readiness, so that the President and Manager could go immediately to work when the across-the-plains auto hove in. Five months later Ted writes that he "is very much pleased with this part of the country".

**G. G. Clark** The secretary's activities have not been of the class report order. The only thing that he has done that might be of interest has been the alterations at the old family homestead in Plymouth, N. H., upon which he has spent a great deal of the time, but these have been so constant that they are the last things he wants to discuss. A pleasant happening growing out of the work, however, were the calls, through accident and unexpected by either party, from Joy and Luke, also by Silver, while the secretary was in Plymouth.

**T. Cogswell** Another exception to the rule is noted:

Cogswell Hill Farm, October 8, 1915

DEAR FRIEND CLARK:—I have just gotten home from a season of nine months, and hasten to answer your letter of recent date.

My profession has been through some pretty tough sledding during the past year, but it is looking up now, and I expect to have a prosperous and exceedingly pleasant season. I put in the entire nine months last year in Vermont state, being located in permanent stock in Barre, Vt., during the winter, and after the granite strike was declared I went on a little circuit stock tour, playing in twelve towns, one night in each, every two weeks, staying on the circuit for twenty-six weeks. We took in Randolph, Wells River, but never Hanover. I saw Lyster in Wells River and Dubois in Randolph several times. John has a grand pair of Morgan horses, which he drives at the fair or races. I expect to return to the same circuit next April and be there until the following November. Most of the towns are small, and I have been out in the open all summer. It is one of the pleasantest seasons I have ever had in the theatrical business.

I am still single—my own boss—and see no prospect of having to worry for fear my children will grow up to be "actors". I still keep the farm here in Gilmanton, where I shall be pleased to have any of the mem-

bers of '99 call and look over the finest view of lakes and mountains in the state. The fire of last May did not reach our place, but left the village in a very bad condition.

If possible, I shall plan to get into Boston at the "Round Up", but being obliged to work nights it is rather difficult.

Had a nice long talk with Dubois in Randolph, Vt., and he certainly is enthusiastic over the fifteenth reunion last year.

Best of luck to you and to all the fellows of '99. If I play in Boston, come and see me "act on the stage". Sincerely, THOMAS COGSWELL.

Tom is just the same Tom, though his great shock of hair is turning iron grey. He surprised the Secretary with a pleasant call one morning to express his personal regret, in addition to the foregoing letter, at his inability to get to after-the-game supper. He is acting old men's parts, *i. e.,* making his iron gray hair work, in the Nellie Gill Company. The company has a circuit of Quincy, Taunton, Plymouth, and through southeastern cities of the state. This is to be his fall season; in spring he goes back again to Vermont, and then when summer comes, he expects to loaf again on his old homestead, which he still keeps, and "it pays for itself", he says. For amusement he will drive his farm horse or follow his one hobby and paddle his canoe on the river.

**W. J. Colbert** Bill is on sick leave from his position of Dean of the College of Liberal Arts, Manila, P. I. He came to the United States in the latter part of 1914, to see if he couldn't regain his health. He stayed in Berkeley during the winter season. He saw the San Francisco Fair a week before it opened, but thinks other fellows could tell more about it than he. Then he came to New York. At Commencement time, he went to Hanover where Dartmouth conferred upon him the Honorary Degree of A.M., and he saw Atwood, Gannon, Musgrove, Richardson, and Storrs, and helped 1900 do a bit of reunioning. He stayed a part of the summer in Hanover to get Dr. Gile's view of himself, later spent some time at his old home in Danvers, and since last fall has been at the Sidis Institute at Portsmouth. He has had his ups and downs. He writes October 27, "I was getting on well in Hanover and later in Danvers.

Then I decided that I needed the best treatment, and I was told that this is the best. I like it and I was getting on famously until about six days ago when I endeavored to break or lose each golf ball I had, at one fell blow. My muscles were sore next day. But I persevered. The doctor is now the only one I allow to address (keeping to my golf terms you see) that arm. I'll be in fine shape in three weeks, in good shape in the spring, and ready for anything by July". Notwithstanding ill health, Bill has been investigating university administration, school of business administration and taken some courses in play writing and journalism. He is a member of the Board of Directors of the Columbia Club, Manila, still, but this fall he sold a couple of houses he owned there, and has now only a place to hang his hat. Guy Corey drops in once in a while to see him at the Sidis Institute, and to chat about the fellows. It was a keen disappointment not to be able to come to see everyone at the supper after the Penn game, but the doctor forbade, and Bill acquiesced.

**H. C. Collar** "Herb's" letter is better than any compilation the secretary could make. It's dated Buffalo, N. Y., September 28, 1915:

DEAR GEORGE:—The list of questions proves to be, not a questionnaire, but an inquisition. In its compilation, the committee's courage may have outrun their discretion, but no matter; you gave us enough to think about. Of my answers, some are perhaps "impertinent", more are probably "trifling", and all are undoubedly "inapplicable" to the needs of the case. However, I will put them into an incoherent, discoursive lump, and possibly you can winnow the categorical material necessary for your purposes.

Your kindly suggestions about getting into the proper atmosphere, preparatory to attacking the momentous task, don't seem to fit in with my surroundings, just at the moment; for my doctor won't let me smoke a pipe, my wife has gone to the theatre, and the best I can do for a fireside is an ugly and useless (at this time of year) gas-log. "Can you beat it?"

Presumably there is in the archives of the class documentary evidence to the effect that I was lawfully or legally (whichever is the proper term) married in the year 1901. Otherwise the two children properly ascribed to me—*Verbum sap.*

As to business or professional changes during the year, I have preserved the *status quo* (which expression Champ Clark once used in a campaign speech in referring to the then position of the Republican party. An ardent old Democrat standard-bearer interpreted it to a less (!) enlightened by-stander as a "hell of a fix".). Well, let it go at that. Should I have long life in my present capacity, I am assured of a fairly busy one; for my multifarious duties include the revision of the card catalog of the library, a bit of work which, at the present rate of procedure, will be sufficient to keep my staff and myself reasonably occupied for the remainder of our natural lives.

You bet the war has affected me. How? Right here (business of slapping right-hand pocket). Why, I was right in the midst of translating for publication in this country a most charming and sympathetically written book on "US" by a German, when Europe was suddenly converted into a shambles and the Lusitania was sunk. Such a book, in the present temper of the American public would be worth about the premium on a copper two-cent piece. Do I need to expatiate on the situation. Everybody is affected by the war, directly or indirectly. Its oft-repeated horrors have visibly affected my honored father, now in his eighty-third year.

Traveling for pleasure is an expensive luxury and is not for the likes of me. So I didn't go to San F. or San D. But a friend of mine, formerly of Massachusetts, now a citizen of California, saw both fairs, and he says San D. has the call. Testimony to the contrary wouldn't necessarily make the friend out a liar. I did one journey, one incident of which may not be without its interest.

On the 27th of August I passed through Norwich, Vt., in my private car! I say my private car, and you shall judge whether I speak literally or figuratively. I was on my way to visit my father in a small town in northern Vermont, and on this particular day, a rarely beautiful one for the season, I rode up the Connecticut valley from Springfield. As those dearly familiar views appeared, I thought of the years (twelve to be exact) since I had been that way. Ben Marshall was in the car, but it was not his car. It was mine; for over the door was the number "1899".

The greater part of my vacation was spent among the hills of Vermont, in the charming little village of Greensboro. I met there the godfather of Gerould's boy. It was there, too, that I heard a bit of gosip about Jim Rich which I am not going to repeat here, and I also heard some very nice things said about him which I may have the pleasure of telling him in person some time. It must be a mighty small place where you can't connect up somehow with Dartmouth '99.

I had a very pleasant chat with Warren Kendall as he passed through Buffalo, last month, on his way home after trying to sell the Boston and Maine to some Chicago capitalists. Warren looked fat and

therefore prosperous, and he told me he had a growing (?) family. I couldn't look prosperous if I were worth as much as $5. I'm too thin.

When I had a garden in Holden, Mass., in 1913, the flourishing exuberance of which excited the envy of my neighbors, I had the exercise my withered body needed. Since then I have taken none to speak of. Shank's mare furnishes both my locomotive force and my out-door recreation. I have neither time nor money to indulge in a daily two or three hours of golf like some of the "malefactors of great wealth" in our class.

During the late heated term, I was in Boston for a few days, but had no opportunity to drop in on any '99-ers. There is small chance, as I see it, that I shall be that way again for many moons. If the projected after-the-game supper is seasoned with the sauce of a 30 or 40 to 0 victory for us, what a splendiferous occasion it will be. Good-bye and good luck. HERB COLLAR.

**Commencement Ninety-niners** Atwood, N. P. Brown, Colbert, Gannon, Richardson, Storrs, and Tibbetts were the only ones present at Commencement, 1915. "Hanover was a quiet spot with the memories of 1914 shouting at you from every corner".

**G. E. Corey** Guy's law office is now 73 Congress St., Portsmouth, though his residence address remains the same, 464 Middle St. "Regular routine" is his report for the year, and no vacation. He does send this of interest, October 21, 1915:— "Last Saturday I visited Bill Colbert who is under treatment at the Dr. Sidis' Institute here. He was looking fine and is coming along o. k. His work in the Philippines and the climate was too much for him. We had a great chat. Bill graduated in 1900, but you know was originally and is now a '99-er". Guy is interested in the new Dartmouth Alumni Association of Portsmouth, which was formed December 27, at a dinner at the Hotel Rockingham.

**R. E. Croker** "Dick" has made an advance this year to a more important position in his work. He has been doing research in factory efficiency systems, made one trip to New York. For a vacation he spent a week at Kennebunkport, Maine. Sorry to say he hasn't seen a member of the class during past year.

**F. J. Crolius** "Fritz" is now located with the Carnegie Steel Company in Munhall, Pa. He has done some research during the year on the combustion of fuels, results not yet wholly determined. Discussed the subject before a gathering of Canadian Scientists at Toronto, Canada. Travels during years have taken him to England, France, Switzerland, Belgium, and Canada. They were not vacation travels, though. He has run across Barney, Kendall, and Varney during the year. November 11, 1915, he writes:— "Sorry indeed not to enjoy an evening with the crowd (*i. e.,* supper) but don't expect to be east again for a year. Extend my best regards to all the boys. Tell them should they pass this way to drop in and look over the busiest spot in U. S. A. Cordially, F. J. Crolius".

**C. N. Currier** "Cac's" duties as foreman of the Gray & Davis Inc. keep him pretty busy. He doesn't believe in all work, however. He has a twenty-six foot cabin dory that he steers over the placid waters of the Merrimac and Parkers River. "Sometimes he steers it into a mud bank". He spent all his vacation on the "puff boat". He writes, November 23:—"I was in hopes to be with you after the game (Penn) but business prevented. Remember me to all the boys. Sincerely, C. N. Currier".

**C. E. Cushman** "Cush" has "worked like the devil". His own words. It's research all the time with him, still a-working at osteopathy. He has made two trips to Randolph, Vt., and has done a great deal of motoring through Illinois, Indiana, New England, and New York. While in Randolph he used to run over occasionally to play golf on the Hanover links, a la President Wilson. It was bully fun, he adds. These were his vacation days. He has only seen Dubois, Kendall, and Richardson, but wishes the fellows would get the habit more of looking him up in Chicago. "Rab has moved to Fresno and says he is behaving himself. Brock Gilson, 1900, weighs 294 pounds", he reports. "Hoorah for 1900" from 1899.

**Dartmouth Dinners and Diners**

Dartmouth men, like other collegiate men, like to eat their way through the long winter. The first big gathering of the 1914-1915 season was a rousing dinner tendered a ninety-niner, to wit "Cav", at the Hotel Bancroft, Worcester, December 29, 1914. Two hundred and fifty of Cavanaugh's friends, chiefly Dartmouth men, were there to honor him. F. W. Walker, the only other '99-er in or near Worcester, was there to represent ninety-nine.

On a count of noses, it appears that fifty-nine members of the class, *i. e.,* forty-six per cent, attended these Dartmouth alumni gatherings during the year. At the big Boston dinner were Allen, Atwood, N. P. Brown, Clark, Cavanaugh, H. H. Dearborn, Drew, Donahue, Hodgkins, Johnston, Kendall, Lynch, Richardson, Rogers; at Chicago, Cushman attended; at Morrill's Dartmouth Round-Up in Cincinnati Benezet "led the singing"; at Cleveland H. A. Miller played the part of an "old alumnus"; at Detroit Hoskins showed up. Greenwood and Watson were at the Hartford dinner. Parker was in attendance at Dartmouth Night at Hanover. Bob Johnston was toastmaster and Hopkins and Folsom assisted him at Manchester. Hopkins and Sturtevant joined in the dinner at Keene. At Minneapolis Ford got his "Dartmouth winter eat". About the '99 table at New York gathered A. M. Abbott, H. B. Chase, Gannon, Leavitt, Prescott, Varney, Whittier. At Omaha Burns turned up to represent '99. At Philadelphia it was Bonney and Lane. At Rochester, N. Y., it was Nye. At Springfield, Barstow was the man, and at Worcester it was Cavanaugh and Walker, and way out at Portland, Oregon, A. H. Brown was the one to foregather, Northward at Seattle, it was Woodman, and then dropping down that long, bold coast line you find at San Francisco, Sears to be the '99-er in the crowd. It's mighty good to be just the '99-er in the crowd.

In addition to the foregoing, twenty-seven attended the March Round-Up and twenty-nine brought themselves and their wives to the supper after the Pennsylvania game in Boston. For many of these it was their third "eat" at least, and for some of

them the score would be higher, for the Dartmouth Club Smoker, the Dartmouth Pop night at Symphony Hall had attracted many. If luncheon club, Thayer School, and senior society get-togethers were allowed to be counted, it would be a much mooted question what '99-er had the biggest score. But after all it isn't these large gatherings that grip you. It's rather the picture left by Pearl's Round-Up of five about his fireplace in Orono and the picture that springs up from Staley's answer, "None outside of a little 'home smoker' attended by my wife, the three boys and myself at which we read the last ninety-nine class report".

**Dartmouth Itself**

Convincing evidence that things are moving at Hanover are the facts that it has a "one way street", (autoists are hereby notified that they must take the right-hand roadway on street south side of campus) and also a local dime messenger service inaugurated by the Western Union. "Phone the office and a 'townie' will be furnished as promptly as possible to run your errand". Think of the comic possibilities if only "Bob and Hoss" were there to do the 'phoning! Such are, however, only barometric humors prefacing the serious changes that we have thought would interest ninety-niners.

A freshman class for 1914 of 445 has been raised to 486 this fall, total enrollment 1470. The year 1914-15 and fall 1915 have seen a new organization called the Arts, launched to unite and coördinate the cultural interests with club rooms in Robinson, starting with a membership of forty undergraduates and thirty members of the faculty. It started the ball rolling with an exhibit of paintings by Mr. W. Adams and since has been the means of introducing a number of noted men to the student body, several art exhibits and host to visiting notables. "The Dartmouth Dramatic Movement" of wider aspect than a mere student movement has shown its true solidity by forging straight on minus its original leaders. "The Next Step", Shaw's "Arms and Man", Galworthy's "Pigeon", the "Second Shepherd Play", four one-act sketches by undergrads performed by fresh-

men are to its credit since the 1915 year opened. The new stage craft has come into the movement, too, with a bound forward through the genius and cleverness of a senior. The Christian Association has moved from Bartlett Hall to College Hall. The Dartmouth Profit Sharing Association, a coöperative store, suggestive of Patey and Graham, but supposed to be really profit sharing, has been set up. Jimmy Haggerty, after twenty-five years' satisfying student hunger, has left town. The students and faculty raised $2300 for Dartmouth Ambulance Corps and sent two cars to France, which were manned by student volunteers, one of whom was killed recently. Hallgarten, once teeming with '99's double-decker beds, is again a dormitory after long winters of idleness. Cav has brought the football team through a creditable season which promises much for next year. The Outing Club has grown and prospered under the tutelage of its patron saint, Rev. J. E. Johnson '66. Through his generosity, the distance between the Cube Mt. and Mooselauke has been halved by the acquisition of a cabin site on Armington Pond and a new ski jump, toboggan slide and observation terraces built in the Vale of Tempe for the carnival will give that event the look of real Norway, and by his gift of $10,000 as a "Foundation" for the Carnival that event has been given ease of mind and assuredness.

The Commencement sing-out has been changed from a Friday, as we knew it, to a Sunday vesper service compulsory to the whole college, and an alumni torchlight procession has been concocted to get some Venetian glamour into the generally prosaic Tuesday night of Commencement. Another Commencement event was the dedication of the Stone Tower, by the old pine stump, as Bartlett Tower in honor of President Bartlett, its conceiver.

Dartmouth deaths have been those of Mr. H. H. H. Langill, the "court photographer" from time immemorial, Prof. F. A. Sherman, whom '99 remembers so pleasantly, Mr. Mathewson of the Board of Trustees, and Mr. W. S. Hammond, Governor of Minneapolis, true Dartmouth men.

Of the faculty, Prof. J. K. Lord has asked leave to resign, and Mr. C. P. Chase has requested to be relieved of his duties as treasurer.

Finances, notwithstanding decreased income, aided by increased receipts from tuition and careful oversight of expenditures, has resulted in the smallest deficit in years, to wit $3,158.40, which was wiped out by the application of funds from the "Dartmouth Fund under Tucker Foundation". Moors Charity School has been dissolved, and its real and personal property transferred to the college as a trust fund with income applicable to general needs of college. This year the college has to meet the cut from $20,000 to $10,000 in the annual contribution by the state.

Mr. H. H. Hilton '90 signalized his voluntary retirement as trustee by the generous gift to the college of the golf club grounds which the trustees have named Hilton Field (surveyed over and over again by '99-ers). The class of '85 in honor of its thirtieth reunion brought its contribution to the college exchequer up to $10,000 (Ninety-nine goal, too) and the first class to achieve the new ambitions. Henry L. Moore '77 to fill trusteeship left vacant by Mr. Hilton, Henry B. Thayer '79 vice Mr. Mathewson deceased, E. K. Hall '92, vice Mr. Parkhurst, who has been elected a permanent trustee to succeed Congressman Powers resigned, have been elected trustees. The constitution of the General Alumni Asociation has been changed so that no trustee is eligible for more than two consecutive terms of five years and the constitution of the Alumni Council changed so that no councillor shall be eligible for more than two terms of three years. Both changes were made at the suggestion of the Alumni Council. A further suggestion disqualifying a member of the council for election as trustee was voted down by the alumni. Nominations for trustees are to be made hereafter by the council. A get-together conference this fall between a committee of the council and a committee of the trustees, figuratively with their legs under the same table, to consider the financial and educational relation of Dartmouth College and New Hampshire, extent to which, advisable, scholarships be granted in excess

of income from funds specifically given for that purpose, the definite educational intention upon the part of the college, was far-reaching in its possible developments. This with the raising of about $7,000 for the first year of the Alumni Fund on the Tucker Foundation tends to warrant the *Alumni Magazine* in characterizing the year as that of the "Alumni Awakening". We would call it "Alumni Re-awakening".

**H. H. Dearborn** "Hungry Higgins" is still physician in-extraordinary to the township of Becket. Professionally "things have been the same as usual", that is, folks have had the average amount of ills, and youngsters have eaten the usual number of green apples, notwithstanding that the war by raising the price of drugs should have made them more thoughtful and careful. "Hungry" realizes this, because he has been honored by the town with the office of School Physician. He is also member of Board of Health. He did run away in summer time for a little vacation in New Hampshire. November 6, 1915, he writes, "Being in this part of the state my associations with other men is confined largely to attendance at Dartmouth gatherings. The Boston Alumni meeting which I attended last winter was larger and more pretentious than I expected, and all together a very fine affair. I have been trying for some time to see my way clear to get down to the game and dinner today, but could not bring it about. Kindest regards to all. Yours very truly, H. Hale Dearborn".

**J. J. Dearborn** Here is a good letter dated Milford, January 19, 1916, from "Jesse James":—

My dear Clark:—I have received your friendly letters and questionnaire of '99, but do not feel that I can fill out the questionnaire because I have not run for any political office or received any honorary degrees since last year.

You know that I was a non-graduate and always felt that the accent was on the "non", but since leaving college I have received so many friendly letters and kind words from every Dartmouth man I have met that I now have changed my ideas.

My address is the same as published in last report, in fact, I occupy a position as manager of the Dearborn interests in Milford and incidentally care for an invalid mother who has not left her bed for years, so you see I have just one patient.

One cannot always tell just what space they will fill in this world. Speaking of space, I do occupy some space, for I weigh 223 pounds. I displace a little air, anyway.

I expected to enclose a check, but cannot at present send one. I have not forgotten the class of '99. Sincerely your classmate, JESSE J. DEARBORN.

**Degrees Honorary and Earned**

Bill Colbert, Ninety-nine in everything except the date of year in which Dartmouth gave him his first academic degree, is the first member of the class to receive an honorary degree. Last Commencement, "William Joseph Colbert, pioneer in the cause of education in the Philippines, who in a career of fourteen years of faithful service has steadily risen to posts of greater responsibility and opportunity for wider influence and unselfishness, one who has sacrificed his health and risked his life through devotion to a cause of enlightenment among a backward people", so spoke President Nichols, was admitted to the degree of Master of Arts.

Forty-eight other members of the class, over one-third, hold the following advanced degrees, which have been earned:— Asakawa, Ph.D., Yale '02; Atwood, LL.B., Boston Univ. '04; Beal, A.M., Harv. '01; Benezet, A.M., Dart. '03; Bonney, M.D, Jefferson Med. Coll. '04, Fellow College of Phys., Phila.; Brown, N. P., LL.B., Harv. '04; Carr, D.M., Univ. Mich., D.M., Ohio Wesleyan Univ.; Cavanaugh, LL.B., Boston Univ.; Clark, LL.B., Harv. '02; Colbert, A.M.(Hon.), Dart.'00; Cushman, D.O.(Osteopathy); Dearborn, H. H., M.D., Harv. '03; Donahue, LL.B., Boston Univ. '01; Drake, M.D., Harv. '03; Drew, LL.B., Harv. '02; Folsom, M.D., Dart. '02; Ford, M.A. (Eng.), Harv. '05; Gerould, B.Litt., Oxon. '01; Greenwood, C.E., Thayer School '00; Hardwick, M.D., Harv. '00; Hawkes, LL.B., Boston Univ. '03; Hopkins, M.D., Dart. '03; Hoskins, M.D., Detroit Coll. Medicine '05; Hutchinson, C.E., Thayer School '01; Hyatt, M.D., C.M., McGill '02; Lane, M.D., Medico-Chirug. Coll. '04;

Leavitt, D.M.D., Harv. '07; Lynch, A.M., Boston Coll. '14; Miller, H. A., A.M., Dart. '02, Ph.D., Harv. '05; Oakes, C.E., Thayer School '00; Parker, M.D., Harv. '03; Payne, D.M.D., Harv.; Pearl, Ph.D., Univ. Mich. '02; Richardson, LL.B., Boston Univ. '02; Sanborn, F. R., M.D., Dart. '02; Sanborn, J. L., C.E., Thayer School '00; Sewall, M.D., Jefferson Med. Coll. '03; Sleeper, LL.B., Boston Univ. '02; Smith, C.E., Thayer School '01; Surrey, A.M., Dart. '02; Tootell, A.M., Dart. '00; Varney, LL.B., New York Law School '01; Walker, F. A., LL.B., Boston Univ. '01; Watson, C.E., Thayer School '00; Whittier, C.E., Thayer School '00; Willard, A.M., Dart. '02, M.A. '10, Ph.D. '12, Yale; Winchester, C.E., Thayer School '00; Woodman, A.M., Dart. '02, Ph.D., Columbia Univ. '10; Woodward, M.D., Harvard '04; and Sears has sufficient credits for a M.A. Education, Univ. of Cal., but lacks the year's residence required for the degree.

**M. W. Dickey** "Killum" has worked a good deal harder and earned a little more money this year. War made extra work. November 3, 1915, he writes, "The reason you couldn't get me in West Roxbury is that I have moved, bag and baggage, family and cat, in two auto trucks back to Springfield. Boston climate didn't agree with my throat, so when I got a chance to come back to the *Springfield Union* as News Editor of the morning paper, I took it. Sorry I didn't see you before I left Boston, but the change was made in such a hurry that I didn't have time for anything. We moved last Friday (October 29) and I am just recovering". He left *Boston Globe* November 1, and on same day became News Editor of *Springfield Union,* morning edition. Though he got two weeks' vacation in a cottage at Wells Beach, Maine, during the summer, it has been a strenuous year.

**C. H. Donahue** Donny says "nothing out of the ordinary professionally". Tut-tut. What is ordinary all depends upon point of view. Continuous trial work, bigger and more important cases, the secretary knows has been Donny's

lot. No vacation, unless you can call such, holding a box party right behind the mayor with Bill Atwood for right bower, at the opening of the big new baseball park and personally painting all the loose implements, machines, tools, appliances, fixtures and all other personal property about his residence green so he could have more of the college color in sight. In January, Donny was put on the executive committee for the big Boston dinner along with other distinguished alumni. At the secretaries' meeting in Hanover, where he proxied for the secretary, he was made chairman of a new committee to keep tabs on class secretaries and in September was elected President of the Boston Dartmouth Club. As a "post grad" in secretarial functions he is proving a success. He gets even with the secretary by sending endless questionnaires and by marvellous correlations and manipulations of statistics, has got every secretary working overtime, speeding up the efficiency of his department. One of the first things accomplished was completing the college files of class reports, getting gaps in them filled up.

He has given a number of talks to Dartmouth Associations, one for Bill Greenwood's Hartford Association, and one before the Hyde Park Alumni Association we know of.

In regard to Donny's visit to Hartford, Greenwood writes interestingly:—

I'd like to do him justice. If I told you half the good hits he made and half the favorable comments that I have heard about that meeting (of which he was the whole show) and they ever got to Charlie's eyes and ears, even modest Charlie would dream of a niche in the Hall of Fame. Lo, since we all want to keep him talking and writing and lawyering instead of dreaming, I'll only give you a few facts concerning that visit.

Donny came to Hartford at pretty near the appointed time and I met him at the station. I suggested we walk to the scene of the festivities—the Dartmouth Night Meeting of the Dartmouth Club of Hartford. It was the first time that I had ever presided at anything of any moment and I had to walk to keep my feet warm. I had thought of certain things I'd say but when I tried to say them I couldn't, and so when I got through introducing Donny to the club my conceit was bumped, as it has not been since Johnnie Roe flunked me in French. But I left the whole thing in Donny's hands and he pulled it through gloriously.

What he said was like talking a new language to these people in Hartford. I knew Donny and therefore knew what to expect, but the rest didn't, and they got an eye opener as well as a treat. The gist of his remarks was a clear and definite statement of what Dartmouth has done for each of us and what we have not done for Dartmouth. It was bright, it was informal, full of loyalty, class and college spirit, timely and above all it made us feel proud of our college and it set us thinking that none of us had yet paid our debt to our *Alma Mater.*

The "banquet" was about as good as a church supper affair, most of us got enough food, but then most of us were not fussy and the consensus of opinion was that everybody got his money's worth "banquet" and year's due and all, which is a decided compliment to Charles.

After the meeting Donny and I beat it for my house where we talked until 3 A. M., then we slept a little and in the morning we started for "down town" after Donny had eaten seven white grapes and drank a cup of coffee.

We had a couple of hours' ride about the city and then we parted at the station. I wish he'd come again.

There's a glimpse of a post-secretarialism that is worth while.

**P. G. Drake** Percy, as one of the two medical men of the Germania Life Insurance Co., is kept with his attention right on his business. He still lives up along Riverside Drive where he can look out over the pleasant waters of the Hudson.

**P. F. Drew** "Pitt's" clients, the Middlesex & Boston R. R., Boston Elevated and New England Telephone Co., have kept him busy at trial work all the year. But notwithstanding his continuous "trying" he has been able to keep up his card digest of all the railroad tort cases—to date—make a special study of cases involving damage by lightning, in its relation to the telephone and street railway properties and in conjunction with them, also make a study of the matter of accident prevention through employee discipline and compensation. Upon this last subject he has given a number of talks before employee organizations. "Pitt" is pretty proud this year of the record for eggs and prize-winning cockerels produced by

his pen of Rhode Island Reds, though he hasn't dared to count up the cost. But then, others wouldn't dare to reckon up the cost of their home raised eggs and fowl. Pitt is on the committee of Middlesex Law Library, and of the Republican Ward Committee of City of Newton. For a summer vacation he motored with his family up to his old home town, Lancaster, stayed for a while and motored back.

**J. H. Dubois** "Fat" continues the "substantial citizen" of Randolph, physically and philologically. He doles out insurance and coal, two of the essentials of life in Northern New England, and this and the hundred other good works and deeds he is doing, keeps him well occupied. Honors have been coming thick and fast. He is School Director, Water Commissioner, and Bank Director. Like any good old-fashioned substantial Vermonter, he keeps up the dignity of his position in life by driving a handsome pair of pure-blood Morgan horses—no auto, please note. For vacation "Fat" went to the State Fair at White River Junction. He doesn't say he drove down with his horses, but he was foolish if he didn't. Just because it has never appeared in a class report before, we are going to say that it was Miss Florence Irene Gisbarne of Montpelier to whom "Fat" was married on May 21, 1908. "Fat" writes: "I am having a dandy time in life—working and living. Am perfectly contented to live in the country, do my share of the community work, get a living, vote the Republican ticket, and keep in normal condition of health." Whether that is called standpat philosophy or not, it sounds good.

**E. Eastman** "Earl" has been enjoying his chemistry teaching, earning his salary, and some more, which last we presume he hasn't yet seen. He is on the executive Committee, Philadelphia Physics Club, Chairman Science Departments, High School, Atlantic City, N. J., and Chairman Chemistry Section of the State Science Teachers' Association. In connection with this last office, he made an interesting summary of the Conditions of Teaching Chemistry in New Jersey." Trav-

elling has been only short trip to Philadelphia (*i. e.,* Dartmouth 41—Pennsylvania 0, in 1914), and to vicinity of New York, except for his vacation pilgrimage. The pilgrimage brought him to Vermont over July 4, then until Labor Day at his summer place in Franklin, N. H. This is the old family place which he inherited in 1913. He is improving it, and getting into his old clothes, going a-berrying, caring for a garden which a friend planted for him; getting "back to nature" generally for two months, he finds, gives him strength and inspiration for a strenuous year's work.

**W. R. Eastman** "Commodore" reports that with the chief clerk of the Passenger Department of the Central Vermont Ry., it is the same old two and two, day after day. His travels have been only within a circle bounded by Boston, New York, Buffalo, Toronto, and Montreal, a liberal looking circle to a non-railroad man. On one of these "railroading" journeys he saw Varney in New York. The only other man he has met up with, outside of the crowds at March Round-up and Football supper, has been his fellow townsman, Ed Hyatt. Commodore pleads "guilty" to being both an Alderman of the city of St. Albans and a church warden, and living up to his college nickname, he both steers a motor-boat and sails a yacht on Lake Champlain. These last keep the Aldermanic side of him from scrapping with the church warden, and vice versa.

**W. F. Eaton** "Bill" alias "Bob Dunbar", alias "Touch Down" of the *Journal* has had a strenuous season owing to short-handedness in the office of the sporting editor. Still his "aliases" have never failed to appear with their pithy and to the point sporting news in each morning's edition of the *Journal.* His work has taken him to Hot Springs, Ark., Macon, Ga., New York, Philadelphia, and St. Louis during the year. Following a custom established since early childhood, Bill moved his household gods this summer as usual down to Cape Ann, where at Lands End, Rockport, he maintains a summer residence, but he himself only got a few days now and then there.

Blue sea, white sails, and sea air are Bill's invigorators against the editorial strenuousness of football time, even though they be obtained through the minor capacity of tender of the jib sheet.

**G. H. Evans** George's work of Librarian has been the same as usual. He has in addition given several talks before the High School pupils on the "making, care, and use of books". He is clerk of the old First Church of Woburn, member of Greater Boston Council, Boy Scouts of America, and this fall received the honor of being made a trustee of Brewster Free Academy, New Hampshire, being appointed to succeed the late Lucius Tuttle. George and Mrs. Evans made a trip to Hanover in April, and among others saw Cav and Gannon there. For a vacation they camped during the month of July in the woods at Passaconaway. His words tell about it best:

I camped during the month of July at Passaconaway on the knoll across the river back of Annis's. There were four large tents, and a part of the time five. Our party was made up of a congenial lot of lovers of the out-of-doors, and was numerous enough so that it never became lonesome for anyone whose desire for the moment did not coincide with that of the majority. We did the usual stunts and some not so usual. For instance, in the early part of the month we had a twenty-four-hour downpour of rain that brought a ten-foot rise in the Swift River, swept away our bridge in the night and left us marooned. It was a week before we could construct a foot bridge, on account of continued high water. In the meantime we had to ford or raft it across. I have not had so much fun since I was a kid and built rafts in the frog pond. At the end of a week I drafted three other men, a wood chopper, and two fire wardens, and we got into the water, towed logs into place and built a very fair bridge. This was still more fun. We got all the trout needed for our larder, and some berries, though the latter were not up to the standard in quantity or quality on account of the continuous rainy condition. Wife and I canned twenty-five quarts of raspberries and shipped them home. You are hereby bidden to come out some day and sample them.

The trip up Tremont was a dandy. Tremont, you may remember, is in the deepest part of the woods due north of the valley. There is no trail, and they call it twelve miles to the top. Steering our way through the woods, by map and compass and sun, with no outlooks for

assistance, was a lot of fun. We got back for a late supper after a most successful and satisfactory hike.

In spite of lots of rain it was an eminently successful vacation trip.

**C. A. Folsom** "Mun" was married June 30, 1915, to Miss Mary Cronan of Manchester. For a little wedding trip they motored up through the mountains. On the way they got as far as Pease's Hotel, Hartland, then it began to rain as it never did before in July and they had to stay there three days, but even that was better than finding one's way along the Lincoln Highway as Ash was doing at the same time. Mun, of course, took his bride to Hanover and showed her all the college sights, and told her about the famous game with Harvard on the campus, then they went on up into the mountains and returned to settle down in Manchester, Mun to his practise and his garden of beans and cabbages, Mrs. to being Mrs. Mun Folsom.

**D. Ford** "Dan" is leading a too strenuous life. In addition to his own regular work he has been carrying six hours belonging to an instructor who is ill, editing the college magazine, performing the duties of secretary of the faculty, a recent honor, and is acting as a member of the Administration Board of the College. The last position is the worst devourer of time. The Board handles (for 1800 students in the Science, Literature and Arts College) all student petitions, multifarious in their nature, all questions of advanced standing, of student discipline, of eligibility, and worst of all, all delinquents; on the Board devolves the duty of deciding whether a student whose work is of poor grade may remain in college or not. Oftentimes Dan doesn't get home till 8 P. M. Fortunately Dan had a good summer's outing, camping on the shore of Leech Lake, Minn., during June, July, and August. He fished and rowed and read, led a very quiet life and was ten miles from a grocery store. But if the University of Minnesota keeps piling on the work, '99 will have to register a protest. The muse, the soul, and '99 have rights in this world, too.

Dan and Mrs. Ford are thinking of spending next summer in Hanover, and even of buying a country-place in Rowe, Mass. May such come to pass. Then Dan won't have to say he sees no '99-er, and more '99-ers may see Dan often.

**W. A. Foss** Bill Colbert had the pleasure of seeing Fat in Manila two years ago this fall. Bob Thornburg, now Dr. Thornburg, "Fat" and he had a little chat upon the football games. Later Fat left Manila and none of the fellows have heard from him.

**H. D. Foster Professor** Professor and Mrs. Foster and Mrs. Richardson were invited to be the guests of the class at the after the game supper, but were unable to be present. Professor Foster in expressing his regret asked the secretary "to present to the class his cordial appreciation and good will and the sentiment, The Class—the alembic which distils personal friendship into college loyalty".

**H. O. French** "Franko" has been performing his cost reckoning functions in the scales' factory week days, and climbing up to High C in church on Sundays just as usual. The trouble has been this year not inability to reckon cost but inability to get cost. The war for a time took the edge off the scales business. Instead of weighing things across the water they were taking things "lumpously", as a countryman said. However, "Franko" reports that things are O. K. again, that for a little change last April he visited several great American cities, got his soul filled up with arias and tried to see some '99-ers, but didn't succeed. Tedo is the only one he sees, and the last time they compared notes they decided that the "questionnaire was addressed to the progressive accumulative type of individuals, such as are to be found in Massachusetts or New York, rather than the quiescent non-accumulative type to be found in Northern Vermont". Can it be possible that Northern Vermonters thus catalogue themselves?

**M. J. B. Fuller** Here is a good letter from Montie, written at Hanover, Conn., October 5, 1915:

Dear George:—To one who looks at a single life in the great world movement, it seems a waste of time to tell about one's self, yet I know from experience that human nature is the same in us all and I like to hear and know all about others, so I will tell you, as you ask, about myself.

I am in the biggest business on earth; the business of trying to reveal the nature of God in Christ to man. A business for the strongest and best. (If I drop into the hortatory it will be from habit. If you can't read my writing I can't yours. A minister and a lawyer are about even on that.) But to go on, the year has not had any startling changes for me. The individual and family life have gone on. We have been blessed in every way. I hope the two boys will enter the ministry. We have not had the doctor in the house for two years. The biggest event has been forcing the saloon from town. It is out but may not stay. I had a share in the business.

The war was not unexpected by me as it was by many. I have studied the question with some care and in the light of Scripture and I cannot see that the world is growing better but the war came as a shock to me and in a sense deranged my faith and made a new realignment of my thinking necessary. The town, which has woolen and cotton mills, is booming as the result of the war.

I have no time as yet for any special research work, but when the time comes I shall seek to take up some historical line.

I preach once Sunday, teach in Sunday School, and give short talk in the evening. I left Dartmouth hardly believing in the Deity of Jesus, but experience has taught me that the Deity of Jesus, and the fear of punishment are needed as well as morality and love. Back of that statement lie years of experience and thought. I am scribe of the local conference of six churches, preach and have papers, etc., at other churches and in minister's meetings.

I have been nowhere except to New Haven for a few days to attend some lectures in Yale Theological Seminary. While there Asakawa fed me at the Jap eating place and treated me to a good time. Aside from that I do not recollect that I have seen any Dartmouth men to talk with them. Went to Vermont in Car, pronounced with a very long-drawn-out short ä, thus Cär. But I am getting very sensitive about that Ford. It was made in 1910, has run all summer without a break, and had you asked me about it a month ago I should have been only too glad to extol it, but alas for my pride. I see today where I have got to work and get black in the face and tear my hair, etc., etc. Say, take pity on the minister if he has a Ford. Take up a collection and get him a hand car or a Pierce Arrow. When the car goes good then all

is rosy, but how blue the world gets when the thing goes wrong! President Tucker gave the Yale lectures one year and the boys said they could tell when he changed cars, so I rather think the people could tell, if they would, by my Sunday sermons how the old Ford was running. But, really, the boys and I have had a lot of fun with that heap of junk. They just glory in grease and dirt and their mother, —maybe. Mark runs it and Melville works the cut-out and so we go.

I think I have answered all your questions. I know a little what it is to try and get men to respond to efforts even for their benefit, and I am glad for the effort you are making to get a full class report. It might be a good thing to have what children are old enough write a letter.

Thanking you for your interest in me and mine, I am, Yours sincerely, M. J. B. FULLER.

Since the above, Montie has finished his pastorate at Hanover, and is "camping" for a while at E. Canaan, Conn.

**A. L. Galusha** "Galush" has sold his Dorchester home and moved his residence to Westford, Mass. The factory is still turning out Gas Producers at 311 Atlantic Ave., and "Galush" goes back and forth in a *Ford.* It's been a poor year. The war cut off export business largely, still it gave indirectly some other work. He sold one Gas Producer this year, to the Government of New South Wales, Australia. Has contributed technical articles to *Marine Review, International Engineering, Motor Boat, Rudder,* and a few foreign publications. Only traveling has been a business trip from Massachusetts to Georgia, seaboard states inclusive. No vacation.

**J. W. Gannon** Joe says he has done a lot of hard work this year. That's speaking about business. He might add that he has done a lot of hard work for Dartmouth, too, in connection with his duties on the Athletic Council, and in the course of it has made five trips to Hanover to attend Council meetings. That it has been appreciated is shown by his re-election to the Council, for another term of three years by the alumni, last June. Joe had a cottage on Cape Cod for the summer. The family were there all the time, but Joe was only there a month, going down frequently for week ends at other

times. Joe is trustee of St. Vincent Babies' Hospital, Montclair. His residence is changed to 405 Park Street, Upper Montclair, N. J.

**Gardening** The number of Ninety-nine gardeners is astounding. There are sixty or forty-seven per cent. May be some rigid classifier would throw out some of those we have allowed to classify. Not size, but the gardening spirit has been the test we have used. For instance, we threw out Bonney, who planted oats in his back yard for the cat to eat, and A. H. Brown of Portland, Oregon, who tried to sneak in under the tape by saying "My roses bloom the year round". They may, gorgeously, but we know it's the coast air and rains that does it and not "A. H.", by even so much as "pinching" off an improperly located bud or sprout.

That gardening spirit! It's marvelous. It blows out at you from the seven nasturtium blossoms that Jim Barney by careful application of dry towels succeeded in producing out of a rainy season from his porch box. It gets into your nostrils from that shelf of cyclamen and red geraniums and pure white paper narcissus, the last like a bit of clean New Hampshire snow that has drifted in onto the greenery that lays snuggled up against the window-pane of George Prescott's apartment window shelf. You have it in Bob Johnston's "planted paper of nasturtiums. How did they do? Rotten". There's the tragedy of blasted hope. Doc Hardwick nursing with tenderness his hollyhocks until like Jack-in-the-Bean-Stalk they were twelve feet high; Payne with his splendid flower garden alone, Risley likewise going in only for flowers, exhibit it. Rogers with his twenty-five pansy plants that did fine, his ten hills of corn that did not produce an ear give you the same twang of poignancy that you might get from acres. You can see Herb proudly going home from Quincy Hall Market after office hours carrying a last year's grape basket smiling with those pansy plants and a package of Golden Bantam sweet corn seed tucked away in his inside waistcoat pocket out of reach of any subway pickpockets. You can feel the delight that surged up through his fingers as

he tucked the warm earth about the plants that night, patted the hoe down on his buried corn seeds. You can get the anxiety of the long days, waiting for the roasting corn, tempered only by the blooming pansies and then the disappointment. That's true gardening, though *de minime,* for you really have to get into vegetables to be a real gardener. There's Donahue, who specialized in tomatoes. Petted and coddled them all summer. Baffled the cut-worms. Produced magnificent tropical foliage and six tomatoes, one ripe, five small green ones. The vision of nourished hopes and jars of piccalilli go sailing into the October sky like Aladdin's castle. There's Peddy Miller who tried radishes and lettuce, but neither would grow. "Never could make a garden grow", he writes, "Partly ignorance and partly tennis". There's pathos, for if anything could stand "tennis" it would be radishes. There's Pap's ludicrous adventure of the jester joked, sweet ambition, nursing care, blighted with ridicule, the worst of all gardening evils. There's Silver who lands in with a "Yep! Got two dozen ears of corn, one-half bushel potatoes, seventeen beets". They are one and all true gardeners!

We do not feel so sure about the propriety of allowing the next group to classify. They are quite a substantial group, of much dignity in their communities, but they try to get in here through their wives. Of course many of us try to get into heaven by sending our wives to church, but that is no excuse for trying the same game on gardening. Reprehensible trickery! However, there are extenuating circumstances in each instance and in some much doubt whether the parties in question did not really help to produce the results, so to avoid argument, we allow them to be classed.

Of course planting your garden in your wife's name, as Buck Burns did, does not prevent it from being yours, but like all such practices whether with respect to personal property or real, from the point of view of other fellows, it is reprehensible. We presume that Buck's reason for so doing was so as to be able to say to his neighbor down the street, with no garden, as they rode down to business, "My corn's delicious now. I'd like to

give you some, old fellow, but you know the garden's my wife's so I cannot". Carl Miller hired a man, superintended by Mrs. Miller, to plant his, and enjoyed the benefits. Carl classifies by having picked the lettuce for tea one evening the cook was out. Pearl's wife did all his gardening this year and it turned out a corker. Raymond gets in by some learned observations made upon the proper method of fertilizing the "imperfect" strawberry blossoms one evening while Mrs. Pearl was at work upon them. Sears qualifies through Mrs. Sears' plantation "under his direction and approval". Tootell is more generous, he planted it and says "it did very well thanks to wife's efforts". Mrs. Wardle planted theirs, and "Weary" gets under the tape only because he has the boldness to say that "It was bum". Wason says Mrs. Wason took full charge, so it was bound to be a success. We have hard work letting Bill pass, but we are going to, at least because he knew enough to let Mrs. Wason take full charge. P. Winchester's wife hired a man to do it, but "P" had to dig the earlier crops of weeds of which they raised a great variety. "The gardening game was mostly a scrap between me and the weeds, but the latter had so much of a handicap I won out. We did manage to harvest a few beets, turnips, summer squash and carrots, of which latter the rabbit got his share, as well as more than his share of weeds". "P" undoubtedly qualifies. This last is real gardening, vividly real when there is a rabbit in the family.

Ah! the real gardeners. This has been a year of ups and downs and try, by plots and curves, by geographical sub-dividing, by occupational reckonings the best we can we have been unable to account for those ups and downs.

Of the gardens that have done poorly, the world of sorrow in Croker's simple "— 0" report heading the list, trails on down through all the rest. Tedo Chase's was "not up to the usual mark", Dickey was "too busy to care for his and it didn't do very well by itself. Pretty fair tomato crop". War undoubtedly guilty there! Drew's didn't "do very well", Evan's was "bum," Fuller's went to all weeds, "Boys didn't hoe and I didn't want to." What a terrible situation in a parson!

Hawkes' "sank like all the rest," Hodgkin's was "damaged by high water," Lane's was "no good," Lyster's "did poorly," Parker's was "rotten," Rice's "only fair owing to heavy rains." The cause comes up at last. That series of showers was pretty well spread over the country. Sewall's was not harvested, "too much vacation." Staley's attempts to "research" a maximum back-yard garden with a minimum of hoeing, brought only a crop of weeds. Too much tennis we suspect. And Wiggin's just "froze up." What a tale of woe and empty cellar shelves it depicts.

On the other hand Allen's garden though "unsatisfactory financially was quite satisfactory otherwise." Atwood supplied all his neighbors with sweet corn, summer squash, beets, beans, and potatoes until they began to hold up their hands and cry halt. Clark's cropped bounteously in all lines. Dubois' was excellent, E. Eastman's, save for sweet corn, was O. K., Eaton's was "fine as always," Folsom's cabbages and beans were wonders of Manchester, Gerould's "better than ever before," Greenwood's "by far best I ever had," Hopkins' "fairly well." Jordan's produced good results and lots of pleasure. Kendall's was fine because he did his own hoeing, that's what he says. Musgrove had what many in the neighborhood said was best in Hanover, including two hundred head cabbage and good cantaloupe and watermelon. Richardson's was "the horn-swaggledst best garden of its size in Eastern Mass." Safe statement because no other would be just same size. Jim says, "I never expected to be able to brag on this subject and it gives me great pleasure." Jim might have added a word about his rock garden which is a living herbarium of wild things supplementing the Arnold Arboretum, but was probably afraid he might make a botanical mistake if he ventured out upon such a bewildering subject. Spear's garden was "ripping," Storrs' was fine and still working in October, Tibbetts' ran Musgrove's a close second except on the bean score. Too much water for them. Varney's did abundantly (see Varney). Next year we are going to have a cabbage contest between Luke and Musgrove. J. B. C. Walker's did fine. Willard planted several

times. Peas and beans didn't come up, potatoes rotted, but frost held off until nearly Thanksgiving so his corn and tomatoes won him the day at Canossa. Woodman's was a next door neighbor to Willard, caught the same ill turns and same enthusiasms and when it saw Tony's spurting for a finish, perked up and did likewise and the result was a real "Woodman race." You see there is no accountability for poor results and good results neither geographically, climatically or occupationally. There's where the joy of gardening comes in.

Out of 127 men only two of those who didn't have gardens gloried in their situation. "Cav" reported "NevVUR," Bones Woodward "No, thank God." Something must be wrong with their respective digestive systems. All the other non-possessors are simply quiescent, not yet having been stirred by this fine thing. Bailey, however, is going to have a garden next year, Beal replies "Future tense applies 1916" and Bill Colbert since he has been at Sidis has been inoculating himself with the germ by gathering the potatoes and mowing grass, so the ranks are enlarging. If an interest in gardening is a sign of old age, as some contend, we are aging fast, but we are doing it with a fine enthusiasm that takes out all the sting.

**G. H. Gerould** Jerry's done "a lot of work." Teaching hasn't been so heavy, the burden has been the increasing number of things to manage. At one time he was tempted by the offer of an administrative job at a larger salary than he thinks he will ever get, but decided "not worth while." During the year he has worked on several articles on hagiography, has sent off his book "Saints' Lives" to the press, but publication is held up on it owing to detention of Neilson, the editor of the series, in Germany. Two stories appeared in Scribner's, "The Best Seller," Sept., 1915, being widely quoted, and the "Source of the Middle English Prose—St. Elizabeth of Spalbech in English," in a technical journal. Jerry has also done a lot of traveling. The Secretary was surprised with the following delightful letter, dated Hilo, Hawaii, July 24, 1915:

DEAR GEORGE:—Until the last few days Hilo, on the island of Hawaii, would have seemed to me one of the remotest of spots. Yet we are here for three days quite as if it were in the ordinary course of things. We landed at Honolulu last Tuesday morning after a voyage that was much like other voyages—neither better nor worse. Until Thursday evening we viewed the town from the hillside above the bay, where one of my cousins has his house, or loitered about the town itself. The bay is beautiful and the island lovely as only a sub-tropical region can be. We made only one excursion outside, when we motored up one of the narrow valleys leading back from the city to the Pali, a romantic pass on the backbone of the island. Honolulu is a lovely town, pretty because it is beautifully situated and partly because of the vegetation that embowers it. One of the most interesting aspects of it is the medley of populations. Native Hawaiians don't play a large rôle in modern Honolulu; they are merely a kind of solvent for the mixture of other races. It is a blessing that they have left memorials in the names on the map.

On Thursday evening we had a most beautiful sail down through the archipelago, reaching Hilo at breakfast time. It was a moonlight night, and we stayed late on deck, enjoying the mountainous shapes of the islands with the lights of little ports scattered here and there, and the tropical sea at its quietest. Hilo itself is a sugar port with the same contrasts as Honolulu on a smaller scale, and a more luxuriant vegetation. It has, moreover, this most excellent hotel, built in Oriental fashion and managed by a Greek.

Yesterday was a most exciting day. After motoring about here a little we got off for Kilauea, the great active volcanic crater on the lower slope of Mauna Loa. Mauna Loa is slightly active at the top, 13,000 feet above sea-level, but the crater of Kilauea is the thing to see. We lunched at an inn that overlooks the rim of the outside crater, and loafed about there till late afternoon. Sulphur cracks all about spout their fumes into the tropical foliage, but the crater itself is a waste of lava, miles across. Towards night we went by a winding road through the jungle to the active pit itself. On the edge of it we stayed for some hours, looking down on the seething cauldron five hundred feet below us. It is a quite indescribable spectacle, as awe-inspiring to the ear as to the eye, more terrible than anything that ever came my way before. In the evening we motored back here through dense jungle for miles and other miles of sugar-cane.

We've only begun our Hawaiian experiences, as a matter of fact, but we're enraptured by them. We sail for Frisco on August 17. Ever yours, JERRY.

Later upon request for some expressed impressions, he wrote, November 7, 1915:

Dear George:—You are very justly annoyed with me for neither returning the *questionnaire* nor writing the letter that you demanded of me. I acknowledge your right to curse me utterly. Yet it was only my excellent intentions that led me into evil. I have kept thinking that I should really find time "within the next few days" to write something about our trip to Hawaii that might be of interest to you and the other fellows; and every week has been so full of imperative duties that I haven't got to the point of doing it. If you care for it, I can, however, tell you some things in a quite informal and unambitious way—mere poundings on the typewriter about certain impressions that I have in mind as a result of our month in the Islands last summer.

In the first place, I doubt whether anyone who has not visited Hawaii has any clear notion of the extraordinary ethnological mixture in the territory. I had had no idea that there were something like 84,000 Japanese in the Islands. That is the figure. The population is otherwise composed—I am giving all this with only approximate correctness: 12,000 whites and 16,000 Portuguese (separately listed); 24,000 Chinese; 24,000 Hawaiians and 14,000 part Hawaiians; aside from some few thousands apiece of Koreans, Porto Ricans, and Filipinos. The mixture is salted with specimens of several other peoples. As you see, whites are in a very small minority, and Japs lead all the rest. The result is strange, exotic racial atmosphere, rendered the more interesting and pleasant by the fact that all live together in quite remarkable amity. Except for disorderly Filipinos, who have bad habits of robbing and killing people, general behavior seems to be quite as good as anywhere on the mainland.

As for the Japanese, every old-timer in the Islands scoffs at the notion of a "Japanese peril". It is one of the pleasantest tributes to Japanese character within my experience that the great preponderance of Japanese is not regraded as a peril by the men best qualified to judge of the situation. The Japanese do their full share of the work of the islands, both in the fields and in domestic service, and they do it well They have come to stay, and they are prospering. It is only natural that they wish to provide schools for their children, and that they have their own temples and community life. The poor children are made to attend both the government schools and the Japanese schools, so they have no holidays at all. Yet they are a happy, healthy crew of youngsters, despite hard work. Nothing is more charming than to see well-bathed plantation laborers in clean white kimonos tending their babies at the close of a day in the sugar fields. Asakawa, if he sees this, will be amused to know that I found great difficulty in distinguishing between Japanese and other Orientals when they did not wear their national dress. The point is, that we Easterners are not accustomed to the variety of types that one sees among the Japanese peasants, and we get confused in the medley of races. One failing of

these people, as one sees them in Hawaii, is a defect of their qualities: they try to do things without understanding them and get into sad messes. At the same time, their ambition is praiseworthy, and their failures do not take away from their charm.

The native Hawaiians themselves do much to add to the gaiety and delight of their native islands. They are a dying race, but the handsomest and most amiable people ever doomed to destruction. The *leis* of flowers wherewith they deck themselves are not a bad symbol of their qualities. They are like children, easily moved to everything except steady work, and they captivate one in spite of their faults. They are dying of clothes and houses, though the Board of Health writes the malady down as of the throat and lungs. One of the most interesting experiences we had was attending a *luau*, or a native feast, at a remote village across Oahu from Honolulu. We had been sent there to see native life in a comparatively unspoiled condition, and we had the great good luck to happen upon a real *luau*—which is a very different thing from the kind prepared in Honolulu for the expectant and gaping traveler. Though the Kanakas have been nominally Christianized and civilized for nearly a century, they had slipped back into barbarism that day, quite easily and naturally. It was a wild scene under the palm leaf shelter by the beach, a riotous scene, but a most interesting one to anyone with an eye for tropical conditions.

What every visitor to the Island does, we did, of course; we went to the "Volcano". Kilauea, the largest active volcanic crater in the world lies on the lower slopes of great Mauna Loa, a 14,000 foot mountain rising from the sea. You travel by motor some thirty-five miles up from the coast through plantations and tropical forest, and emerge on a region of black desolation in the midst of which is set the crater. If you can imagine a pot of blazing tar three miles in diameter and correspondingly deep, you can get some conception of Kilauea, only you must imagine also the groans, the rumblings, the crashings that ascend from this pit of Hell. Mauna Loa is on Hawaii, the largest island of the group. We visited also the great extinct crater of Haleakala, on Maui, which is a mountain ten thousand feet high. The summit looks like a range of the Rockies set in a circle, with a pit half a mile deep in the center. It is stupendous somewhat as the Grand Canyon is stupendous, though it has not the beauty that makes the Canyon unique. But not all the natural scenery of the Islands is on the grand scale. There is an extraordinary range of beauty in a small compass, ever-changing effects of many-colored water, luxuriance of tropical foliage and flowers, desert mountain slopes in wonderful grey and brown, and valleys of perpetual delight. I am told that the Iao Valley on Maui somewhat resembles the Yosemite—which I have never seen—in size and contour; but the bottom and sides of it are covered with rich vegetation such as one does not find in California. Yet the Iao Valley is only one of many. On Gahu I went quite alone

up a canyon that ends in a waterfall, still held sacred by the natives—Kaliuwaa. Into the upper valley beyond the fall no one has ever entered, and probably never will. As I stood by the black pool at the base of the waterfall, with green and black cliffs rising two thousand feet above me and the entrance to the canyon almost shut off by the cliffs behind. I reflected that I was singularly fortunate to be experiencing *Kubla Khan* in the flesh. At the same time, it took all the nerve I had with me to plunge into the pool for a swim.

The Islands are nothing, you see, but masses of volcanic mountains with strips of arable land along the coast. Almost all the land that can be cultivated is now in use, most of it in sugar or pineapple plantations. Don't be impatient with the Islanders that they cry out against free sugar. It is true that they make tremendous profits when sugar is high, as it is just now, but it is also true that economic conditions and geographic conditions prevent conservative farming, with varied crops in small holdings. Irrigation is necessary everywhere except on the windward side of the Islands, and all other expenses run to that scale. Tell your congressmen—if you happen to have them about—that they can ruin Hawaii without half trying if they don't take into account the peculiar conditions. I tried to get at the truth of the matter, and I came to the conclusion that the Territory does need protected sugar and—what is quite as important—exemption from the present shipping laws.

But the most interesting thing we saw in Hawaii, after all, was neither scenic nor social. It was the Leper Settlement at Kalaupapa, on Molokai. We had great difficulties about getting there, but we very grateful that it could be accomplished. I have never seen any humanitarian project quite so well adapted to the ends in view or carried out with quite the same degree of heroic common-sense. Nearly everyone, I'm afraid, thinks of the Settlement as a place of horror: something almost too terrible to dwell upon. That is an utterly false impression. I have never felt prouder of belonging to the human family, as a matter of fact, than I did when we came away; and, while there, I could only go about in uplifted amazement that the miracle had been accomplished. There were the seven hundred lepers living on an isolated shelf of an isolated island, to which a miserable little coasting steamer comes once a week, in good weather, yet living with all the external cheerfulness and all the decencies that one could find anywhere. The marvellous thing is that skillful management — and I mean to sum up in that phrase all the heroism of the men and women who have devoted themselves to the task—has been able to give the lepers almost perfectly normal lives in so far as they are physically able to work and play. I cannot in a paragraph describe the place to you. I can only set down the impression that it made on me. Let me also record the fact that the development of Kalaupapa is due more largely to the present Superintendent, Mr. J. D. McVeigh, than to

anyone else, though many have had a share in the work. What he has done ought to be known as widely as is the name of Molokai.

It would be painfully easy to make a book of rambling traveler's impressions, I find, once I have seated myself to spin a few pages to you. I could even tell you travelers' tales if I had time, and you patience; but after all I mustn't assume that we are the first visitors to the Hawaiian group, and I should be sorry if more and more travelers weren't destined to steam southwestward from San Francisco. What we wish to do now is, of course, to get into the South Seas proper or on to the shores of Asia. One couldn't help that who has seen Hawaii.

Ever yours (to be treated as you will, whether with blessings or revilings), JERRY.

**A. H. Greenwood** Bill has had a full year. Feb. 24, 1915, he had a son born, John Gage Greenwood. Then he acquired a brand new summer and winter home in the city, with all its conveniences, but in sight of some country that cannot be beat in Conn., with a fine yard coaxing him to build a garden. "It's just far enough from the madding crowd, to have about a quarter of an acre of dirt in the back yard, in which the wife, the boys (there are two now), and I, can play,"—consequently they did. Bill "planted a garden that was by far the best he ever had." Bill's new home is 588 Broadview Terrace, his residence 'phone is "Charter 1899-5." "That beats Warren and the "Doc's!" Bill contributed "The Torford Barl Grinding Machine" to *Machinery* December, 1914, some "Build Now" articles to *Commercial* and *Factory,* and a description of "The Gray Telephone Pay Station Co.'s Building" in *Concrete —Cement Age.* He says he hasn't been 200 miles from home during year, but he was in Boston at beginning of year. He has seen Donny and the Secretary, and ran across Fod Martin in Glastonbury's Peach orchards, received a visit from Oakes in March and Tom and Mrs. Whittier in May, which isn't bad. For a vacation he stayed at home with the family and took care of the greenest Greenwood (epithet originated by Jim Richardson). Bill is still and has been since its beginning in 1914 the Pres. of the Dartmouth Club of Hartford, and he persuaded Donny to give the Club some real good '99 philosophy in Oct., 1914. For full particulars see "Donahue".

**Hanover Visitors**

Outside of the three ninety-niners who live in Hanover, N. P. Brown who summers there and Cav who "falls it" there, twenty-six others have been back at the college during the year. Those there permanently, temporarily or transiently have been: Asakawa, Atwood, Brown, N. P., Cavanaugh, Chase, H. B., Chase, T. W., Colbert, Cushman, Donahue, Folsom, Gannon, Hardwick, Hodgkins, Hopkins, Hoskins, Hutchinson, Hyatt, Johnston, Kendall, Miller, C. O., Musgrove, O'Sullivan, Parker, Richardson, Silver, Speare, Storrs, Tibbetts, Varney, Walker, J. B. C., Whittier.

**E. V. Hardwick Revisits Hanover 1895-1915**

"Doc's" worked like a Trojan (those aren't just his words but they sound better in print) this year. He's still got that telephone number "Dorchester 99," and he swears it is a real number. Though "Doc" has a bunch of beach cottages at Nantasket, some of them built out of Barney's lumber piles), he prefers to rent them and motor through the country. This summer for a vacation Mrs. Hardwick and he went up the White Mountains as far as Dixville Notch, and came down the Connecticut Valley and back through the Berkshires. On way down he stopped a night at Inn in Hanover, saw Dave and inspected "Mushy's" new printing plant. Some prosperity! The following night at Greenfield, he saw Payne. "He is looking hale and hearty. Time has touched him lightly and he wears the same old smile of college days, when he owned Reed Hall. He has given up plugging and pulling teeth, he never did like "plugging" anyhow, and has gone into drug game, pulling legs and trying to dope out the new narcotic law." Later asked to give his impressions of the New Hanover "Doc" just slid into verse as easily as a new ship taking water. We print:

> The place has changed, and sure does thrive.
> Let's see: the year was '95
> When I, a skinny freshman, came
> To town to carve myself a name.

I fear I made sad work of it
Yet stayed a year before I quit.
(Not fired by Prex or packed off home,
Just got the med. bug in my dome.)

I've often wished I'd kept in line
And left the place with Ninety-Nine;
But all the same I have a hunch
That I belong to that old bunch,

That clings together through the years
And more compact each day appears.
The Dartmouth spirit shows throughout
And every man's a good old scout.

But from my theme I seem to stray:—
"How Dartmouth looks to me today?"
Or "How old Hanover appears
To one away for twenty years?"

Now first,—the students thereabout
Are only boys, (I'm old, no doubt).
As I recall, the fellows then
To me, at least, seemed full-grown men.

The good old green but septic sweater
Is now discarded. Garments better
Replace the iron corduroy
(I'd hate the change were I a boy).

The Inn is now a cosy place
With Fairfield for its boniface.
(The Hotel Wheelock as it seemed
An architect, when sick, had dreamed).

I looked around for Sanborn Hall,
The pride, and once the boast of all.
But nowhere round the college green
Was its palatial grandeur seen.

I found it, but, it's sad to think
It totters at the grim grave's brink;
Close to the spot, they lay away
The greatness of the bygone day.

Gone, too, Hen Swasey's! Gone his steeds!
(This theme, an Omar, surely needs).
Gone hence, long since, "the calico",
Hen's pride. Gone where good horses go!

The chargers, too, once owned by Hamp,
On heavenly oats their gold bits champ;
While laughing, horselike, to have seen
Their work all done by gasolene.

The streets about the good old town
No longer have a bad renown.
They're real avenues de luxe
Just like you see in picture books.

The tower view is full as fine
As any that these eyes of mine
Have seen upon the earth's fair face,
(Perhaps it's that I love the place).

Those rows of buildings, grand and new
Are simply great. They surely do
Beat any others anywhere,
Whatever college you compare.

The Gym gigantic won my praise.
With other changes since our days;
We saw the joint for midnight hash.
Postoffice new, a bank for cash.

And Mussy's place (Oh, not so bad!)
That he's made good we all are glad.
And Dave Storrs' shop, right up to date
He's happy still though celibate.

I liked the dear old buildings best
Just as they stand upon the crest,
With time worn faces looking down
Across the campus on the town.

In line unbroken sturdy, strong
May they unchanged endure as long
As there is need of college halls,
As long as Mother Dartmouth calls.

At last within a chapel pew
I mused upon the old and new:—
The new but beautifies the old
Like polish added to pure gold.

These great improvements must be fine
For men today. But Ninety-nine
With lamps of oil and wood stove heat
Came through, a bunch that can't be beat.

And still while scattered far and wide
One love in each man does abide—
For Ninety-nine and Dartmouth, too.
(They mean the same to me and you).

To me at least there is no doubt
Of classes Dartmouth has turned out,
Old Ninety-nine heads all the rest:
Best then, best now, forever best.

And when again in three short years
The campus echoes with your cheers,
Whatever happens I don't care,
Just bet your life E. V.'ll be there.

We have set "Doc" and Mrs. Hardwick down for the Southeast corner suite in Massachusetts for the Vicennial.

**J. H. Hartley** Joe characterizes his year as getting an insight into his business, to wit insurance. He was in England during July and August, partly business and partly pleasure. Had to go through a rigid examination in Liverpool. That's how the war affected him.

**H. W. Hawkes** The year has been about as usual with "Doc," perhaps a bit busier, and has passed very quickly and pleasantly. His family now consists of three children, the last Ralph Wilson Hawkes, Jr., arriving Sept. 23, 1915. He has a home of his own in the permanent part of the town and enjoys life, though he doesn't get away much. His practice has been general, one case in highest court. "Doc" gave a few informal talks last spring on the subject of Schools, with refer-

ence to Needs of those of York, preparing for Town Meeting. He is President of Library Association, and has been superintendent of schools for two years,—1913-1915,—and all these things have kept him on the jump. He was also appointed Trial Justice of York County, with criminal jurisdiction under a law which took effect last July, so is the first in the class really entitled to be called "judge," which he sort of likes though the duties are blamed tiresome at times. In August he held trial before an audience that packed one of the large moving picture theatres at York Beach, when three young men were accused of attempting a riot. He held them for the grand jury and they were then held for trial. "Doc's" travels have been chiefly to Millbury, Mass., where Mrs. Hawkes' mother is in ill health. In the spring he did pull himself away for a little auto trip up into the White Mountains.

**A. L. Heywood** "Spade" is doing his level best, assisted by the the war, to aid U. S. Steel to resume dividends on "common." One wife, no children, two addresses in Worcester, one new, to wit, 10 Oread Street, seem to bound his horizon. Still, when the Questionnaire got to asking about diaries and letters for a possible historical picture of our college days, the old instinct reasserted itself, and "Spade" came to the surface and took the bait, he went so far, as to run down question 25 about the Sophomore History, in the '99 Aegis and report the data there. That's the third time, at least, he has broken through his horizon this last twelfth month. The other two times were when he made his usual summer vacation to the old home town of Bucksport, and again when he went there in December.

**O. A. Hoban** A year ago this fall "Hobe" rode over 4500 miles in autos, and made over 100 speeches. That was when he was running for the U. S. Congress. It was some athletic stunt, but all together he had a very enjoyable time. It would have been only more enjoyable for him, if he had won. Since that performance the terse word "work"

covers his activities. "Hobe" thinks that probably the most important thing he has done this year was to help draw the Democratic platform for the last election, and participate in the discussion thereof at the late Democratic Convention. The importance of these two acts is not to be measured by the results of the election. He also made a few speeches in the Third Congressional District during the Campaign. Except for the travel they necessitated, he has not been about any this year, nor taken any vacation; other than the Penn game and '99 supper. Anyone who is both Town Solicitor and a member of the school committee of a burg like Gardiner has to stay at home.

**J. W. Hobbs** Joe's year has like Vesuvius been quiescently active. In other words, he has been right at work, only he has not been doing the additional things that make "copy." However, he has during the year taken his "First Promotional Exam," and also an illuminating course on the Modern Drama at Boston University. With Bill Colbert and he yoked up together we could have a '99 Drama League all by ourselves. Joe stayed in town for a vacation, making occasional week end trips to Maine, and for the rest of the time got up muscle and vim for this winter's work by helping a Hull friend cut the placid waters of Boston Harbor into geometrical patterns a-yachting.

**W. B. Hodgkins** The Assistant Manager of Ballard Vale, the Secretary likes the swing of those repeated a's, has another son, Richard Bradlee Hodgkins, born Oct. 17, 1915. There is a full backfield now. Staley's set of babcks, though they may have the lead, have got to look out if they are going to make the team. It all is the probable cause of the following note from Hodge's typewriter, dated Nov. 15, 1915:

DEAR GEORGE:—Am sending my valuable data to you. There is absolutely no change in my honors, life or business. I have added one more to the roster, and we are slowly growing older—faster seems the word—but keep happy and well so far.

In a village such as this one becomes accustomed to the very quiet life, and it is impossible to attend to business and get very far away on travels, etc. Also when one's business is rather confining it generally means that when night comes the home is pretty good.

There is only one relaxation outside of riding in which I enjoy myself, and that is a little work in amateur theatricals. Strange to say it does not worry me to learn parts after using my brain all day, and I get out evenings with sociable people for a few weeks. But home is the place for such old fellows as we are getting to be, and therefore all the honors and activities must go to those who are doing the work to get them.

While I cannot furnish anything of interest to the others, I shall certainly enjoy reading about them. Cordially yours, WILLIS B. HODGKINS.

Hodge is too modest about his histrionic ability. Last winter he took the part of the waiter in "You Never Can Tell," and doorkeeper in "The Man of Destiny," and this winter he is playing leading parts. He was the Hon. Sandy Verrall in "Eliza Comes to Stay," and competent judges say he was capital in the part. Still one home isn't enough for home-loving Hodge. He bought a place at Kennebunk Beach, Maine, in 1910, and in the summer time the family lives there, and Hodge gets in as much time as the carding and spinning machinery—and all that they mean—permit. Hodge is also a member of the Board of Public Works of the Town of Andover.

**A. W. Hopkins** "Little Hoppy" reports modestly that he has "worked reasonably hard in the same general practice." After you have read further you will realize that he is a real "live wire," and has worked extra hard, inside and outside of his practice. Inside of his practice, he has been to Hanover several times, and also treated Bill Wason, who suffered from abscesses on both ears during his vacation at beautiful Swanzey Lake, two miles distant from "Hoppy." T'was hard on Bill, but pleasant for "Hoppy" to see Bill so often. Outside of his medicine, "Hoppy" has been moderator, town and school district, Chairman School Board, Secretary Board of Health, and last of all a member of the Great and General Court. In the last capacity, the *Manchester Union* printed his

photo and gave him a good "write-up" under the caption, "Our Law-makers." They mixed in old Den Thompson of "Old Homestead" fame, got him born of Vermont stock at Lyndonville, educated at Manchester High and Dartmouth, added all about his local political honors, dashed in that in the present house he was a member of the Committee on Public Health, and ended up with the following beads that came to the top: "Dr. Hopkins is a popular member of the legislature. Socially, he belongs to the Red Men. Personally, he is a very affable gentleman and most pleasant to meet." '99-ers knew all this years ago, though maybe not about the Red Men.

What the *Manchester Union* man did not discover was that "Hoppy" is a real legislator, the kind there ought to be more of. The "polls" put him on the Committee of Public Health, thinking that would be a quiet corner for anyone with a "Dr." before his name. But when they got to doing away with the vaccination law, they discovered they had a real fight on. The law was preserved. "Hoppy" also drew up a meat inspection law, which was adopted and recommended unanimously by the Committee, but which the "polls," trying to keep the good will of the farmers for other nefarious purposes, and the farmers because they couldn't understand it, killed. "N. H." is, therefore, still without any protection from deceased and unhealthy meat for fear a farmer might be put to a little trouble in occasionally killing a calf. That is a modest way to put it. The bill, however, was good and will probably serve as a model for future law. So it was all worth while. "Hoppy" also helped build a bill for regulation of cold storage products, which will bear fruit later. He also put in some work on a law for decrease of multiplying the issue of feeble-minded in the State. Republican economy workers killed it in the finance Committee. Still the beginning was made. It's a thankless uphill road for the type of a legislator like "Hoppy," with such perspective and motives. The boss still exists after all Winston Churchill's books, and public opinion needs a lot of education to oblige the boss to take notice. You can read it between the lines in "Hoppy's" resumé of his legislative action and the results. It's

good, however, to see one like him willing to make the attempt. May the discouragements be incentive to further ardor.

Of course, "Hoppy" did lots of traveling. N. H. legislators are on the road Mondays and Fridays, acoming and agoing. It's hard on the State, but good for them, and it helps like a "freshman dormitory" to democratize the legislators.

"Hoppy," of course, saw Bob Johnston, Parker, Musgrove, and Silver at Concord. Listen to "Hoppy" thereon:

"Dave Parker made his usual starry pose in the gold braid, etc., and did it well at the Grand Ball to the Governor the only place he showed at Concord. I suppose he has continued to shine at the Fairs. Dave is a shining light in medicine, he is really doing things worth while in M., and I have just read his paper delivered to the State Medical Society, and it is good, showing good sense, much study and very conservative for a younger man. Silver is in a good place, has a good appearance and address, and is filling the place, I should judge. N. H. is profiting from the Normal Schools, and Silver heads the oldest of the Schools. They need good equipment, and are doing well to get anything like what they do, since the recent scares in N. H. politics have caused the economy streak. It is pitiful to see them cut appropriations to make a good showing.

"Musgrove is as smart as there is. He is said to be the best Speaker for a long time and as good a parliamentarian in the Senate as ever, quick and sharp. He was at a disadvantage working with the minority in an off year for the minority. There were several things which they failed to slip over our "Mushy," when otherwise they would have been slipped. He kept them awake. (There is no doubt that he with the now discredited other officers had real stuff to show, and if the crowd had not been in so great a majority, they could have showed so the whitewash would not as completely covered.) We will hear more of him yet."

**N. L. Hoskins** "Hoss" has moved his offices to 644-665 David Whitney Bld., Detroit. Just the numbers as you consider them signify much. "Hoss" modestly puts it "changed office as above," and to question "What have you done?" replies tersely, "Not much." Fortunately Warren Kendall had time on one of his western trips to pay "Hoss" a visit, and "Hoss" admits in the Questionnaire to having seen him. Warren's version varies somewhat from "Hoss'" modest answers, but seems to comport better with the "644-665." (See

Kendall). "Hoss" is equally modest about his travels. "Few" is the word he uses to describe them, though he confesses to the ownership of two high-power machines. But he did come East for a vacation, and he did visit Hanover. To question "What books, speeches, smoke-talk or otherwise, made?" he fills in after "When?" "Daytime mostly," "Where?" "Wherever an audience could be secured which would not walk out," "How?" "Mostly without stimulation." As mayor, alderman, et al., he thinks he could classify "As any of the above and many more," and for honors received, says briefly, "Langly Academy, but too late for details." Is the last a "Hoskinism" too, like some of the others? Querie?

**G. L. Huckins** "Huck" reports that as Construction Engineer for the B. & M., he has "kept busy." That's a good sign for B. & M. For his vacation he built an eight-room Camp House, 24′ x 28′ at Long Beach, Rockport, Mass. "Best spot on the coast for youngsters and others! Drop in and see," he adds. "Huck" and his family have made a few trips to Plymouth, N. H., his old home, to give the youngsters some mountain air, and the grandparents a chance to empty the cooky jars.

**W. L. Hutchinson** Bill Hutch for a long time seemed completely lost. Then the middle of December came this illuminating letter from Cecil, Pa., dated Dec. 16, 1915:

My dear George:—We are just out of quarantine,—have been closed up here for about two months. All of our children have had scarlet fever; they are all well again for which we are very thankful. This is why you have not heard from us before.

There seems to be an impression by some members of the class that I am in the gardening business, which is all wrong. I have a little over 100 acres of land, the crops are corn, oats, wheat and hay, alfalfa. We specialize in registered Guernsey cattle and produce pure milk which we retail. I should like to hear from Raymond Pearl on the chicken question, as we have a nice bunch of white leghorns.

Sorry we were not able to send out mail before this. Shall be glad to see and read this report. Very sincerely, Bill Hutch.

In the questionnaire, Bill also stated that as a farmer, he had "worked darned hard," that last February he was in Hanover, saw Dave Storrs and Kendall, that he is Treasurer of Venice United Presbyterian Church. These all sound good.

**E. A. Hyatt** "Ed" says he has done just the same as last year; "enough said." For addresses he writes, "I've kept awfully still," then he adds, "Address to Graduating Class, St. Albans Hospital Training School." "Not a travel." He goes on, "Didn't even dream of going to San Diego or Frisco." He did go down to Hanover to Phi Kappa Psi Initiation Banquet, but that doesn't count evidently as "travel." For a vacation, he just "worked." For honors he classifies as Deacon First Congregational Society of St. Albans, President St. Albans Business and Professional Men's Ass., and as Vice-President Franklin County Medical Society.

**A. P. Irving** "Washington" pores over blue prints in a snug little panelled office on the ground floor of the new superb Irving & Casson—Davenport & Co. building in Copley Square when not consulting architects and going over churches and fine residences personally upon matters of interior work and furnishings. It's interesting work and engaging. He has only had an afternoon off now and then to play golf, notwithstanding that the war has had a quieting effect in the undertaking of elaborate and costly church, public and private work.

**R. P. Johnston** Our "Bob" is now Vice-President of Stratton & Co., Flour Mills. He's polished up the customers so well that they made him a grand V. P., as Gilbert might have said; "got by all right," is the way Bob puts it. The characterization seems to cover the situation. His research has been "searching for engine troubles." For talks, etc., he says he has "delivered the History of America 2476 times against my will." Seriously he did deliver the speech at Men's Club, Unitarian Church, Brookline, Oct., 1914, and at Retail Lumbermen's Association dinner, Feb. 20, 1915, and Mr. Grozier, Editor of the *Boston Post,* who happened to be one of the guests

was so taken with it, that he begged Bob to dictate it to a stenographer, and allow him to publish it in the *Post*. The dictation nearly gave Bob a nervous breakdown, but he survived both, 4000 words and also the publication of the speech as a serial in the Sunday *Post*, beginning March 28, with his photo at the head, and a sprinkling of clever wood cuts punctuating the text every eight inches. Travels for business and pleasure were "a trip to Boston Round Up." Re San Diego and Frisco, he says "wanted to go to White River Jct. Fair but couldn't make it." Been to Hanover? "Sure." Did he plant a garden? "One paper of nasturtiums." How did they do? "Rotten." Re ability to classify as mayor, etc., "I think I could do any of these things if called upon." As for honors, he answers "not a dog-gone honor." He confesses to a summer home "at Eastern Point, Gloucester, Mass. Fine place and expensive as a submarine." So much out of his system, he writes Oct. 3:

DEAR GEORGE:—Your original and comprehensive letter at hand, and nobody could answer all the questions you can think of with the aid of an encyclopedia and all the cribs in Dartmouth college. But I am very glad you are going to get out another report, because the first one was the best thing in that line that has ever come into my dull and uninteresting life. The history of America was surely all in the *Post*, only you did not look long enough. It was so good they tried to make it last a long time and only ran one chapter every month or so. In regard to the trial of my celebrated friend, Harry Thaw, I will say that I went down to New York along with a carload of other leading citizens of this state, and we got him free from the clutches of the unreasoning authorities in charge of Matteawan. When they got through hearing me testify they were already to let him out and put me in. Get the report out soon, George. Your obedient servant, ROBT. P. JOHNSTON.

Hobe sent in a clipping of Bob's evidence in that Thaw case. It seems that Bob had met Mr. Thaw at parties, and testified that Mr. Thaw on these occasions had refused to dance with young girls. Mr. Cook, the prosecuting attorney, thought that he would play a bit with the witness at this point, so he asked Bob, sarcastically, "Had the 'barnyard walk' and the 'kitchen sink,' permeated to New Hampshire?" "No," quietly

answered Bob, "we still dance in the parlor." Mr. Cook was a bit more careful how he tackled Bob after that. He did, however, venture to ask Bob, "You're not the Anthony Comstock of Concord are you?" "Far from it," responded the witness with a grin, it is reported.

**W. W. Jordan** The war and the closing of the Boston & Montana Copper Smelter at Great Falls hit Wesley's rug and carpet business hard. So he disposed of it, and in November took an interest in Lane's 5-10-15-Cent Stores Co., Salt Lake, Utah. Moved his family there about Nov. 18. Before he made the move he did quite a bit of traveling over center of Montana. While in Great Falls, Wesley used to see Tootell frequently, and he says Toot is seriously considering the disposal of his land holdings, moving to city or even returning to New Hampshire or some Eastern State. He has seen C. C. Walker '98, a U. S. Inspector of live stock stationed at Williston, N. D.

**C. L. Joy** The following letter from Clarence dated New Hampton, N. H., November 16, 1915, is better than any secretarial "make up".

My dear George:—I ought to be shot for neglecting such an earnest appeal to come up to the help of our secretary. It is treason. It seems useless to write what may be interesting to few, though I am glad to get every item concerning others.

I am chief cook and bottle-washer in a school of about 140 students, male and female. We have living alumni and former students some over 4000. Just now we are counting over our Governors in New Hampshire and Massachusetts, Gov. Goodell (recently deceased), Batchelder, Quimby, Felker in New Hampshire and McCall in Mass. They are all members of our finance committee. If any of the class wish to start their boys on a political career they might do well to enter them here. We can give them thorough training in practical politics as far as filling the governor's chair, and if McCall makes good, may be able to take a select few for presidential training. Our tuition is only $50 per year and students can board at Lewis Hall Club at $2.87 per.

The years are very busy ones. The summer was spent reeling off a few thousand miles looking for students. I am one of the great majority and drive a "fliver." Though the old car has done some over

18,000 miles she will switch her tail and scratch gravel every time at sight of a hill. If there is anything in New Hampshire that I have not been over it is not laid down on the trails of the Appalachian Club.

I have but one severe and painful thorn in the flesh. I hate like the nick to confess it but my back hair is going! If enough remains so that I am allowed out in public I shall be present at the next reunion. After reading the Twelfth Report I have concluded that one might as well cash in as miss them.

I meet many Dartmouth men but only a few of '99. If my ship ever comes in I hope to get my nose off the grindstone and be more sociable. I shall look forward to the coming report and shall be glad to hear from all '99 men. Cordially yours, CLARENCE L. JOY.

The secretary can vouch for the capacity of the auto. The cry of "Hello" out of a clear sky, and a back-up that would do credit to a Packard, produced Clarence, with the secretary by the roadside one day in New Hampshire this summer. Clarence had a ton of New Hampton literature aboard. He left one-half pound with the secretary, and a whole lot of good cheer besides, when he spurted away, like Pap on a hundred yard dash, for West Baker's River Valley. Clarence is really doing a great work at New Hampton, and the providing of facilities where energetic and ambitious boys and girls, can live and board themselves, is a step in the right direction toward reducing the high cost of education and making it available for just those hill town youngsters who need it, and who can render a big return to society by having it. Just look at Clarence's list of Governors! And disinterested men of whom the secretary has inquired say that the New Hampton of today, Clarence's New Hampton, is the same clean sturdy type of school that turned out that line of Governors.

**W. C. Kendall** Warren speaks of his work as "plugged along trying not to lose ground". From what the secretary hears, though not from Warren, he has all the time been gaining ground. Warren's work is research "after improved methods for handling freight cars". That his research has been extensive and result producing was shown by an address he delivered April 13, 1915, at a dinner of 117 members of the New England Railroad Club held at the American House

at which he was the chief speaker. The address was upon "Economical Handling of Freight Cars". It was later printed and distributed and for clearness of statement, logical development and philosophy, it deserves a wider reading than railroad circles. His terse ending "Be a friend and gain a friend", as a working rule for railroad superiors in dealing with under officials is worthy of general human adoption. Warren is upon the executive committee of the New England Railroad Club and has also been put upon its membership committee. In fact since '99 developed his executive committee ability, he is much in demand. At the twelfth annual dinner of St. Johnsbury Academy Alumni, March 27th, he was also put on the executive committee.

**A. E. Kimball** Here is a little letter from "Kimmy", written at Ontario, Oregon, November 19, 1915:—

DEAR GEORGE:—Since receiving your letter I have been confined to my bed and am not yet feeling like writing much. However, I have managed to fill out the "Questionnaire" which I am mailing to you. There is little more romance in overalls in the West than in the East, and anything I could write would be of interest only from class reasons and its novelty. Really, George, I have only reversed the usual course of Dartmouth men by ending my life on a farm instead of beginning it there.

I am enclosing a check for three dollars, not knowing how I stand as to class dues, but knowing that if I am not at present behind I probably will be.

As ever yours of the class of '99. ARTHUR E. KIMBALL.

"Interest for class reasons and novelty", aren't these sufficient for a whole quarto of writing? Most authors have only the latter as an excuse, while every '99-er thinks the first sufficient; and "Kimmy" had both. Maybe something about his methods of farming might have given us Eastern farmers an idea that would have pulled us out of some two hundred-year-old rut, notwithstanding "Kimmy" characterizes his year's labor as just "average". Maybe if he had just repeated the gist of one of his talks before farmers' organizations, we would have become full-fledged, up-to-date farmers. Maybe if he had just

given us the details of his motor camping trip through the Saw Tooth Range in his trusty Ford, we would be throwing away our copies of "A Woman Homesteader's Elk Hunt", and saying "Here is the real thing and we know the author". However, we are all grateful for the glimpses that the replies to the Questionnaire do give; and trust that our "Kimmy" is once more in good health.

**H. B. Kirk** Squaw is commercial representative for a Chicago cement house and travels through Ohio, Indiana, and Illinois with good success to his firm and himself. (See Warren's Wanderings.)

**P. H. Lane** "Pete" is one of the our busiest. In addition to regular practice, he holds the chair of neurology at St. Mary's Hospital, and is lecturer on Lymptomatology at Medico-chirugical Medical College. "Pete" and Mrs. Lane took in both the San Diego and Frisco Fairs. They went out by water through the Panama Canal, and came back by the way of Denver, Salt Lake, Colorado Springs, and Chicago. For a vacation rest "Pete" tried a bit of farming. He has a farm at Gynedd, Pa., and this year he had seven acres in garden stuff, ten pigs, twelve sheep, two hundred ten hens, and fruit galore. In gardening "Pete" wins the class prize. Later in October he got in a few weeks hunting in the Maine woods, pheasant and deer. "Pete" has just been elected Vice-President of the Philadelphia Dartmouth Association.

**A. B. Leavitt** "Ike" says he has "worked like hell", but note use of small letter h. Along the line of research he has done a few rather rare operations, cutting out abnormal growths. He made a speech at the Company D, Seventh Regiment dinner, and has had an occasional article in *Arms and the Man.* For travel he had done to date, October 2, 5,800 miles in the new car he got May 1. There was a trip to the White Mountains, and trips to Delaware Water-Gap. His vacation was spent shooting on military teams at Peekskill, Sea Girt and Florida, and also at his summer cottage at Silver

Lake, near Tilton, N. H. At Camp Whitman in July he ran across Lieutenant Watson of Signal Corps. "Ike" says he was walking in the mud, "Watty" was on horseback, much *eclat,* etc. (for fuller details see Watson's version). Leslie Farr '02 lives next door to "Ikey", and he ran across Goddard '02, the playwright, at Long Beach one day this summer. Listen, "Ike" is Trustee of Parents' Association Public School No. 162, and a Deacon in United Presbyterian Church. "Now laugh", says "Ike", "and I'll shake you".

The *New York Sun,* March 28, 1915, came out with a headline, "Leavitt Wins on Toss" It went on to state that "the Seventh Regiment Rifle Club Tournament, which had been going on at the armory ranges for last few months, came to an end Friday evening, with A. B. Leavitt of Company D winning class cup, match 4, expert class, with score of 139, that in the time fire class cup, match 2, Leavitt and two others tied, each having shot three possibles during the month. In the shooting Friday evening each had perfect scores, and in matching for the prize Leavitt won". Could that be our Leavitt?

"Ike" was asked to explain and also to give his ideas as a military expert on "Preparedness". He replied as follows from New York, October 2, 1915:—

DEAR GEORGIE:—Herewith find replies to your inquisition. You ask me to tell you about my connection with 7th Regiment and about my shooting. Well, you have given me an opening, so look out.

Yes, I have been a member of Company D, 7th Regiment for two and a half years. Have had lots of fun shooting. That is my hobby. Have won 10 silver cups, and about $100 cash prizes during that time. Also a nice bunch of medals. Won the Company Championship last winter, and won gold bars for best score of Regiment for indoor shooting seasons of 1914 and 1915.

This summer I made the Regimental team. Our team winning Brigade and State Championships. Corp. Lumby, Sulger and myself of our Company won the Adjutant General's match against 35 best Company teams of the whole State. Thereupon I had gall enough to try for State Team and out of about 150 contestants made 3rd highest score, and consequently am one of the fifteen men to go to Florida to represent State of New York in National Matches. We go to Peekskill Oct. 6 for a week's practice, and then to Florida Oct. 13 to 23 for matches. This part I may report on later. We also won McAlpin

Trophy at Sea Girt, and were 2nd in Dryden Trophy. I was only a substitute on this team, but came in for a medal and division of $150 cash prizes, etc.

Last season I went to Sea Girt on my own hook and went into only one match. The Gen. Meany match—10 shots at 500 yards. Had no chance to fire a single shot for practice, but managed to make 9 bulls and a 4 for a total of 49 out of possible 50, and was tied for first place (75 men shooting).

This Florida trip we make in a private car which is switched onto a siding for our use during the matches. (Some class, eh, Wat?) I hope "Watty" chokes when he reads all this bragging, because I am only a private and he wears the shoulder straps.

You ask about "Our Preparedness for War." "There ain't no such animal." That Plattsburg idea is a fine one, and hope it is continued with double the number next year. All college and business men should help this and similar movements along. Our position would be a lamentable one if we should have to engage in war with any first-class power. The days of the Civil War, when a dry goods clerk made as good a soldier as anyone, are past. We need some such system as prevails in Switzerland, where with no standing army yet within two days' time every able-bodied man in the Republic can be mobilized fully equipped for the field, and with sufficient military knowledge to do their duty. What percentage of *our* able-bodied citizens have any military knowledge?

Now, Georgie, get busy and censor this to your heart's delight. Best of wishes to all '99-ers, "Ike," *alias* A. B. Leavitt.

Later "Ike" wrote he had a fine time in Florida, shot on team and made a few scores. Again this fall, December 19, 1915, "Ike" had his name in *The Sun* in headline. It said: "A. B. Leavitt of Company D, who leads in the expert class with total score of 138, made a 70 in deliberate fire and 50 in the time fire contest, equalling his score of last season, and equalling the armory score". Foreign invaders take notice!

**F. F. Locke** "Napoleon" is still Assistant in the Planning Department, United States Navy, Portsmouth. All this naval and military talk hits his department and keeps it on the *qui vive*. During the summer he got in some little vacation trips to Sebago Lake, Peak's Island, and Cape Elizabeth, and once had the pleasure of being called over to Bobby Rowe's to look up at Sturtevant, who was in town. L'Empereur reports

that Sturt looks the same as ever, "smilingly optimistic, rather bald, like myself". "Napoleon" must have had to stretch his neck some to discover this last!

**Locomobilia** Approaching "forty" exactly fifty per cent of us still "walk". Of course that doesn't mean that this particular half of us doesn't ride on subways or superways, doesn't bus it or taxi it, doesn't ferry boat or steam train it, when it has to, or doesn't go to ride in the autos of generous friends when invited. We do all these sometimes, some of them every day in the year. Still we belong to the 'walking class', *i. e.,* we don't possess a horse or an auto according to the returns and we do get about by "walking".

We may not all of us call it just that. Professor Ford prefers "Pedestrianistically" because you don't need any gym work, if you can prevent a snarl up of the front of the word with the rear as it loops itself about the tip of your tongue. Lawyer Hobe likes "Heel and Toe", with its easier swing and certain redolence due to the past. Designer Locke uses "shanks' mare", Schoolmaster Eastman "shanks' mare, 1915 model", which like a cake of sweet chocolate on a railway journey, cheats you into thinking you have the real thing, Professor Gerould simply "two feet". But just what we call it is of little consequence, be the term large or small, difficult or easy for the tongue. The more important thing is how we look upon our state. Take Lawyer Atwood, for instance. He walks half a mile from his home to Melrose Station, B. & M.'s it to Boston and walks another half mile to his office and *vice versa* each day and is "still able to walk the whole distance when required". A vigorous physic and attribut of mind that! Schoolmaster Barstow says: "I am still a pretty good pedestrian". There's pride there! Lawyer Cavanaugh's emphatic "I am a pedestrian" is almost vauntingly proud. Even on paper the statement sounds like an argument with Buck, Squaw and Tim in Reed Hall with the whole of them against him. Dr. Bonney says "I walk and keep well". Engineer Oakes "Walking is still good for me". Not even an auto could dazzle such sanity!

Again one distinguished professor replied "I walk, damn it—walk—walk". Don't such statements exhibit a healthy attitude for approaching "forty"? Most important and healthful of all is the fact that whether we are teachers, learned professors, business men, doctors, bankers, engineers, or clerks, and we are all these, no one of this fifty per cent of us confesses, even *sotto voce,* to having to walk aided by a stick!

It may be doubtful whether Storekeeper Charlie Adams, Professor Gerould or Lieutenant Watson are properly classified in the foregoing group. Twenty years ago the possession of a "bike" and its use would have disqualified, likewise Watson's occasional military appearance on horseback which would seem to throw him into the other fifty per cent of us, still today such old-fashioned and trifling usages we submit do not misplace them.

Lawyer Richardson caustically asks "Does any '99-er keep a horse? If so produce him". Yes, Jim, they do. Not one '99-er merely, but fifteeen of them. Dr. Carr, Dr. H. H. Dearborn, Dr. Hyatt each keep one for their winter work, Dr. Hopkins has a stable of three and one pony for his daughter, in addition to their autos. Jim might say these are necessary tools of their profession! But then, there is Professor Asakawa who rides horseback for his exercise. You see he is properly qualifying for future diplomatic service. Manufacturer Chase keeps what is known colloquially as a "fast hoss". Farmer Clark drives a pair of coal blacks when he is in the country as well as certain aged family heirlooms when gathering up his cider apples. Actor Cogswell's ancient dobbin comes in handy when cruising about his countryside for eggs when his own hens are on a strike. Banker Dubois' span of pure blooded Morgans, think of it, Jim, uphold the best traditions of Vermont. Farmer Hutchinson has a barn full of horses and mules for work, pleasure and cussing dummies. Schoolmaster Lynch enjoys "holding the reins" over a fast roadster that he raised and "broke." Country Gentleman Rice also enjoys his drive. The Hon. Mr. Musgrove keeps a horse for sleighing time. Banker Norton has a pony for his boys and Ranchman Tootell

has a "whole lot of horses," so many that he doesn't even know the count. Even the bare catalogue Jim should make you feel that you ought to "set 'em up."

It's our list with one leg still in the countryside, a small, very small minority of the other 50% of us, but still a qualifying part of such.

Fifty-six of us run autos and five of these run two apiece. By occupations the interesting divisions are as follows: 1 auto seller, 3 bankers, 12 doctors, 4 engineers, 1 farmer, 7 lawyers, 1 minister, 1 real estate man, 3 men of the road, 6 schoolmasters. You expect the 12 doctors, but you may be surprised at the Oregon farmer, Kimball, the country parson, Fuller, bringing circuit riding down to date and at the large number of schoolmasters, Boston, H. A. Chase, Joy, Martin, Wiggin, Silver. Donny says that Parson Fuller is much more conservative on sin since he "joined the ranks." By "makes" the division is this: 17 Fords,—more than 25%,—A. J. Abbott, Carr, H. H. Dearborn, Fuller, Galusha, Hodgkins, Hyatt, Joy, Kendall, Kimball, Lane, Risley, Rogers, Sewall, Silver, Varney, Wardle; 5 Reos, N. P. Brown, Hopkins, Musgrove, Storrs, J. B. C. Walker; 5 Hudsons, Ash, Folsom, Hardwick, Hawkes, Winchester; 5 Overlands, E. A. Abbott, H. B. Chase, C. O. Miller, O'Sullivan, Whittier; 3 Buicks, Payne, Skinner, Woodman; 3 Studebakers, A. H. Brown, Hoskins, Johnston—(You naturally would expect these last two to drive the same type of car)—2 Cadillacs, Burns, Drew; 2 Chevrolet, Risley, Sleeper; 2 Haynes, Cushman, Sears; 2 Maxwells, Boston, Martin; 2 Whites, Barney, Richardson; 1 Oakland, Hoskins; 1 Winton, Irving; 1 Dodge, Leavitt; 1 Stanley Steamer, Parker; 1 Columbus Electric, Sargeant; 1 Stoddard Dayton, Sleeper; 1 Saxon, Staley; 1 Pullman Jr., F. A. Walker; 1 American Underhung and 1 Baker Electric, Wason; 1 Franklin, Wiggin; 1 Oldsmobile, T. W. Chase; 1 Packard, Lane.

Manufacturer Hodge and Schoolmaster Joy call their cars "a Fliver," Railroader Kendall "a Henry," Schoolmaster Silver "a Universal" and "Rab" Abbott went so far as to say he didn't run an auto, but had a "Ford," still we put them down

as Fords and the Ford people might be interested to know that Dr. Hyatt has run the same Ford for five years and that Dr. Sewall says, "I run my Ford after having had several autos run me for the past 7-8 years" and that one distinguished doctor like Lane is not afraid to leave a Ford under cover in the same garage with his Packard.

By size of families the division is this: five children families 1; four children 2; three children 11; two children 12; one child 9; no child 13; bachelors 8. In each of the first five groups the number of families possessing autos is exactly 50% of those in the particular group. In the no child group the percentage drops to 41, in the bachelor group to 30%, and of the last, four are doctors.

The number of water users surprises. Barstow keeps a skiff, Burns a rowboat, Crolius rows on the Monongahela, Huck's limit is a dory, but he has hopes of a real motor-boat with its painter hitched to his dock at Gloucester, Whittier has a flat-bottomed boat on the Sound, Croker has a real motor-boat at North Weymouth, Currier a 26-foot cabin power dory on the Merrimack, W. R. Eastman both steers a motor-boat and sails a yacht on Lake Champlain, Musgrove keeps a motor-boat on Newfound Lake and Sleeper is a real cruising yachtsman every summer though not technically the owner. That's broadening out for a lot of land-lubber collegians. The Hon. Mr. Musgrove has gone the farthest of all. He drives a horse, runs an auto and steers a motor-boat.

**T. A. Lynch** "Tim" has been teaching as usual a few boys to read, write and "figger," the few being hundreds. Instead of taking a vacation, he was Principal of the Bigelow Summer Review School, a continuation school which saved seventy-five per cent of the boys one year of school. "It's the best thing for retarded children," says Tim, "and is acknowledged by all the best educators as a great thing." The consequence of this vacation work was that Tim got his own vacation by living down at Winthrop, at the shore, and going back and forth to his school, varying it by harbor trips to Nan-

tasket. He didn't even get a chance to drive his $500 colt, grandson of Benger; and he is thinking of selling him for cash or swapping for a Ford. Are there any Ford takers?

**H. L. Lyster** Herbert still runs the creamery. Business has been as usual. He didn't get any vacation, but did get in a little trip to St. Johnsbury once. He saw H. O. French at that time. He is a village trustee and also clerk of the school board, which indicates that he got the Tucker inspiration for public service, while at Dartmouth.

**L. A. Martin** "Fod" has been attempting to develop a Junior High School, inaugurating an Agricultural Course, besides his usual work. He also worked during vacation season in Bridgeport, and once while waiting for his train in the station bumped into "Mot" Sargeant and had a soul-warming chat. Referring to the war and his youth in Germany, "Fod" says:—

"I spent the summer in Bridgeport in the very heart of the ammunition district of New England. Strikes came to be like meals in a restaurant, continuous, nauseating, and destructive to all except the owner. Eventually they left practically no sensation except a desire for the end. My experiences in Germany were at an age when I was scarcely able to draw conclusions. My powers of observation were rather acute, however. I think now I understand a matter which seriously puzzled me then, *viz.*, why all the lads played practically no games except those which involved tin soldiers. They know the war game. Hence they may win in Europe. God grant they may never tackle America, for it will be a terrible lesson to both contestants."

**C. O. Miller, Jr.** Carl is still Secretary and Treasurer and a director in the C. O. Miller Co., and for research during the year he has endeavored with some success to improve the facilities and equipment and efficiency of the Company. The change of home which he and Mrs. Miller made to New Canaan has been the right thing, and they are very comfortable and well, and plan to continue there for another year or two before locating permanently. Carl has given up the Treasurership of the

Presbyterian Church after nine years' service. He still remains a member of the Board of Trustees. He is Director of the Fidelity Title & Trust Co., belongs to Wee Burn Golf Club, Stamford Yacht Club, Stamford Suburban Club (City Club), New York Dartmouth and D. K. E. Clubs. So you see he has a whole lot of active interest outside of business. Notwithstanding he found time to run for School Board on Progressive ticket, but was defeated.

Most all of their spare time, he and Mrs. Miller have used for auto trips. With two friends, Dr. and Mrs. Gilman, formerly of the Bryn Mawr faculty, they made the trip up the Connecticut to Hanover, spent a night and part of a day there. Were delighted with the "made over" Inn, and the beautiful new Tuck Drive and progressive features about the college. Had pleasure of meeting Dr. Nichols, Prof. Bartlett, and Homer Keyes '00, who was kind enough to open the buildings for their inspection. It gratified him to see everything so prosperous. From Hanover, they went to Waterbury, Vt., climbed Mt. Mansfield. Then their route lay via Burlington, the Hero Islands, Chazy, Plattsburg, Ausable Chasm, Elizabethtown to Lake George, thence via Albany to Lenox and via Hartford to New Canaan. It was a fine trip, 900 miles. Later Carl had a little vacation with a Princeton friend at Twilight Park in Catskills for golf, tennis, and rest. Luke Varney, Hawley Chase, and Witte '98, who seems happy and prosperous, are the only ones he reports seeing.

Carl owns a lot at Shippan Point, destined for a summer place, but since he has rented the country home at New Canaan, the other is lying fallow. The best part of his report and letter is contained at the end where he says, "Our little Mary Louise seems to be doing fine, and Mrs. Miller and myself have added pounds to our weight since we went to New Canaan."

**H. A. Miller** Peddy's capacity for strenuous and worthwhile work is remarkable. Since going to Oberlin a year ago, he has established a new department of sociology, given the following addresses, lectures and sermons:

"The Cause of the War", at the Methodist Church, Oberlin; "The Modern Way of Glorifying God", and "Social and Religious Significance of the War", before the College Y. M. C. A.; "Social Problems", before the Promotion Committee of the College Y. M. C. A.; "The Change in Woman's Duties", before the College Equal Suffrage League; Equal Suffrage speech at Amherst; "Socialism and the Church", First Church, Oberlin; "Habit", Rust Methodist Church, Oberlin; "Other Race Prejudices", before the Douglas Club, Oberlin; "Nationalism" and an illustrated lecture on Bohemia and Russia, before the Cosmopolitan Club, Oberlin; "Advantage of Difficulties", Chapel talk before the State School for the Deaf, Columbus; Discussion before the University section of the Conference of Charities and Correction, Columbus; "The Soul of the Immigrant", "The Immigrant and Democracy", and "Points of a Good Job", before the Men's Forum of the Second Church, Oberlin; "Health and Heredity", before the W. C. T. U., Oberlin; "America and the Foreign Student", before the Association of Cosmopolitan Clubs, Columbus; "Women and War", before the Woman's Bible Class, Olivet, Mich.; "The Feminist Movement", before the New Century Club, Detroit, Mich.; "Why Study Socialism", Oberlin Socialist Club; "Religion and Duty", before the Colored Men's Christian League, Oberlin; seven lectures on sociological subjects, at Fisk University, three lectures before the Woman's Civic Class, Norwalk, O.; "The Contribution of the Slav", before a joint meeting of the Slavonic peoples of Cleveland; "National Freedom", before a meeting in behalf of the Servian Red Cross, Cleveland; "Righteousness", before the Polish Mission, Cleveland; "The Present Significance of John Hus", at Cleveland, celebrating the five hundredth anniversary of the martyrdom of Hus; "Democracy", and "Customs and Traditions", at the Hiram House Settlement, Cleveland; "The Limits of Socialism", before the Jewish Young People's Socialist League, Cleveland; "Responsibility for Jewish Ideals" at the Hebrew Free School Synagogue, Cleveland; "South Slavonic Freedom", before a joint meeting of the Servian, Croatian, and Slavonian Leagues of Cleveland; "Some Problems of Democracy", at the A. M. E. Church, West Chester, Pa.; "Play and Playgrounds", before the Playground Assembly, West Chester; "Contemporary Religious Expression", at the Friends meeting and "Purpose of Higher Education", before the High School, West Chester, Pa.; "Race Ideals", at an assembly of colored girls of the Pennsylvania Girls' Refuge Home, Darlington, Pa.; "The War and America", before the staff and honor girls of the Refuge Home; Chapel talk, Tennessee Agricultural and Normal College; talk before the National Convention of the Hungarian Sick and Benefit Association, Turn Hall, West Side, Cleveland; Equal Suffrage speeches at the Coast Guard's Station, Stone Harbor, N. J., and in Pennsylvania at Downington, Parksburg, Newtowns Square, West Chester, Milltown, Berwyn, Mt. Pleasant, and

Mendenhall; sermons: "The Promise of Tragedy", at Second Church, Oberlin, and "Democracy and Religion", at the Congregational Church, Olivet, Mich.

Published the following articles:

Incomes of College Graduates Fifteen years Out of College, *Science,* October, 1914; Nationalism in Poland and Bohemia, *North American Review,* December, 1914, and translated into Bohemian and Lithuanian, and published widely; Missionary Jingoism and the Immigrant, *The Shauffler Memorial,* January, 1915; The Slovaks and the Magyars, *The American Bi-Monthly,* February, 1915; Incomes of College Graduates, *The Independent,* February, 1915; The New President of Fisk University, *Survey,* March 1915; The Living Hus, published by the combined Bohemian Societies in connection with the celebration of the five hundredth anniversary of the Martyrdom of Hus, Cleveland; The Bohemian Character, a chapter in *Bohemia Under Hapsburg Misrule,* by Thomas Capek, Revell; A Prophecy of Slav Domination, *New York Times Sunday Magazine,* May, 1915; America and the Foreign Student, *Cosmopolitan Student,* February, 1915; Nynejsi Vyznam Husuv, a translation of the "Significance of Hus", in the *Bohemian Daily American,* July, 1915.

Attended the following meetings:

Ohio Conference of Charities at Columbus, in November; Association of Cosmopolitan Clubs, at Columbus, in December; American Sociological Society, Princeton, N. J.; National Association of University Professors, at New York, in January, and a meeting of Fisk University Trustees, at New York, in February.

Probably the most interesting things in the above to a '99-er is the publications in two magazines, both *Science* and *Independent* of Peddy's study of our incomes. They drew forth several newspaper editorials. That of the *New York Press* March 6th interestingly ended: "No amount of learning and classroom training can make a thriving merchant, a prosperous banker, a well-to-do agriculturist, of the student who has no business inclination and displays no ability. But for the capable individual collegiate work is a preliminary step which makes easier his later career. It gives him a broader view and a firmer grasp of himself. The hard-headed type of self-made man may still

assert that academic training is a business drawback, yet the world continues to look to college men for its leaders." Such a public deduction repays for all the inquisition of ourselves. The most dramatic thing was probably his talk before 20,000 Bohemians and people of other Slav nationalities at Gordon Park, Cleveland, on July 4th, at their celebration of the five hundredth anniversary of the martyrdom of Hus. The Slavic Gymnastic Union composed of Bohemians, Slavonians, Croatians, and Servians all assembled and marched to the park and there was a chorus of four hundred from the Slavic Singing Societies. Peddy was the orator of the day and spoke first, the only other person speaking in English was Mayor Baker of Cleveland.

For a vacation Peddy Says: "I spent the summer in foreign travel in Cleveland, more interesting than Frisco Fair. Got acquainted with a dozen or fifteen immigrant groups. Spent the month among (my kind of people) the coal miners of Pennsylvania." As a matter of fact he was making a study of transition from Orthodoxy to reformed among the Jews.

Peddy says he is only a politically interested private citizen. Still he is an adviser to foreign students at Oberlin and has been elected a member of the Cleveland Council of Sociology and member of Cleveland Chamber of Commerce and might very properly use the plural of citizen in speaking of himself. October 4th Peddy writes:

Having never before been so busy in my life I answer your letter at once lest it get put aside. I thank you for the personal letter, and I wish I could write all you wish. It is only partly modesty that prevents me, because I am having such an interesting time, of which I am personally a part, that I enjoy writing about myself.

1. I think I wrote you after my Fourth of July speech, can't remember whether I did or not. The audience was between fifteen and twenty thousand. The speech was printed in Bohemian, so it will do no good to send you a copy. Hus was the first man to make the break for intellectual and moral independence of the sort which is so dear to everyone now. He is also the symbol of Bohemian nationalism. We are going to have a big meeting at the college next Sunday evening celebrating the anniversary.

2. I don't know of anything that I would rather do than have a book to my credit, and I think that one of these days I shall have so much to say that it will be unescapable, but I hate to write just as much as I did when I was in college. And I am willing to admit that I was fairly well occupied during the year with fifty-eight speeches and ten articles besides establishing myself in my department. This is all summarized in the report of the president which will be printed about the middle of November when I will send you a copy of the part concerning my activities.

The reason I am busy now is that I am for a few weeks holding down my job here and making a survey of the children of foreign language speaking families in Cleveland. A very exhaustive and radical school investigation is being made by experts of the Russell Sage Foundation and they asked me to do the immigrant part of it. I said I would if they would let me let my report turn on some of my pet theories of nationalisms, and they said go ahead and have not offered a suggestion. During the summer I got next to many parties so that no one knew as well as I where to begin. By working four evenings and Sunday and three afternoons I get in five full days at a very respectable per diem, which is the first money I have ever received as an expert, but it is some strenuous, as it takes me from an hour and a half to two hours to go each way, but I am getting some dope. We have thirty-one languages on the string, and I am persona grata with almost every group represented,—Jew, gentile, free thinker, Roman Catholic, Greek Catholic, Greek Orthodox, Lutheran, pro-ally and anti-ally. I spent the summer doing on my own account much of what I am now doing for the city. I think you will hear it drop when my report comes out, though of course my stuff is a very small part of the whole.

Hyphenated citizens are not worrying me, not even the Germans, but we must remember that almost every other alien we have is anti-German, especially those from Austria. Last night I attended a Polish meeting to protest against Dumba's butting in. The enclosed clipping from the morning *Plain Dealer* tones it down very much. One thing that most of those who are shouting about our small military possibilities never have thought of, are the thousands and thousands of young men among us who have had full military training in Europe and who would enlist in a minute for America. You see with the exception of the Germans, Scandinavians and English,—all representing older immigration,—all the "undesirable" immigrants are subject people who are fighting for freedom and America is Free. How often I have heard them say that! Have you read The Harbor by Earnest Poole, I think that with the exception of Tolstoy's War and Peace it is the best novel I have ever read and I know it is absolutely true. I have seen it.

At the Polish meeting last night the question of going on a strike that is called today was raised. These men who were many of them citizens of Germany and Austria are all against it. They like nothing better than to make munitions against Germany.

There are a good many things about which I have no opinions and some about which I have opinions that are no better than anybody's else. I think it is the business of everybody to read and think about the war. The changes in thought and social valuations can be compared only to those resulting from the crises of the Protestant Reformation and the French Revolution and much depends on thinking out the issues as they are being raised. I myself am very optimistic of the eventual outcome, unimaginably horrible as the present moment is. Sympathetic with the Russians as I am, I think the defeats she has been getting are far the best thing that could happen in the direction of the ultimate development of Russia. That part of Poland leading up to and including Vilna is where I visited in the country.

I enclose some clippings. I have quite a lot of speaking to do. A paper at the state conference of Charities and Correction early in November and directly after represent Oberlin at the inauguration of the president of Fisk University. I hope some day to be famous enough so that people will want to pay me something for my line of talk. So far it is almost all part of burning desire to make as many people as possible see a little straight. I like to talk now that few people know as much as I do in my field for they sit up and take notice, and what I call work almost anyone would be willing to pay good money to go along to see. Few people get as much out of a trip to Europe as I got out of Cleveland. Oberlin inherited a clear two million endowment last winter and next year we expect a raise in salaries, but even then I shall be on the lower side of the class incomes. Perhaps thus there is an evener division than if it were otherwise.

We are all of us exceedingly well. No one could have better children than ours. From the first day of August to the fourth day of September Gustova covered the whole first grade work and is now holding her own in second grade.

Saw Jerry's Best Seller in Scribner's, but you may imagine I don't read much these days.

Best wishes to you and Bill and the rest of the crowd. This is the first fall for twenty years that I haven't been to every football game of the season. PEDDY.

The Polish meeting Peddy speaks of was of 1000 Poles held in Polish National Hall, Cleveland, October 3rd. Peddy was among the speakers. At another meeting of the Cleveland Slavonians, Croatians, and Servians, at which Dr. Nicholas

Velimirovich, representative of the South Slavic committee of London, was principal speaker, the South Slavs pledged themselves to hold aloof from machinations of foreign agents and to use every effort to establish in Europe an independent government to be known as South Slavia; Peddy in a speech made the prediction that the conclusion of the war would see the realization of the South Slavs' long fight for autonomy. Peddy has a date with Dr. Velimirovich in Belgrade the first summer after the war.

November 1st Peddy writes: "In last six weeks have done all my teaching, made three more formal addresses, one at Detroit, written a paper to be read at conference of Charities in Dayton Friday, and done twenty-seven and one-half days' work in Cleveland. I consider that some pace. I go to Nashville, Tenn., next week to represent Oberlin at the inauguration of the President of Fisk University, my old stamping ground. After that leisure."

November 30 he continues: "On Friday I finished my report for the survey on the school and the immigrant. It will not be a book, but a booklet, and is on the whole the best thing I have ever done. It is very interesting to write when you know that no one else in the world knows exactly the thing you do and also when you are sure it is going to be published without a single rejection, though it may have to be revised. It also has the virtue of putting us out of the Ford class."

'99-ers have heard many names mentioned as successors to President Nichols. Why wouldn't our "Pedagogue" be a good man for the place? His work, his ability, his experience seem to be qualifying him for just such a position. He was once offered the presidency of Fisk. He has youth and the strength needed for such a straining position. Furthermore he has the right nickname "Pedagogue". Isn't that, after all, what a president of a great college should be?

**F. A. Musgrove** "Mushy's" chief achievement has been the completion of his new $50,000 block on the site of the C. P. Chase property, on April 1. Warren was there the

day it was opened, and some of the ladies of the town were celebrating the event with a cake sale in the new postoffice quarters. Besides the postoffice and the Dartmouth Press, John McCarthy runs a barber shop and pool room in the basement, and there is a tea room there also,—think of it in Hanover! The telegraph office is on the second floor. On the second floor are also seven business concerns, fourteen students, one family; the third floor has a big hall, and the Young Men's Club. The building is arranged to extend upward to height of nineteen stories. At present there are no elevators. "Some landlord" this makes "Mushy". It sits lightly upon him. He was elected State Senator Fifteenth District in 1915-1916, and also to School Board to take place of Professor Fay. Notwithstanding the salubrity of Hanover for summer vacationing, "Mushy" has bought a cottage over on New Found Lake, in town of Hebron. Fishing is good there, and "Mushy" has a motor boat to tire out the fish. His latest thing was to preside as toastmaster at the Annual Banquet of the Young Men's Club of Hanover held at Inn, December 29.

**Ninety-nine Class Fund: One Year** The total collections for the Class of 1899 Fund for the year which closed with Commencement, 1915, were $571.00. The total expense of collection was $29.85.

To the 127 names on our books, (97 graduates, 30 non-graduate) the Committee sent out three calls,—March 27, May 10, and June 7, respectively. All of these calls were accompanied by stamped, addressed, return envelopes.

The $571.00 was contributed by 39 men out of these 127.

Of the graduates:

33 (34%) contributed.
17 (18%) gave reasons for not contributing; made promises for the future, or declined to contribute.
47 (48%) were not heard from.

Of the non-graduates:

6 (20%) contributed.
3 (10%) gave reasons for not contributing; made promises for the future, or declined to contribute.
21 (70%) were not heard from.

In accordance with a vote of the Class, the year's contributions have been turned over to the Treasurer of Dartmouth College, as a part of the Alumni Fund on the Tucker Foundation. Only the income is to be used; the principal is to be kept intact as the Class of 1899 Fund.

The report of the Committee of the Alumni Council in charge of this Fund, shortly to be issued, will show the results of the campaign among the Alumni in general and the part played by the Class of 1899 in those results.

The work of the year may be summarized as follows:—

1. We fell short by $429 of our first goal "$1000 by June, 1915."

2. But it is still perfectly possible for us to attain our final goal "$10,000 in ten years."

3. With reference to the general Alumni Fund, '99 was well up towards the head in point of actual contributions, and really *at the head* in percentage of members contributing.

4. And we got this result in spite of the fact that only one-third of the class were sufficiently interested to contribute, and that *more than one-half of the class displayed no interest whatever.*

Your Committee will shortly start the campaign for 1916. To you who contributed we extend the thanks of the Class, and our encouragement to redoubled efforts. As to the silent majority, we call upon you to *break your silence.*

The year 1916 promises to be one of improved material prosperity. Let that prosperity be reflected in this Fund. The need of the college is great; its need is our opportunity. Up, men of '99, and meet it.

A List of all Contributors Follows:

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| A. M. Abbott | Cushman | Greenwood |
| Asakawa | H. H. Dearborn | Hoban |
| Atwood | Donahue | Hodgkins |
| Barney | E. Eastman | Hopkins |
| Barstow | W. F. Eaton | Kendall |
| Beal | Evans | Leavitt |
| N. P. Brown | Ford | Lynch |
| Clark | Gannon | Lyster |

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| H. A. Miller | Sears | Sturtevant |
| Norton | Sewall | Surrey |
| Oakes | Silver | Wardle |
| Osgood | Staley | Whittier |
| Richardson | Storrs | Winchester |

KENNETH BEAL
WILLIS B. HODGKINS
T. A. LYNCH
JAMES P. RICHARDSON, (Class Agent)
*Fund Committee*

**A. H. W. Norton** Doc's report proceeds to set down the names of two youngsters not recorded in the secretary's archives; that his travels have consisted of a trip to Galveston to see his brother; that he spent his vacation in his own front yard; that though he is perfectly satisfied to use street cars for himself, yet he keeps a pony for his boys, then adds in his letter:—"You note some family additions. You know (or maybe you don't know) that I was married on May 22, 1912, to Miss Katherine Satcher of this place as I inferred to you in my letter of that date, but there is so much chaff in my letters I guess you have a hard time making much of them. Anyway my family is my largest, most precious and most promising possession. I have not yet carried out my plans of moving, nor have I changed them, but circumstances constantly get in the way so I put it off from season to season, and year to year. I expect to locate eventually near the foot or maybe half way up some of the larger peaks of the Sierra Nevadas, whether Shasta or Whitney I am not yet certain. The mountain country calls to me more and more all the time, but just now I am too busy giving oil leases on some scraps of land I have here with great hopes and expectations, maybe air castles, but things are active hereabout just now, and if this develops as an oil field, why it will be the making of the town. We need something of the sort to cheer us up over the Mexican situation. I hope the football team will keep up its good work of last year. I see they carried off the first game by a good score. I will write again

shortly, that is if I *don't* get a gusher, in that event I shall have to do the gushing myself. Give my kind regards to all the boys. I would like to have frequent rag-chews with all of 'em."

**E. L. Nye** "Bill" has worked as hard as usual. He went out to the convention of local agents in Indianapolis; other than this took no vacation. Middleton '98 is with Phandler Co. in Rochester, he puts in; then adds in his letter:— "I am sorry that my report must be colorless, but it is nevertheless correct. Everything is going very smoothly with me. I certainly would like to get over to Boston, and intend to make it at some no very distant date. I expect at that time to give myself the pleasure of calling on you and other Dartmouth men."

**L. S. Oakes** "Lute" has completed his three and one-half years' contract on the Calumet Sag Channel of Chicago. October 3 he wrote, "We are just about all through here and I leave this week for Minneapolis, then on to Portland, Ore., for October 20, my wedding day. There is very little work in sight, no railroad work to speak of. We have some irrigation and drainage jobs that will hold over another year, but most of our work will be completed this fall."

"Lute" probably carries off the prize for travelling mileage. He has been coast to coast twice, and also south of Illinois to Nebraska, Tennessee and Southern Ohio. He was east for a ten days' visit in February, and once again in September upon the sudden death of his brother-in-law, Dr. Burbridge, of Woodstock, Vt. On his trip west he saw both "Cush" and Smith.

October 20 "Lute" ws married to Miss Anna Louise Kurtz, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Crofts Kurtz, of Portland, Ore. It was a simple home ceremony, performed by Rev. Oswald Taylor of the Grace Memorial Church, before only the nearest relatives and friends. (We quote from the Oregon *Daily Journal,* October 21, 1915): "During the few years' residence in Portland the bride has won many friends, particularly

in Irvington Circles, where the family reside. Among her activities have been tennis, rose culture and philanthropic work." These are some of the "particulars" "Lute" skipped. Otherwise we like his own narration, save for the rattle at the end, better. November 22, he writes:—

I left St. Paul on the 9th of October in company with two cousins, the Misses Armstrong of St. Paul, and Harry Magee of St. Paul, my best man. As the wedding was on the 20th of October, we had a whole week in Portland. It was a grand week and such a jolly good time for all. Met Bishop Sumner at Portland.

After the wedding we went to "Frisco" then to Santa Barbara, Los Angeles, San Diego, Coronado, Riverside, Grand Canyon of Arizona and Kansas City. In all I was gone five weeks. Every day was of interest to us and not a rainy one, although it rained in the evening two or three times.

We enjoyed the "Frisco" Exposition, especially the beautiful grounds and very artistic buildings. The lighting of the grounds and buildings at night was wonderfully fine. The San Diego Exposition was on a much smaller scale than at "Frisco" but it had its charms and beauties.

From Los Angeles we roamed by motor through the wonderful fruit groves, over the fine roads and to some of the old missions. At the Grand Canyon we made the descent of the Hermit Trail, stopping over night in the Canyon and returned to the rim the next day. It was a fine trip and well worth the few hardships.

We have just taken a furnished duplex house apartment in St. Paul, and by the first of December hope to be living the real life of a married man.

It is almost needless for me to say that I have just spent the happiest five weeks of my life, except as it may be an "eye opener" to you. Remember 1919 is not very far away. You had better get busy. Yours sincerely, LUTHER OAKES.

**P. M. Osgood** Paul has been faithful to his test tubes and furnaces during the year. The only time he has been unfaithful was when he attended the National Exposition of Chemical Industries in New York City, September 24-25, and during his vacation at Pemaquid, Maine, where he walked, fished and picked berries, and pictured the scenery and his friends. He reports hving seen "Huck" at his office and home, "Long Jim" and "Donny" *et al* at Intercollegiate Smoker

of the Club, at Pop Concert, and adds with respect to question 24, "Huck's attempts to make his new house at Gloucester water tight are almost tragic."

**W. D. O'Sullivan** "Sully" has been very busy acting as salesman, auto accessories, and doing well at it. He has been in that business for several years. Last spring in April he organized and conducted a minstrel show for the Catholic Young Men's Association. It was called "An Evening Out". He had a fifteen-piece orchestra, trained the chorus, had a dozen specialties, orchestrated many of the best popular songs for the show. It was a great hit. This was just three weeks after the "Round Up," so probably that had something to do with the success. In September he motored up through the mountains and came down through Hanover. It was the first time he had been there since being graduated. "My, didn't my eyes stick out! But when I walked over towards the corner where Lew Mead's Drug Store used to stand, and asked a couple of students if they had seen Mr. Cavanaugh anywhere about, they touched their hats and gravely said, 'No, sir.' That 'no, sir' just bowled me over. I replied, 'Am I as old as all that?' Why, George, that made me seem as old as Methusalah."

**D. W. Parker** Dave modestly reports "progressive increase," and is the only physician who has not had his business affected by the war. Dave has a new daughter Mary Woodbury born July 31, 1915. For a vacation Dave went to the shore for July, and in September he went up to Hanover for Dartmouth night. Dave makes a gay looking, erect captain of the Governor's staff, and has learned to keep his toes turned outward as though they always had been accustomed to so doing, and can now walk a mile and a half, if necessary, without getting snarled up with his military sword. The *Boston Record* had a half page of photos of Foundation Day Exercises at Exeter, October 14, and one of them shows Dave in all his military magnificence. What memories it must have awakened in the heart of former Maj. R. P. Johnston! October 28, Dave

had the misfortune to have his car, as he was journeying to a medical meeting in Boston, run into by another car and badly wrecked. Mrs. Parker and a Miss Cummings, riding with him, were thrown out. Dave was thrown against the wind shield and severely bruised about the face. Dave's younger daughter, who was upon a pillow in a basket in the tonneau, came through the accident unhurt, and fortunately the injury to the ladies was not serious.

**R. W. Payne** Celery has had a busy year. For vacationings he had a little fishing up in Vermont, and in summer was for a while at the shore. He has made two trips from Greenfield to the shore in his car, and recommends highly the new Mohawk Trail for perfection of road bed and scenery.

**R. Pearl** "John Philip Sousa" Pearl writes:

"My work this past year has been, in general, along much the same lines that I have been following for a number of years past. The titles of the publications indicate sufficiently what has been accomplished. I have made no stirring discovery during the year, but such things do not turn up every year. The nearest thing to it is perhaps to be regarded the work I have been doing on the general problem of sex. I have been trying to run down the biological and chemical views of feminism, so to speak. It has been possible to go quite a reasonable step in the direction of isolating a definite chemical substance which keeps females female. It is a material elaborated in certain glands. If these go out of business for any reason the female promptly takes on male characteristics, these sometimes point very far indeed. I fancy that certain especially vinegary old maids have these glands only microscopically developed."

The following list of papers published since fall 1914 indicate high pressure activity:

Studies on the Physiology of Reproduction in the Domestic Fowl. VIII.—On Some Physiological Effects of Ligation, Section or Removal of the Oviduct. Jour. Exper. Zoöl., Vol. 17, pp. 395-424. 1914. (With M. R. Curtis.)

Studies on the Physiology of Reproduction in the Domestic Fowl. IX.—On the Effect of Corpus Luteum Substance Upon Ovulation in the Fowl. Jour. of Biological Chemistry, Vol. XIX., No. 2, pp. 263-278. 1914. (With F. M. Surface.)

On the Law Relating Milk Flow to Age in Dairy Cattle. Proc. Soc. Exper. Biol. & Med. Vol. XII, pp. 18-19. 1914.

On the Refractive Index of the Serum in a Guinea-Chicken Hybrid. Proc. Soc. Exp. Biol. & Med. Vol. XII, p. 48. 1914. (With J. W. Gowen.)

Breeding for Winter Eggs. Farm & Home, Vol. XXXVI, pp. 63 and 75. 1915.

Brief Report of Progress on Animal Husbandry Investigations in 1914. Me. Agr. Expt. Stat. Circular 503, Dec., 1914. pp. 1-11.

Studies on Oat Breeding. II.—Selection within Pure Lines. Ann. Rept. Me. Agr. Expt. Stat. 1915. pp. 1-40. (By F. M. Surface & R. Pearl.)

Interpolation as a Means of Approximation to the Gamma Function for High Values of *N*. Science, N. S. Vol. XLI, No. 1057, pp. 506-507. Apr. 2, 1915.

A Case of Assumption of Male Secondary Sex Characters by a Cow. Science. N. S. Vol XLI, pp. 615-616. Apr. 23, 1915.

Growth Variation in Maize. Proc. Nat. Acad. Sci., Vol. 1, pp. 222-226. April, 1915. (R. P. & F. M. Surface.)

Mendelian Inheritance of Fecundity in the Domestic Fowl, and Average Flock Production. Amer. Nat., Vol. XLIX, pp. 306-317. 1915.

Sex Studies VII.—On the Assumption of Male Secondary Characters by a Cow with Cystic Degeneration of the Ovaries. Me. Agr. Expt. Stat. Ann. Rept., 1915, pp. 65-80. (R. P. & F. M. Surface.)

Studies on the Physiology of Reproduction in the Domestic Fowl. XIII.—On the Failure of Extract of Pituitary Body (Anterior Lobe) to Activate the Resting Ovary. Jour. Biol. Chem., Vol. XXI, No. 1, pp. 95-101. 1915. (R. P. & F. M. Surface.)

Dynamic Evolution. A Review. Jour. of Heredity. Vol. VI, No. 6, pp. 254-256, 1915.

Studies on the Physiology of Reproduction in the Domestic Fowl. X.—Further Data on Somatic and Genetic Sterility. Jour. Exper. Zoöl., Vol. 19, No. 1, pp. 45-59. 1915. (M. R. Curtis & R. P.)

Studies on Bean Breeding. 1. Standard Types of Yellow-eye Beans. Me. Agr. Exp. Stat. Ann. Rept., 1915, pp. 161-176 (Bulletin 239). (With F. M. Surface.)

Breeding for Sex. Hoard's Dairyman. Vol. L, p. 71, Aug. 13, 1915.

Studies on Inbreeding. VI. Some Further Considerations Regarding Cousins and Related Kinds of Mating. Amer. Nat. Vol. XLIX, pp. 570-575. 1915.

Growth and Variation in Maize. Zeitsch. f. ind. Abst. u. Vereb. lehre. Bd. XIV, Heft 3 & 4. 1915. (With F. M. Surface.)

In addition Raymond has two books in press with MacMillan to be out before the end of the year, titles: "Modes of

Research in Genetics," "Diseases of Poultry." Pearl says, as you can readily see, these should be in the hands of every '99-er. Do you wonder he hasn't had any vacation? How he gets time with Tony Willard to be a member of the Democratic Town Committee, member Advisory Committee Layman's Christian Federation of Maine (His guaranty of respectability as he puts it) you don't quite see. For honors he has been elected to the American Philosophical Society of Philadelphia. Of this Pearl says, "I suppose it is the biggest honor which has come to me. Election is purely honorary and given but to 15 men each year. When I look at the list of 'big wigs' who are my fellow members, I feel that a mistake was made. Walt Adams '98 went in this year also, which is hitting it hard for old Dartmouth in one year." For travel, Raymond only got as far as Connecticut this summer, where he addressed a gathering of poultry men. Last year he bought a farm in Bucksport, Maine, Spade Heywood's port, but he says "if you hear of anyone who wants to buy a farm let me know, I have one for sale." The only '99-ers Pearl sees are Tony and Woodman. Sprague '00 is on U. of M. faculty now. Not being able to go to any Dartmouth meeting, he rounded up one of his own to meet Laycock when he attended a Dean's meeting at Orono and was staying with the Pearls.

**G. J. Prescott** George's year in business has been very active and interesting, but with respect to social and entertaining activities he reports having been very inactive. For a vacation he was in New Hampshire during the rainy season, i.e., July; and also spent week ends at Spring Lake in New Jersey. George sticks pretty close to New York City.

**Progeny:—** ***Ourselves over again.*** The bachelor member of the executive committee one day last summer suddenly awoke to the fact that '99's family of children is fast getting "grown up." Strangely his married fellow committee-men hadn't noticed it. Probably in his case it was due to a detached viewpoint suddenly confronted with the

whoop of a live trio of the second generation. A little tabulation from such data as the archives possessed verified and magnified the feeling. It indicated that a large number of youngsters had reached an age where he thinks they begin to show a real individuality, not always may be with a consistency to one trend, for it's been his observation that youngsters are very much like colts, you can never tell just which way they are going to shy, still with a whole lot more individuality than they have earlier so far as bachelors have the opportunity to observe. Therefore with the somewhat hesitant consent of the married members the committee decided to play the rôle of Mr. Pepys and have a real "casting up of accounts" with respect to "our children."

At 11 p. m., December 31, 1915, "the family" consisted of 163 youngsters. Brigham Young couldn't sneeze at that. There are 81 boys and 82 girls, so unless there are changes it's likely to be anti-suffrage at least until the members reach "maturity." So much for the family as a whole. When you begin to break it up into its components you discover this interesting data with respect to the size of the component families.

There are 3 five-children families; 3 four-children families; 22 three-children families; 25 two-children families; 20 one-child families; 34 no-child families; 28 bachelors, the last thrown in merely as a balancing figure to get class total of 135. Although the classification is of living children, we include deceased members of the class in reckoning. With respect to urbanity, the list is five-children families, 2 urban, 1 non-urban; four-children families, 1 urban, 2 non-urban; three-children families, 14 urban, 8 non-urban; two-children families, 19 urban, 6 non-urban; one-child families, 10 urban, 10 non-urban. This is thrown in for the sociologists to "chew" upon. Ash, Cavanaugh and Norton tie for first place, Ash and Norton have 2 boys and 3 girls each and Cav gets away with 3 boys and 2 girls. Beal, Hodgkins and Fuller are running close seconds, Beal with his four boys, Hodgkins 3 boys and 1 girl, Fuller 2 boys and 2 girls. Beal has the distinction of being the only man in the class who can put on to the gridiron a complete "back-

field." However, it's to be noted that so far the class is far from being able to matriculate at Dartmouth a class of boys of its own size, and does not possess much more than a "margin of safety" when it comes to reproducing itself.

More interesting, however, is the fact that there are 55 children eight years old (1915) and over, scattered in 36 different families. Just why the secretary should make the division line at eight years is probably a caprice of bachelorhood. He had to make a line somewhere in self-defense. Still the following table (comprising all '99 children, aged eight or over) is bristling with suggestiveness. There's a Lyster, a Rowe, a Johnston that will be ready to enter Dartmouth together in two years and Ike's son ought to be with them. The class of 1928 will see the names of A. M. Abbott, Jr., and Kenneth Beal repeated and the possible grouping of familiar patronymics in the future classes of Smith, Vassar, or Bryn Mawr hold out wonderful possibilities.

| *15 Years Old* | *Height* | *Weight* | *School Grade* |
|---|---|---|---|
| Ronald B. Leavitt | 5 ft. 8½ in. | 138 lbs. | 1st year High |
| Leland C. Lyster | 5 " 9¾ " | 132 " | 2nd " " |
| Francis R. Rowe | 5 " | 100 " | 2nd " " |
| ***14 Years Old*** | | | |
| John W. Johnston | 5 " 7½ " | 124 " | 2nd " " |
| Ruth M. Wiggin | 5 " 6 " | 105 " | 1st " " |
| ***13 Years Old*** | | | |
| Elizabeth M. Adams | 5 " 3 " | 115 " | 8th Grade |
| Russell T. Rowe | 4 " 9 " | 90 " | |
| Harold A. Wiggin | 4 " 10 " | 87 " | 7th " |
| ***12 Years Old*** | | | |
| Homer M. Ash | 4 " 7 " | 71 " | 5th " |
| Richard S. Nye | 5 " | 90½ " | 7th " |
| Dorothy D. Tootell | | | 8th " |
| ***11 Years Old*** | | | |
| Herbert E. Adams | 4 " 9 " | 86 " | 7th " |
| Ruth E. Ash | 4 " 11¼ " | 92½ " | 5th " |
| Marie L. Barstow | 4 " 9¾ " | 72 " | 7th-B " |
| Arthur R. Beal | 4 " 6¼ " | 67½ " | 6th " |
| Mark Fuller | 4 " 10 " | 90 " | 8th " |
| Allen T. Hyatt | | | 5th " |
| Pauline L. Joy | 4 " 7 " | 115 " | 8th " |
| Roger K. Staley | 4 " 8¼ " | 76 " | 5th " |
| Robert B. Tootell | | | |
| Gratia Wardle | 4 " 4½ " | 57½ " | 5th " |

| *10 Years Old* | *Height* | *Weight* | *School Grade* |
|---|---|---|---|
| Mabel G. Ash | 4 " 4 " | 62½ " | 4th " |
| Frederick C. Baldwin | 4 " 3 " | 72 " | 5th " |
| Olive M. Barstow | 4 " 7¾ " | 56 " | 5th " |
| Charlotte R. Brown | 4 " | 90 " | 6th " |
| Marcia Fuller | 4 " 6 " | 85 " | 4th " |
| Georgia E. Hawkes | | | |
| Barbara Hodgkins | 4 " 6 " | 70 " | 6th " |
| Arnold S. Hyatt | 4 " 5¼ " | 62 " | 5th " |
| Karl P. Ladd | 4 " 4 " | 60 " | 4th " |
| Margaret B. Norton | 4 " 5½ " | 60 " | 4th " |
| Lilian M. Risley | 4 " 6 " | 66 " | 5th " |
| Walter G. Staley | 4 " 5⅞ " | 68½ " | 5th " |
| ***9 Years Old*** | | | |
| A. M. Abbott, Jr. | | | 4th " |
| Marion Baldwin | 4 " 4 " | 74 " | 4th " |
| Kenneth M. Beal | 4 " 3⅜ " | 64 " | 5th " |
| Barbara Burns | 4 " 7¾ " | 71 " | Private |
| Janet F. Chase | 4 " 6 " | 75 " | 5th Grade |
| Dorothy C. Eastman | 4 " 4 " | 63 " | 4th-A " |
| Mary G. Gannon | 4 " 5 " | 60 " | 4th " |
| Harriet L. Hardy | | | 4th " |
| Ruth Hyatt | 4 " 5¼ " | 65 " | 4th " |
| Edith M. Nye | 4 " 3½ " | 56 " | 4th-B " |
| Dorothy G. Wiggin | 4 " 3 " | 65 " | 3rd " |
| Robert H. Winchester | 4 " 2½ " | 58 " | 5th-A " |
| ***8 Years Old*** | | | |
| Eleanor Brown | 3 " 6 " | 70 " | 4th " |
| Albert R. Galusha | 4 " 3 " | 60½ " | 3rd " |
| Anne J. Hardy | | | |
| Sarah E. Hutchinson | | | 2nd " |
| Russell C. Norton | 4 " 1½ " | 59 " | 2nd " |
| Ruth D. Pearl | 4 " 10 " | 74 " | 4th " |
| Charles R. Risley | 4 " 3 " | 55 " | 2nd " |
| Helen Sewall | | | |
| Frank J. Staley | 4 " 3⅛ " | 61½ " | 3rd " |
| Marion D. Walker | 4 " 2 " | 59 " | 4th " |

Following are some intimate glimpses of the foregoing by their mothers with now and then a father:

1 Myrtle Ave., Plainfield, N. J.,

**A. M. Abbott, Jr.**

**Mrs. A. M. Abbott**

DEAR MR. CLARK:—

The fake garden mentioned in Mr. Abbott's letter was really true, as I, who with great labor planted the seeds can truly testify. Let me tell you that you are a man of great recklessness to turn to mothers for accurate statistics of their sons. Who knows what flights of imagination may conceal the real facts concerning their prowess or lack of same. However, since it's mothers to the front, here goes.

A. M., Jr., tall, slim, brown-eyed and golden-haired, seems, at the age of nine, to be skipping along through life with considerable speed. Somewhere among his venerable ancestors there must have been a fish, for the summer has shown that the land can offer no attractions equal to those of the water when it comes to having real sport. Spring-board diving, swimming under water for amazing distances, and rowing by the hour or paddling seem to be his favorite pastimes, or else with rod and basket to fish for an indefinite time alone and unassisted, seated upon a friendly rock until all others leave the grounds discouraged and night begins to fall.

Reporting every day for work in "4th grade Public" is a rather irksome idea now that summer is over, but possibly with a few stones in the pocket and a sling-shot in the belt, a baseball and a football, not to mention a younger brother used for scrapping purposes, the winter may be gotten through quite comfortably. Such annoyances as appearing in the choir every Sunday, and going, in spotless attire, to dancing school once a week are tolerated with very little complaint. In fact, A. M., Jr., is quite a pleasant chap to live with, at times.

As to his future, when last questioned on the subject he said he was going to be just what Daddy was; for all you had to do was sit on a bench and smoke cigarettes. This restful picture is of a broker's office in case all who read do not happen to know just what Daddy does. Being Pap's son he will incidentally spend a few years in Hanover enroute to Wall Street unless present plans are changed. Very sincerely yours, *Maude Earle Abbott.*

145 Court St., Keene, N. H., Nov. 8, 1915,

**Elizabeth and Herbert Adams**

**Mrs. C. E. Adams**

DEAR MR. CLARK:—

I am so glad the children are to be in the next report.

Elizabeth is a tall, long-legged girl of thirteen, long, heavy straight hair, brown and in places black, the kind that will be black as she grows older. She has brown eyes, oval face, little "snub" nose, a good deal of color, but freckles, lots of freckles! She is strong, broad-shouldered, with a decided taste for athletics. She can beat any of her brother's friends running, jumping, chinning the bar and so on. I believe she is particularly good at turning somersaults on the ladder. She loves volley ball and swimming. Can dance but doesn't care so much for that. She is in the eighth grade at school, and her report cards are full of E's. Once in a while her heart is almost broken by a G. Last year she misspelled only one word during the whole year. Her plain sewing is good. Embroidery not so good. She should have credit for conscientious practice on the piano. When she first started music years ago, she said, "I am not naturally musical like some of the other girls, so I must practice more."

She has done so and really does better than some of those same girls now. She is just starting cooking. She is an enthusiastic campfire girl, and works hard for honors, and is accumulating beads.

I have had to restrain Elizabeth up to now as she will overwork if allowed to do as she likes. She used to be a very nervous child, but her out-of-door activities have developed her into a healthy girl. As to what she will be when she grows up, she is undecided whether to be an actress or a member of the faculty at Wellesley.

Herbert is a thick-set little fellow of eleven. He has thick brown hair, brown eyes, lighter complexion than his sister, red cheeks and freckles. In the spring he plays marbles. In the summer he plays or talks baseball all day, and dreams of baseball at night. He likes football, but baseball is the best thing ever to him. He can swim, but doesn't care for running or jumping so much, cannot chin the bar. He belongs to the Y.M.C.A. and enjoys the gymnasium very much. He is in the seventh grade in school and gets very good reports, but not so good as his sister's. His teachers tell us he is amongst the best, and we have no reason to find fault.

Both children are very fond of reading. Music comes easy to Herbert, but practice on scales is another matter. He would like to spend practice time playing bugle calls and improvising. Has an astonishing number of accidents. Cut his finger with his jack-knife, right through the nail, couldn't practice for a week. Sprained his wrist another week. He hurt his elbow, and he strained his hip so it hurt to sit at the piano. His teacher has promised to come up and nurse him if he is so seriously injured again. Last week we got in all but one half an hour practice time, so I am hopeful. That's the best we have done since lessons started the first part of September. He is a good dancer and enjoys it. He keeps the wood-box full when he doesn't forget it, rakes leaves, mows lawn, waters the hens and does errands. Saturday, I told him of an errand he must do, and he said he wondered if "people think a fellow *never* wants to play." He is building an automobile at present. Herbert is not at all undecided about what he will be when he grows up. He is to be a catcher on one of the big league nines. Sincerely yours, *Mary C. Adams.*

Corvallis, Oregon, Dec. 20, 1915,

**Homer, Ruth and Mabel Ash**

**Mrs. John W. Ash**

DEAR MR. CLARK:—

Regarding the children, I have mislaid your letter with the questions and must just guess at most of them, but I will do the best I can. Homer and Ruth are in the fifth grade, Mabel is in the fourth grade. They have been in school three years. They are just ordinary children, nothing wonderful. However, Ruth Ellen is a very good little cook. She can bake cake, bread, and baked-beans and

brown-bread, and last year she won blue and red ribbons at the Chattanooga school on cooking and garden truck. Homer was "water-boy" this summer for his father on some street-paving, and earned quite a little money. They were all in a play at the theatre here not long ago, Homer and Ruth and Mabel in "The Boy Blue" Cantata, J. W., Jr., and Alice in a Tom Thumb wedding. Outside of that there is nothing further to say.

On the trip here the three older children all had their work to do. The girls carried water, got the milk, butter and eggs, and Homer helped his father with the camp outfit; getting fires ready, canvas up, etc.

I am sorry I mislaid or lost the slip you sent, but I think this will probably be as much as you wish. Yours truly, *Mrs. John W. Ash.*

Barton, Vt., Oct. 7, 1915,

**Fred and Marion Baldwin**

**Mrs. E. G. Baldwin**

My dear Mr. Clark:—

Surely your effort in obtaining a chapter for the children of the '99 Class will prove an interesting feature and well worth while.

Frederick is a wide-awake lad of ten, well-proportioned, height four feet three inches, weight seventy-two pounds, fifth grade at public school, and stands above the average in his class, being persistent in his efforts to know the whys and wherefores. At present he seems to have a mechanical turn of mind. Ambitious to become a Boy Scout when he is twelve (we have no Junior organization) and he is a regular attendant of Sunday School. He is interested in animal and plant life and until this year has always had a garden. Fishing is his favorite pastime and he most enjoys going by himself for he says "the other fellows scare the fish."

I just mention the other children Marion nine, and Paul six, grades four and first respectively. Truly yours, *Mrs. Edward G. Baldwin.*

197 Marion St., Springfield, Mass., Oct. 24, 1915.

**Marie and Olive Barstow**

**Mrs. E. W. Barstow**

Dear Mr. Clark:—

In reply to your questions, I shall have to take them in order there are so many. Our little girls, Marie and Olive are both rather small for their ages. The older is light with hazel eyes, the younger dark with brown eyes. Marie is in 7 B grade Public School, Olive in 5 A. Marie plays the piano and Olive the violin. They are both exceedingly fond of play and also reading books, history, geography or fiction. Like all good little girls, they love their dolls and are very fond of babies. They wipe dishes every day and can sometimes flourish the dust cloth if necessary. As to their ambitions, I fear it is a little early to say. Sincerely, *L. Gertrude Barstow.*

32 Fern St., Auburndale, Mass., Oct. 5, 1915.

**Arthur and Malcolm Beal**

**Mrs. K. Beal**

Dear Mr. Clark:—

I think most mothers enjoy talking of their children and I am not an exception. I am sure I shall like to read about the other children of '99. I always look forward each year to the class report, and I will gladly do what I can to help.

Arthur Roscoe is about the average size of a boy of eleven. He has large blue eyes, and dark brown hair, and I think looks very much like his father. He is like his father in a great many ways. He is in the sixth grade of the Williams public school of Auburndale. He learns easily, and usually has a good report card. Arthur is very clever with his hands, building or cutting out almost anything he wishes. His especial delight just now is to make automobiles with "Meccano". He wants to be an architect when he grows up.

Kenneth Malcolm, whom we call Malcolm, is rather stout and more rugged-looking than Arthur. He has dark brown eyes, and brown hair, and rosy cheeks, usually singing and whistling. I forgot to say Arthur is rather inclined to be serious. They are the best of playmates. Malcolm is in the fifth grade in the same school with Arthur. He does well though having to study harder than Arthur.

The boys do the dishes, set the table, sweep rugs and stairs, polish faucets, make beds, bring in the ash barrels, and dress the baby. Arthur sometimes cooks the cereal for breakfast, or scrambles eggs. We pay them for the dishes which they do regularly, as I have no hired help; so in that way they earn some spending money. Arthur also has begun to go as helper, on a farmer's wagon, on Tuesday afternoons and all day Saturday, peddling vegetables.

They like baseball, and football, and Arthur is fond of checkers, and indoor games in general. Malcolm reads a good deal. He likes poetry. He also sings, and Arthur plays on the piano some. Malcolm thinks he would like to be a doctor, and says he is going to Dartmouth.

They sometimes think there is no reason why their father can't have an automobile, and they quote to him the different makes and prices. They can tell at a glance just what kind of a car it is as it goes whizzing past.

I think I have said enough to have you understand that they are just hearty, healthy boys. Nothing unusual, but a great joy as well as anxiety to Kenneth and me. Sincerely, *Annie May Beal.*

186 Linden St., Everett, Mass., Jan. 10, 1916.

**Charlotte and Eleanor Brown**

**Mrs. N. P. Brown**

My dear Mr. Clark:—

You have asked for some information concerning Charlotte and Eleanor for the class report.

Charlotte is about four feet in height, slender, and weighs around ninety pounds. Her hair is, at present, light, though I fear it will grow

dark to match her eyes, which are a good brown. I do not think she looks like either Nelson or myself. Her disposition is very good, as she has much patience, and seldom lets her temper get away from her, but we know that she has one, as it asserts itself on occasions. She enjoys her work at school, and this year has gone into the sixth grade, where the work is more interesting. Just now arithmetic and spelling seem to be her favorites, grammar and reading not being very popular with her. As she reads more stories I think the enjoyment of that will come. She is deep in "Little Women," and finds it hard to leave, especially at bedtime. Her specialty is music, piano, in which she finds keen pleasure, and never has to be urged to practice. Her chief ambition, therefore, is to be a music teacher. She has a little tendency for drawing which I hope will increase.

Eleanor is very much unlike Charlotte, as so often happens. She is around three feet and a half tall, and weighs seventy pounds. Her hair has a reddish tinge, and her eyes are a deep brown. She seems to resemble our family most. In disposition she is not like Nelson, for she has a very quick temper, but it subsides as quickly, and she is extremely active in every way. So far we have not found a satisfactory channel for her energy, as she is not quite old enough to have decided tastes. She does not like school very much, but gets on well, being in the fourth grade this year. It is hard to tell what appeals to her for she is changeable, but I think in studies, arithmetic, she likes best. She enjoys reading "Alice in Wonderland," and Fairy Tales. I really do not know what her ambitions are, for nothing is settled in her mind. She is fast beginning to have a desire to do something with music.

We have not settled on any special way for money to be earned, sometimes something comes up so that they can earn, but it is usually given them for what is necessary. Games and plays are the same as most children,—whatever the crowd wants to do. Playing school they like. Dolls do not appeal to either of them often. This summer in Hanover, Charlotte played golf and had her bicycle, and Eleanor will do the same this coming summer.

I hope that you will be able to work this over enough so as to form some kind of a presentable picture. Most sincerely, *Margaret Tucker Brown.*

430 South Fortieth St., Omaha, Neb.

**Barbara and Marjorie Burns**

**Mrs. S. Burns, Jr.**

My dear Mr. Clark:—

I am more than sorry to have left your letter so long unanswered, but it was really impossible for me to get to it before. I know Mr. Burns has written you of the very serious accident to our oldest little girl, and, of course, you will understand that it was out of the question for me to find a moment to write,

while she was so ill. I hope now that I am not too late to comply with your request, and, I feel, perhaps, anyway that there is not enough of interest about our children to be of use to you.

Barbara (aged nine) is tall for her age, with dark hair and eyes, and is blessed with a degree of good looks, which I cannot feel is inherited from either her mother or father; some remote ancestor, no doubt. She goes to a private school, is a pretty good student and excels, I should say to a degree, in spelling. She likes poetry more than any other kind of reading, and can learn it by heart with wonderful facility. She is conscientious; has a great ability for making friends and remembering them; and is over-thoughtful for a child of her years. She says she wants to be a school-teacher, but, since her accident, I notice she has a slight leaning towards nursing as a profession. Faults she has, but over those we will draw a veil.

Our youngest, Marjorie, age five, is also tall for her age, with blue eyes and light brown hair, and is in looks very like her mother. She is a bit too young to have made many strides intellectually, but her temperament is individual to a degree. She has an amount of vivacity or "pep" which is more or less difficult to handle and, from her taste in amusements, was evidently a boy, spoiled in the making. Rebukes roll off her mind like the proverbial water from a duck, and she has a fund of energy, which is apparently without end. To describe Marjorie is impossible, one has to see her.

I might add that both the children are extremely well, and that I have tried to follow the modern system of "raising" them. They both sleep on a porch all the year round.

I hope that this is the sort of information that you wanted, and that I have not enlarged too much. Very cordially yours, *Marguerite Preston Burns.*

213 Summer St., Stamford, Conn., Nov. 12, 1915.

**Janet Chase**

DEAR MR. CLARK:— **Mrs. H. B. Chase**

Janet Fulton Chase is nine years old, is very lively, always seeing the funny side of things. She is in the fifth grade in school. Her first year of kindergarten she attended the Catherine Aiken School, but since has attended public school of which her father is principal. She has stood very well in her studies thus far. While she has some household duties, such as putting her room in order, which she does quite well, she is especially fond of outdoor sports, in fact we call her an "all round" girl. She attends church and Sunday School very regularly. She is four feet and six inches in height, and weighs seventy-five pounds, has blue eyes and brown hair, is the image of her father.

Her ambition seems to be a teacher; however, she is rather young yet to know what she wants to be. A small allowance is given her,

but she earns other money by doing errands, and earns enough to purchase Christmas gifts for the family. Sincerely, *Margaret V. Chase.*

5 No. Hartford Ave., Atlantic City, N.J., Oct. 13, 1915.

**Dorothy Eastman**

**Mrs. E. Eastman**

DEAR MR. CLARK:—

In reply to your letter of October 4th in regard to the children, will try to give you some help.

Dorothy is in Fourth grade, A Section, of the Richmond Ave. Public School of this city and so far has maintained a high standing. She is also taking vocal music lessons and doing very well. When out of doors, roller-skating is her favorite pastime, while indoors, it is "playing school" with her dolls or playmates. At present she thinks she would like to become a kindergarten teacher. She is four feet four inches tall, of medium build, weighs about sixty-three pounds, light complexioned, with brown eyes.

Now that she is attending school, her household duties are few, being mainly to take care of her clothes and playthings, but in the summer she runs various errands, helps set the table, etc. While in New Hampshire in the summer she plants and cares for a miniature garden. She is as good as an adult "on a sprint" at berry-picking, but tires on the "long distance." She has a good score as a little fisherwoman.

The children are as one in their delight in tree-climbing, surf-bathing, gardening and fishing. Acting together, they constitute a "pipeline" efficiently conveying our drinking water from the spring to our house in New Hampshire. The children say in substance that they are ready to demonstrate all their good qualities and hide all their faults for all '99-ers, connections and allies who will visit them here or in New Hampshire. Wishing you all success in your "juvenile statistics," I am, Cordially yours, *Mrs. Earl Eastman.*

Hanover, Conn., Nov., 1, 1915.

**Mark and Marcia Fuller**

**Mrs. M. J. Fuller**

MY DEAR MR. CLARK:—

Your letter came as quite a surprise. I did not think our children important enough to "write up," but I see as descendants of that celebrated '99 class they may yet become famous, and I certainly think you hit the nail on the head, if you want a big book for a Report, when you asked the mothers to write on their children.

All my life I've heard the saying, that parents were blind to their children's faults. Now I don't believe that is true; they look pretty big to me, I only hope their faults don't seem as large to others.

My children go to public school. Mark is four feet nine, Marcia half a head shorter; the four make a perfect pair of stairs, all strong, healthy children.

Mark, age eleven and three-quarters, graduates in June if we stay here, but if we move will probably be put back a year, which will be the best thing for him, as he is too young to go to city High School. He stands next to head of the class. He is very fond of running the automobile (with his father) and knows our old car from beginning to end, knows altogether too much about the Ford Parts catalogue. I used to hear great things about his being President, Doctor, etc., etc., but now his ambition is just to run a garage; he teases his father to stop preaching and go in partnership with him.

One day his father was gone, and Mark was supposed to be pulling beans in the garden, but instead of working, I'm sorry to say, he took three discarded car batteries, and put them in the upstairs ventilator just over my bed, found a bulb, wire and switch, and fixed me an electric light, which I really found useful when Miriam had whooping cough this fall; but my youngest boy, Melville, age six and one-half, got to experimenting with it, and then it wouldn't go. The next I saw of it, the bulb went inside a box with a jack-o-lantern face put in the window by his sister's bed, Mark and the fixings under the bed; he wanted to surprise (no intentions of scaring, of course) Marcia after she went to bed.

I have no help, and Mark and Marcia take turns doing the dishes, and I assure you they are pretty particular who did them the last time. I do the tins, and to be sure they will get them done in time for the next meal I put a time limit on them, if they run over half an hour they have to do them the next meal.

Mark helped his father hoe the garden, but had none of his own; he feeds the hens, but I believe has to be told every single day; he also makes his own bed, sweeps the sheds every week and mops every other week. His games are baseball and football, the latter just now. Last Christmas the children had a large game board, and the favorite game on that is checkers, sometimes he beats his father. For spending money Mark sells the *Saturday Evening Post.* He has sold Curtis' publications for last three years, and done very well at it.

Marcia, age ten, is a rather nervous, wide-awake, active child; she likes the out-door sports best; she can do anything the boys can, except go to the top of the pine tree. Dishes are her bugbear; she makes a bed and crib every day, and when I have a headache is quite a wonderful nurse. Marcia was put back a grade when we came here, and has had the same poor teacher, but is doing good work and think she will get her grade back before the year is out.

Last week the Parson was in New Haven at the National Council, and Marcia with the two younger children were playing church in the next room. Marcia, of course, was the preacher, and in deep, thunderous tones she delivered her discourse on "Children Obey Your Parents." She pounded the pulpit to emphasize, "we ought to obey our

parents, we must obey our parents, for it makes them feel good." In a pause for breath, my baby Miriam, just turned four, piped in, "Obey your parents in the Lord for that is right." When the meeting was over, Mark whispered to me, "Marcia is a pretty good preacher, but not a very good practice-er."

Marcia sometimes wants to be a teacher, sometimes a nurse.

The two other children will make a book some other time. I am sure I should be very much pleased if you put about half of this in the waste basket.

Greeting to all the First and Second Generations of '99-ers from *Martha Lyons Fuller.*

Westford, Mass. **Albert Galusha**

DEAR MR. CLARK:— **Mrs. A. L. Galusha**

Albert Ranney is about the average size and weight for a boy of his age, eight years. He attends the Westford public school (endowed). His first year in school he received double promotion, but owing to an eight weeks' illness last winter is still in third grade. This is the first year he has ever shown any interest in baseball games; always been happier "making things that really go." such as miniature engines, cars, and autos. His inventive ability is very marked.

We give him a weekly allowance for keeping wood in box, ashes from fireplaces; keeping his own room tidy; also care of his clothes. A failure to willingly perform his daily tasks means just so much for our "forfeit cup." He must also be able to show us half of the previous week's payment. We hope in this way to teach him careful spending. I was amused one day to see how readily he had acquired this habit. A little friend was playing with them, and they wanted to buy some ice-cream. After being told he must "treat" his friend and sister, "ice-cream" didn't seem so tempting. When they returned home with the cream later, his sister informed me she had to pay for hers, herself. Sincerely, *Mrs. A. L. Galusha.*

405 Park St., Upper Montclair, N. J., Dec. 15, 1915. **Genevieve Gannon**

DEAR MR. CLARK:— **Mrs. J. W. Gannon**

To tell the truth I have been diffident to record the virtues of my daughter, you know that the views of doting parents regarding their offspring are not fully shared by others.

Although her name is Mary Genevieve, we call her Genevieve and she goes by that name at school and generally. She is of average height and weight for her age, has light brown hair and blue eyes. She is in the Fourth Grade of the Public Schools and was advanced after two months from the Third Grade because of rapid mental development. She seems to have a quick mind and her teachers report that she concentrates exceedingly well. She gets along well at school, apparently without much effort.

She is a great reader and on that account exceptionally well informed for a child of her age. She is apt with the needle and fond of doing fancy work and also likes to draw and paint. She leads a very active outdoor life and enjoys plays and sports. She makes friends readily and likes to invite her friends to lunch almost daily. I cannot say that her ambitions are definitely formed yet. She has expressed a desire to be a school teacher. She plays the piano a little and I think has some taste for music. We have not sought to develop her along any particular line believing it better at her age to allow her to follow her natural bent.

I was sorry not to be at the meeting in Boston after the football game, but it was not a favorable time to leave the children. Very sincerely yours, *Mary R. Gannon.*

2 Oak Place, Akron, Ohio, Oct. 12, 1915

**Harriet and Jane Hardy**

My dear Mr. Clark:—

**Mrs. Chas. M. Sears**

I am only too happy to help you and am very happy to have you interested in the girls. I am treasuring everything to tell them when they are able to understand, so it will be a beautiful loving memory and I want to keep in touch with all of Horace's friends and associations.

Harriet was nine in September. Jane will be eight in November. They are big, very strong, very well. Some one said at home last week they were as hard as nuts, the strongest girls he ever saw. Harriet is larger every way, stocky and looks like me. Jane is tall, slight, and the picture of Horace, his blue eyes and thin hands and both have a wonderful color. Mr. Sears built them a swimming pool and they went in twice a day. They have travelling rings upon which they are quite expert. They are out all day. They are very independent and self-reliant. They went to my father's in New Jersey and spent Septembere there alone, where they learned to ride horseback and to steer an automobile, also all of its parts. They have only been to school a week this year. They go to a private school. Harriet is in the fourth grade, Jane in the second. Harriet is the better student. Jane is inclined to be dreamy. Harriet reads wonderfully well and is not good in mathematics. They were in the public schools before, but the associations were bad and teaching, too, so I took them out. Horace believed in public schools, but I am sure even he would object to these. Harriet wants to go to college and she has the makings of suffragist, militant at that. She reads up the war. She is very much interested in everything. Jane is distinctly a girl. She loves her clothes and keeps her bureau in fine order. Harriet is, too. She loves her dolls and plays endlessly with them. Harriet is always the father. They both look forward to the day when I shall be a grandmother and they shall have

a baby like their little brother. They earn money by taking care of their brother when nurse is busy, by doing errands, by washing dishes when we have no cook. Each earned $17 last Christmas by not eating candy for seven months, and I hope will do so again this year. Jane is the one who loves dolls, etc., but it is to Harriet we turn when we want anything done, for she is the most reliable person I ever saw, no matter how she may hate to do a thing. Jane is apt to forget. Jane is more affectionate and lovable, the prettier of the two. They had a small garden of nasturtiums and mignonettes this summer of which they took good care. Except to keep their room in order, they have no regular household duties. However, when I am cookless they wash dishes, set the table and sweep the kitchen. They love to look out for the baby, who is two years' old and he adores them. They are just overflowing with energy and spirits, so we keep moving here all the time. They are unusually devoted to each other and dress and do everything the same, and I suppose the great difference in them makes them so congenial. Harriet would like to have been a boy. She is plain, honest, full of jokes, without a frill of any kind. Jane is absolutely feminine every inch of her. I have not said much about school, but I have not laid any stress on it myself until this year and have cared most about their health and they are naturally bright. But this year they are going to work and I have great hopes for them. They are to study French and possibly take piano lessons. I am inclined to be wordy when I start on the girls. I am very proud of them, as you can see, and I hope I have not tired you. Cordially, *Harriet L. Sears.*

Ballardvale, Mass., Oct. 5, 1915.

**Barbara Hodgkins**

DEAR MR. CLARK:— **Mrs. W. B. Hodgkins**

Very gladly will I come to your assistance as to the state of health and mind of our daughter Barbara.

She is ten years old, doing very well in her studies in the sixth grade of the public schools of Andover. I think she has no one aim and ambition in life just now, but her great delight is in "dressing up," and it might be of interest to note that one of her choicest costumes consists of the lining of her mother's Commencement Ball dress for the year of '99. Barbara being deemed something of a "slim Jim", and the fact that the waist just barely fits her, goes to prove that the increasing cares of family life have prospered the mother, who fears it would take three of those same waists to girdle her now. She is an omnivorous reader, (so like her father!) but loves all the out-of-door sports.

Just now she is swelling her bank account with a small weekly remuneration earned by keeping her own and two other rooms in order with the duster and dry mop.

She is getting a very splendid education in the art of patience, for she has a brother five years old, who is a born tease, and exceedingly

strong, so while there are often many tears, there are some very interesting set-tos. Cordially, *Helen R. Hodgkins.*

Cecil, Penna., Dec. 17, 1915.

**Sarah Hutchinson**
**Mrs. L. W. Hutchinson**

My dear Mr. Clark:—

You will understand by Will's letter that it has been impossible for me to write you in regard to the children. Sarah Ellen has been in school two years and William only one. Sarah Ellen writes very well and neat and enjoys her mathematics, while William, as his father says, "can read and spell like a whirlwind." They both stand well in their grades and we hope will always be able to make a good average.

While Sarah Ellen is only nine years old, she can use a needle very intelligently and shows very good taste in arranging colors in her little doll clothes. She is particularly interested in flowers and helped to plant and care for a flower garden last summer. William spends most of his time out on the farm watching the men at their work.

I am sorry we were not able to write you before this, and hope it will not be too late. Sincerely, *Mrs. L. W. Hutchinson.*

St. Albans, Vt., Oct. 8, 1915.

**Allen Hyatt**
**Mrs. E. A. Hyatt**

Dear Mr. Clark: —

After reading your letter, I have taken an inventory of Allen and decided that there isn't the least thing remarkable about our boy. He's just a good, normal boy of eleven years, a little above the average in size and weight. He is in the fifth grade in public school and during summer vacation has studied from 9 to 11 A. M. with the nuns of the French convent, and is giving "Daddy" some good practice in reading and speaking French with him. He has had two years' study of the violin and plays well for a youngster and enjoys it. In regard to his earnings, I regret to say that his only incentive for earning money is the fun he gets out of spending it, still he does errands very cheerfully and has quite a delivery business all his own given him by wholesale drug firms who ship goods for St. Albans M.D.'s directly to Allen and he carries them to the various places. He has a bank account which interests him to some extent, but it's a lot more fun to spend the money than to put it in the bank.

Allen is generally interested in all athletics, but is not an enthusiast over any in particular. He loves to read and to be read to, particularly stories of boys' school life and stories of adventure with now and then an "Oz" book. But he recently informed me that I need not read any girls' stories to him for he "just hated girls' stories." This summer he has been especially interested in swimming and he thor-

oughly loves our dear Lake Champlain and the mountains. Altogether his greatest delight is to crank and drive the car for Daddy, and his greatest ambition of the present is to be a machinist. How long this will last it is difficult to say, perhaps no longer than the hatred for girls' stories!

When he could not visit the lake on hot days he donned his bathing suit and with the hose and all its attachments and the water turned on full head, he had a glorious time in the back yard. One of his cronies brought along his bathing suit and joined him one afternoon, and could you have heard the shouts of "Gee! Ain't this fun, Doc?" you would have realized the success of the bathing system as well as learned our son's nickname. The yard is always full of boys and from a comparative standpoint I think I can report Allen just a good, fair sample of the average American boy. However, I'm his mother and therefore not qualified to render a perfectly impartial report.

I hope this "essay" together with Doctor's sample of Allen's typewritten letters will help you to get at something you are looking for, for your record. With kindest wishes, Sincerely, *S. Eugenia Hyatt.*

Vineyard Haven, Mass., Oct. 14, 1915.

**Arnold and Ruth Hyatt**

**Mrs. W. I. Hyatt**

My dear Mr. Clark:—

In reply to your recent letter I am very glad to send you the information you desire in regard to my "Dartmouth '99" children. It would please you, I am sure, to hear Arnold say with all the loyal spirit of a son of Dartmouth "My father was a Dartmouth '99 man." At present it is his ideal college because "daddy" went there, but isn't that the spirit the '99 men want instilled into their boys?

Arnold is nearly ten years old, in November, and is a very normal boy intellectually, but for more than three years has been at a disadvantage physically, under treatment for a tubercular hip joint. I am very glad to be able to say now that he has been convalescent for some months and is very nearly well.

It has been a long and hard three years, but through it all he has been so patient and happy, never complaining. For eight months he was confined to a bed, strapped to an iron frame, but since then has been active, using his crutches almost as well as his own legs and his general condition has been splendid, which has helped to improve and overcome the local condition. He lives an out-of-door life entirely and, by the advice of a specialist, at the seashore.

You can readily understand that this condition has been a handicap to him as far as physical work or play is concerned, but other forces have been the more largely developed and the result is an unusually active mind and an ability to use his hands. He has attended public

school for only one year, but as he says he attends a "fresh air" school at home and with this instruction has been able to keep up his school work, and is now doing fifth grade work with the other boys of his age. In general knowledge I think he is much farther advanced than most boys of his age. What he may have lost in special instruction in the school-room, I feel he has gained in acquiring a general knowledge of things about him by observation and experience.

His greatest source of amusement and real enjoyment is reading. He simply "devours" books and very fortunately it has been, for thus has he spent many hours happily which otherwise would have dragged slowly and miserably by with nothing to take his attention from himself and his limited ability to do things. He has his father's love of history and travel and has read many books on those subjects with a great deal of pleasure and profit. For lighter reading he enjoys with boyish fervor stories of Indians, of camp life, boating and adventure. Stories of animal life also appeal strongly to him.

He is a devoted admirer of "Dan" Beard the National Scout Commissioner and is confident of being a Scout when of eligible age. For his own pleasure he has read and re-read the "Boy Scout Hand-book" and prepared himself for the first examination.

He is a great lover of animals, takes the magazine *Our Dumb Animals* and is a member of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. He much prefers riding with a horse, even a poor one, than in an automobile, which goes to show he is not at all mechanical. He became very much interested in dogs and with his characteristic persistence sought for information through study and inquiry until he now knows of about one hundred and twenty different breeds of dogs, has the names and many pictures in a book in classified form. He has made it a study just by himself, and has determined by comparison of traits, etc., which is the breed he wishes to own above all others. Nothing can swerve him from his decision.

He has also made quite a study of birds and is now becoming interested in trees. These naturally follow from an out-of-door life and a keen observation. Any subject which involves research work appeals to him at once, and he will go to the very limit in seeking knowledge about that certain thing, that is within his sphere of understanding and resources.

He has used his hands in fashioning knots. In his acquaintance with sea captains here at the seashore, he has learned to make or tie more than thirty different kinds of knots, knowing each by name. The climax was reached just recently in the accomplishment of a perfect "Turk's Head!" In this way he has also become familiar with the different kinds of sailing craft, learning the sails and different parts of all from an ordinary "cat" to a six-masted schooner.

He surely has a student's mind, but with it all he is fond of sports as the average boy, though at present he is prevented from join-

ing in them to any extent. He is content to watch others. He loves a ball game with every fibre of his sporting nature, though he must be a spectator or at best the referee. He is naturally of a very happy, cheerful disposition, which is wonderful to him under present conditions, but his greatest ambition now is to be well and physically strong.

I have written much, too much, I fear, about our boy, but you asked me to be "generous" and you may just pick out the bits of information you desired for the report, keeping the rest of personal interest to yourself.

Ruth is a perfectly normal girl of nearly nine years, rather tall and well proportioned. She is in the fourth grade at public school and ranks well in her studies. Her report last year showed a general average of ninety-five per cent. She is specially strong in reading and spelling and language. She has, like her brother, literary tastes and is also very musical. Has been taking piano lessons for some months and thoroughly enjoys it. She would rather practice than play at games. Her ambition is to "play a big organ and teach." This latter accomplishment has appeared very clearly in her nature. In all her play she shows this propensity and among her playmates she is easily a leader. She is at her best as the teacher when playing "school".

Ruth is already a real help at home. She can do many things well and when shown to her in the light of a responsibility as her part of the household duties, she is ready to do them. I find that this appeals to her sense of duty and responsibility with better results than when she is asked to "help mother." She takes the entire care of her own room, washes dishes, does the dusting, and her favorite work is straightening out a confused place, whether it be the play-room or a bureau drawer.

Ruth is very happy with her books, reads quite as much as is good for her and will read aloud so long as any one will listen. She is fond of out-door plays and sports. Both Ruth and Arnold are true lovers of "God's out-of-doors" and enjoys to the utmost life in the open, a camping trip which they have been privileged to experience at various times is a perfect joy. Ruth likes a good tramp, and for a small girl can do very well. She can easily do four or five miles at a stretch without being tired. She is passionately fond of flowers, but as yet her efforts in gardening have not met with very great success.

Both children enjoy the water bathing and boating and in summer spend much of their time on the beach. As you see, they are "out-of-door children" and I think life in a city now would be unbearable for them.

I trust from this rambling account of them you may be able to glean something which may be of interest in the class report.

May I take this opportunity, late as it is, to thank you for sending me the last report? I was very much pleased with the tribute to

Mr. Hyatt. I prize it greatly now, and it will be of great value to the children, Arnold especially, when old enough to fully appreciate it. Most sincerely yours, *Jessica Crowell Hyatt.*

Manchester, N. H., Oct. 6, 1915.

John Walter Johntson

Mrs. R. P. Johntson

DEAR MR. CLARK:—

The tasks of a secretary are sufficiently tiresome even when one receives prompt reports and replies to inquiries,—I know this from personal experience,—so I hasten to give you all the information you ask in full detail.

John Walter is a sophomore in the Manchester High School. Last year he came rather near being on the honor roll, but his Latin held him down to an eighty-six average (ninety being required). This year he is taking French, too, and is doing so well that I have hopes of the honor roll although he says there is no chance on account of Latin. Walter had heard of "French tables" at various schools and thought it would be a fine plan to have only French at table here at home. His father and I agreed, but after a very few meals Walter begged for a change. You see his vocabulary was most limited and while Rob and I talked all the time, Walter couldn't speak at all and couldn't understand anything we said. He couldn't stand it to keep quiet and was so afraid he was losing out on something that he squealed.

We are talking of sending him to St. Paul's at Concord next year. Their new building for winter tennis is the great inducement to him. He loves tennis and good judges say he gives great promise at that game. He won the cup in the 25-yard dash for boys at the North Shore swimming pool this summer and he really is a first class swimmer. He is one of the fifteen best golfers in our Country Club at present.

Last winter Walter won the boys' championship for bowling and got up to the finals in the pool tournament; also he held the chess record at Y.M.C.A. He belongs to the Boy Scouts and last year was a patrol leader. He is 5 ft. 7¼ inches tall and weighs 124 pounds and is gaining in weight very rapidly now. He looks quite like a man. The other day we were discussing business and I asked him if he still thought he would go to Law School and practice law. He said no indeed, he had changed his mind and had decided to be a bank president. I asked (jokingly, of course) if he had decided to take up the duties of bank president immediately on his graduation from Dartmouth, and he replied in all seriousness, "Oh, no, I intend to go to Tuck School a year first." I am sorry to say that he has absolutely no household duties to perform and doesn't earn any money for anything, ever.

Now I think I have answered all your questions. I will add, however, that Walter is a member of the Forum at school and is quite a debater. He took part in two public debates last winter and will no doubt do as much this year.

Rob and Walter are both going to Hanover for Dartmouth night and Walter wants to go again in December as a delegate to the Y.M.C. A. boys' conference—maybe I'll allow it.

Of course you can't guess that I'm rather proud of my son! With best wishes, I am Sincerely yours, *Edna L. Johnston.*

New Hampton, N. H., Nov. 16, 1915,

**Pauline Joy**

**Mrs. C. L. Joy**

My dear Mr. Clark:—

About the smaller Joys. There are two, Pauline and Barbara, Pauline being eleven is the one about whom I am to tell you. She is attending the "Preparatory department" of the school in which Clarence teaches. She will study there for two years and then enter the "Institution" for the regular four years' course. She was eleven last month, is nearly as tall as her mother, is built exactly like her father, weighing about one hundred and fifteen pounds and wearing at present a number four shoe. She is studying music, but I'm sure she will never arrive at fame. Her ranks are very good in general, but nothing above the average perhaps.

I asked her this noon what she would like to be when grown up and the answer was "a milliner." We have noticed an especial talent for designing doll's apparel, also for cutting it out and basting the garments together. These I generally find in bureau drawers or in the attic unfinished, so dressmaking may be added to her chosen vocation aforementioned.

Her spending money is earned by helping her mother with the housework, her regular tasks being to make beds and help with the dishes. Very sincerely yours, *Lena Chamberlain Joy.*

Epping, N. H., Oct. 5, 1915,

**Karl Ladd**

**Mrs. Josephine Ladd Robinson**

Dear Mr. Clark:—

First of all Karl spells his name with a "K." His father named him and just because he liked the German "Karl" so I have always insisted on having it spelt as he wanted it. He was ten years old the 22nd of July.

He looks like Harry although his hair is straight and his features are small. But the expression of his eyes reminds one that he is Harry Ladd's boy. He is four feet and four inches and weighs about sixty pounds.

I regret to say that the first eight years of his life were spent in a hard fight for an existence. He was taken sick as soon as we came here and has tried to have everything that he could get in those eight years. Two years ago he had his throat operated on and was put out doors to sleep. He has slept out doors summer and winter for two years. He started school at six, but the first two years were time

wasted. He was out almost all the time with sickness and so at eight he was still in the first grade. But he is doing very well now and he is taking the third and fourth grade together this year in hopes to make up what he has lost. He is very much interested in his school work and anxious to catch up. He studied during the summer hoping to skip a year.

The height of his ambition, at present, seems to be a musician. He has never been strong enough to do what other boys of his age did and is only just beginning to play baseball and throw rocks. He goes to the Public School and of course mingles with all kinds of children. He had his first fight a couple weeks ago and came home with a very sore and black hand. But he said the boy was bigger than he was and struck him first so I let it go. I think perhaps the contact with larger and rougher boys may be what he needs now that he is getting more strength. He has naturally been cared for a great deal and hasn't had a chance to be much of a boy. He loves to run and can beat any boy around here anywhere near his age. But that is one of the things the doctor has forbidden. He went to a picnic last summer and won a race (fifty yards I believe) and lost two pounds. He also won the standing broad jump and running high jump. He is very quick and wiry and would like to be an athlete if he had the strength to keep up under it.

He had a small garden this summer and took an interest in it and kept it in good condition. He doesn't do much around home while he is in school. He seems to need the rest of his time to rest and get ready for the next day. Still he chops my kindling and brings in wood night and morning during the fall and winter. He is very strong in his arms and can lift more than his heart will stand.

Last winter he started to skate, but fell on his nose and fainted so he didn't succeed very well. Just now he has a new bicycle and is riding it to school. He visited his aunt (Harry's sister) in Stockbridge, Mass., during the summer and earned some money doing errands and my husband and I pay him to do little things for us. The wheel is the first thing he has bought with his own money. He is just beginning to realize that he has got to earn his own money.

He is very fond of fishing and camping and would like to go gunning. His step-father takes him fishing and we go to camp in summer. He will walk all day to go trouting and be sick a week without a complaint. He is very much interested in anything about his father. Harry's things were all burned and so he has very little to keep that belonged to him. I have his class photo book and his diploma and baton and I think that is all. His baseball clothes and bat and golf sticks and in fact everything that Karl would prize were packed away and burned with the house.

Karl has one marked characteristic: he is absolutely not afraid of anything. He goes out doors to bed alone every night with his dog

(and alone before he had the dog) and one night last winter he walked a half mile alone in the dark on a country road to get some corn to pop. I went to meet him and he asked me why I came.

He has a Scotch Collie dog that he is very fond of. He plays with him hours throwing sticks and teaching him to do tricks. He has a tool chest with some very good tools and he likes to use them.

Just at present he wants to take violin and piano lessons and I hope later he can take enough to be able to entertain himself and friends. He talks of going to Dartmouth and if his health holds good and he can get the "necessary" I guess he will. He has a good many years to look forward to it anyway. I hope Karl can go to the next class reunion and if some one of you fellows will take him in charge, I will be glad to have him go. I should like nothing better than to have him meet Harry's classmates and think it would be something he would always remember. If any of you fellows ever come up this way, I would like to have you come and see Karl and if I come down to Boston I would like to bring him to see you and Mr. Drew and any others that would care to see him. Yours very truly, *Josephine Ladd Robinson.*

435 Ft. Washington Ave.,
New York, N. Y., Oct. 7, 1915,

**Ronald Leavitt**

**Mrs. A. B. Leavitt**

Dear Mr. Clark:—

Yours of the fifth received and I will do the best I can in giving you a sketch of the "Class Baby" at the present time.

I may be a little prejudiced, but will try and be fair. First of all will give him an excellent character with no bad habits. He has grown very rapidly in the past two years and is a manly looking lad for his years as you can see from the picture I will send you later. The picture was taken when he was fourteen and a half. He is five feet eight and a half inches tall and weighs one hundred and thirty-eight pounds and as he has an excellent appetite am sure he still grows.

He has always attended public school and graduated from Grammar last June. He got first mention for his work in the carpenter's shop and we have a nice table which was the result of his work in the trades last term. He is hoping to be a chemical engineer and is now in Stuyvesant High School taking the scientific course. He is only medium in his school work caused by the fact that he enjoys reading so much more than study, but as his choice of reading is good, he gets much knowledge in this way he would not get from text books. He seems to have a great love for "Popular Mechanics" and anything connected with machinery. He fixed a grandfather clock the other day that a clock repairer had worked on for a year without much success and the clock now goes and keeps good time.

Ronald's athletic pursuits are swimming, running, basketball and the usual gym work. He belongs to the Y.M.C.A. and has joined the Boy Scouts connected with the Presbyterian church of which he is a member and is Senior Patrol Leader. We have discouraged ball playing as he was growing so fast and had a weak heart after recovering from pneumonia five years ago, but at present he seems physically perfect.

I just asked him about his household duties and he said "Yes, I take care of father's auto," for which he seems to have a great liking, as the dirtier he gets the better he likes it, and says when he gets his allowance from father for spending money he has earned it as it is a difficult task to collect.

During the summer vacation we sent him to New Hampshire on a farm where he did all kinds of work from feeding chickens to cutting underbrush, in this way earning part of his board and a good coat of tan. While in New Hampshire he had a rifle and practiced target shooting, also shot chipmunks and a crow so I fear he will follow his father's footsteps and love shot and shell.

If you had asked me about the younger children, I could have written a volume as we have a boy of six and a girl four who are the liveliest pair existing and it takes the whole famliy to keep them in order and I should say that Ronald's household duty is to make brother and sister toe the mark. Very sincerely yours, *Mrs. Laura U. Leavitt.*

Wells River, Vt., Dec. 15, 1915,

**Leland Lyster**

**Mrs. H. L. Lyster**

DEAR MR. CLARK:—

Leland Conwell Lyster, generally known as "Pard" was 15 years old Dec. 6. He is 5 ft. 9¾ inches in height and weighs 132 lbs. His build is straight and slender with a full chest. His complexion is blonde with rosy cheeks. He is a regular boy of the hardy kind, a boy's boy and has no use whatever for girls. He is in his 2nd year at Wells River High School and is, I believe, an average student. He joined the Eagle Patrol of Boy Scouts several years ago and was second class scout when the last meetings were held. (There is no Scout Master at present). He has always attended Sunday School and belongs to the Christian Endeavor. He has always been a baseball enthusiast and is fond of all sports. He plays baseball and basketball, swims some and is a very good skater. He is also fond of hunting and fishing, but his use of a gun has not been sanctioned to any extent. He had great endurance as a long distance walker and bicycle rider. He learned telegraphy several years ago (the code) and puts in considerable time winters in practice under an operator. He is a great reader of books, magazines and the newspapers. He doesn't care for household duties, but brings in the wood and kindling, runs on errands and sometimes builds the kitchen fire in the morning. He earns a good deal of money about town by doing errands and jobs of various kinds

too numerous to mention. He is very saving of his money and has a good sized bank account of his own besides his pocket money. Though he doesn't smoke or swear, he is not a "mama's" boy in the least, but is uncommonly self-reliant. He doesn't say what his ambition is for the future, but sometime ago spoke of being a veterinarian. (Our next neighbor is a veterinarian and his son, Leland's chum, will probably fit for that work.) Respectfully, *Mrs. H. L. Lyster.*

San Antonio, Texas, Oct. 11, 1915,

**Margaret and Russell Norton**

**A. H. W. Norton**

DEAR GEORGE:

Margaret will be ten on November 10th. Height 4 ft. 5½ inches. Weight 60 lbs., fair complexion, gray eyes. Entered the Riverside Park School of the Independent School District of San Antonio in the fall of 1912 and has worked up to the low 4th grade, average to date about 82. Favorite study geography, favorite cake fruit cake, favorite refreshment sherbet, favorite amusement cooking. Rather too quiet to make a basketball player though likes to drop-kick and throw a football. Ambition is to be a school teacher. Very fond of reading though won't admit it. Favorite story "Little Women." Rather too quiet in disposition, but a fine little housekeeper and always on the job. Very fond of caring for the chickens and enjoys riding the pony whenever she has a chance. My Peggy is one on whom I can absolutely depend.

Russell celebrated his eighth anniversary last April. Height 4 ft. 1½ inches, weight 59 lbs., fair complexion, sometimes called "Spec" or "Turkey-egg" at school. Entered the Riverside Park Public grade school of the Independent School District of San Antonio in February, 1914, and is now in the low second grade, average to date about 74, but hopes to improve. Favorite study reading, favorite cake chocolate layer, favorite refreshment ice cream, favorite amusement riding a horse (4 footed) and teasing anyone he is able to. He is very fond of baseball and football and any rough exercise. Can swing an axe fairly well, chops a portion of the wood, can milk two cows without tiring and rides his pony with the recklessness of ignorance. A sinewy boy, high-tempered and very affectionate. Hopes to be a civil engineer some day. Yours as ever, *Arthur H. W. Norton.*

35 Lansdale St., Rochester, N. Y.,

**Richard and Edith Nye**

**Mrs. E. L. Nye**

DEAR MR. CLARK:—

I wish I might send you some real thrilling copy for the report, but our children happen to be the average kind. Richard is a book-worm. He will read any day rather than play, though he is quite interested in his Boys' Club at school, and in his Scout troop. Edith has a very vivid imagination and is always

ready for play, especially playing "mother" to her younger brother. She says she wants to be a school teacher. There is no sign from Richard as to what he wants to be, except that he seems quite sure he wants to go to Dartmouth.

They both attend public school, Richard in seventh grade A, above the average in scholarship; Edith in fourth grade B, about average. They are average height and weight. They both help me some about the house, and Richard earned a little spending money this summer caddying at the Country Club. He has had to put on glasses this last summer, so we have to restrict his reading and encourage out-door work.

I hope this may be of some help to you. We have always enjoyed reading the report, and wish you all success with this one. Very truly yours, *May H. Nye.*

Orono, Me., Oct. 23, 1915,

**Ruth Pearl**

**Mrs. R. Pearl**

DEAR MR. CLARK:—

The chief impression which your letter made when I read it was, what a remarkable knowledge (for a bachelor) you had concerning matters pertaining to childhood! Did you compose your queries entirely out of your own understanding or did you seek the assistance of some '99 wife?

Ruth DeWitt Pearl was born April 21, 1907, in Philadelphia. Weight at birth 9½ lbs., length 22 inches. Weight at present age of 8 years, 7 mo., 71 lbs. In appearance she strongly resembles her father. Her health has been generally very good. Grip and whooping cough are the only contagious diseases that she has ever had. She has never regularly attended school until this year. She is now in the fourth reader. Her chief aim at present is to have a good time. While she is doing very well in her school work, yet she does not take her studies at all seriously and her grading for conduct and effort are below the average. She is very fond of reading, especially poetry and has even attempted to compose verses. The result, I must confess, does not give the slightest encouragement for her parents to think that their offspring is a budding poetess.

Ruth has taken piano lessons but so far shows no very great interest in music. I may say, however, that so far as songs go, the canticle, "Oh, there's 1913 and there's 1914, etc.," has a deep and abiding place in her heart and that she and her father very frequently let the neighbors know that "the best damn class . . . is the class of '99." Aside from reading, one of Ruth's chief indoor amusements is to play with her dolls. She is very fond of all outdoor sports that it is within her power to participate in, except walking. In the winter she spends much time coasting and skiing. Very sincerely yours, *Maud DeWitt Pearl.*

Pleasantville, N. J., Oct. 6, 1915,

**Lillian and Charles Risley**

**Mrs. C. I. Risley**

DEAR MR. CLARK:—

Lillian is ten years old, her height is 4 ft. 6 inches, weight 66 pounds, and she is in the fifth grade of Pleasantville school and has always been one of the brightest of the class. She is also taking up the study of music. She is very fond of all games. She spends her spare moments sewing and helping with the housework, such as dusting and keeping her room in order and she seems to be fond of doing it.

Charles Russell Risley who is in his eighth year, I am afraid is not as bright as his sister. He is in the second grade. He is very fond of gardening and is always making little wagons to run on the sidewalk. He is also interested in batteries, in fact all kinds of electrical appliances. Russell's weight is fifty-five pounds and his height is 4 ft. 2 inches. Yours sincerely, *Mrs. Charles Risley.*

Portsmouth, N. H., Oct. 22, 1915.

**Francis Rowe**

**Mrs. R. G. Rowe**

DEAR MR. CLARK:—

Francis, in the second year of High School, finds little difficulty with his studies, if one can judge by his marks. Like his father, though, he had much rather indulge in athletic sports than attend classes. He plays baseball every spare minute in the summer and football in the fall. He plays some tennis and golf, but is not proficient at either game as yet. He prefers baseball to all other games. He is a member of the Boy Scouts of this city, taking much interest in learning the many things required, such as the international code, semaphore system of signalling, woodcraft, etc. One of the requirements of this organization is that each member must earn the money with which to procure his outfit. This was accomplished principally by digging dandelion greens last Spring. He finds, too, that hunting golf balls (which, by the way, he sells to his father) is a rather remunerative pastime.

He has never indicated any particular leaning towards what will be his life work. He is taking the college preparatory course, but his future in this line is rather indefinite still. His college, if he attends one, will depend much on his own choice and also on what training will be required for the branch of work which he selects. Sincerely, *Mrs. Robert G. Rowe.*

Bridgeton, N. J.

**Helen Sewall**

**Mrs. M. F. Sewall**

MY DEAR MR. CLARK:—

It is so nice just once to be asked to talk about my children instead of being asked to stop talking about them. Helen

should interest the '99-ers most, as she is eldest and as like her father as a little girl can be. Her eighth birthday comes this week and as a gift she demands an Indian suit to join her brother in his Wild West plays and to be the "Squab". To simplify my arrangements for the inevitable birthday party she also suggests my omitting all the girls and having only the boys.

On the other hand, the little daughter is truly feminine when it comes to clothes. She is a good student and faithful at the only imposed task, piano practice. Her school is a very nice private institution, a corrective for the somewhat rowdy tendencies.

There is always a lively argument when her Bryn Mawr mother tries to overcome her father's loyalty to New England colleges in general, and Smith in particular. Let us hope another reunion will permit of some of these '99 youngsters getting together. With best wishes to all our Hanover friends, I am, Very sincerely yours, *Helen S. Sewall.*

Fairview, Okla., Dec. 14, 1915.

**Roger, Walter and Jerome Staley**

— —

**F. C. Staley**

DEAR GEORGE:—

Now about the boys:—they have all three been making good progress in school. Roger and Walter are now in fifth grade, and Jerome is in the third. Roger is of a mechanical turn of mind, always wanting to build something. If he isn't building a new chicken house, or a pigeon roost, it is an automobile or a coaster. For an eleven-year-old boy he is very handy about such things. Fond of pets, he has both chickens and pigeons. Would have rabbits, too, if we would allow it. But as I keep a very good hunting dog, and my wife has a canary, and a few cats, we had to draw the line somewhere. So we decided to stop before we came to rabbits.

Walter, on the other hand, is a book-worm. Is a good student in school, likes to read, and is quiet and reposeful in disposition. On account of his easy-going disposition he comes in for a good many household duties, all of which he takes as a matter of course. At times he is certainly imposed upon, but he is too good-natured to make a kick. That is, as long as it is his mother who is asking his services, but he is as balky as a mule with anyone else who tries to run it over him.

Both the older boys play hard at baseball, tennis, and usual boy sports. And Jerome, the youngest, tries his best to keep pace with them. But his legs are a little too short, and he is at times a sore trial to the older pair, for as they say, he generally gets only far enough to "bust up the game." But they are all three healthy, wide-awake, live boys. Not models by any means, but we feel that they are headed in the right direction, and that eventually they will grow up to be the sort of boys who will want to go to the good old College on the Hill,

and the kind that Dartmouth will be glad to have enrolled as students.

Trusting that the information given will be of some slight service, and with kindest regards, I remain, Yours very truly, *F. C. Staley.*

P. S.—"Walt" calls Jerome a "disturbing elephant."

Cascade, Montana, December 26, 1915.

Dorothy, Robert and Thomas Elbert Tootell

Mrs. A. B. Tootell

DEAR MR. CLARK:—

When you asked me for some details of the children's life on our Montana ranch, it seemed quite impossible to contribute anything of interest. We are about thirty miles from Great Falls, and most of the ranches in the neighborhood being very large, we have not even very near neighbors. The ranch *is* our life, furnishing plenty of work for all, and our recreation, for the most part, grows out of our home and farm interests. That our children's life is quite different from that of the other class children I readily grant, and gladly attempt to give you some idea of the way they spend their days.

Dorothy, a rather quiet girl of twelve, is this year finishing her eighth grade school work. Inasmuch as our school district was organized only four years ago, it will be seen that she has done quite a part of the work at home. We have a theory that the child who can read intelligently, has a good working vocabulary and cultivated powers of observation, can afford to be a little late in taking up formal school work, and in Dorothy's case it seems to have proved practical. She is a fine little worker, if, *a la* Samantha, "I do say it as shouldn't." The past two summer she has practically saved the hiring of help in the house, most of the time washing the cream separator, milk pails, cans, etc. Last summer, in addition to her housework, she raised chickens and ducks and did quite a little gardening, from all of which she had money enough of her own this fall to send away an order for some things for herself, and for some Christmas gifts. She rides horseback, though not quite so recklessly as her brothers, is much interested in her Sunday School, is quite a reader, and is looking forward with much pleasure to her high school work next year. She is also quite domestic in her tastes, much interested in learning to cook and in studying food values, balanced menus, etc. Drop in some day and give her the pleasure of preparing you one of her little dinners!

Robert, eleven, not quite so studious as his sister, is doing fairly good work in the sixth grade. He is our all round farmer; has milked since he was seven, driven a team on a harrow, hay fork, rake, etc. He earned several dollars this summer driving a "snatch team" for one of our neighbors during haying. This winter he joined the "Hoard's Dairyman Juniors," and is quite proud of his watch fob, button and "Farm Boys' Creed" which he plans to frame and hang in his room.

He called me one evening recently and asked me which I thought contained the greater amount of digestible protein per hundred pounds, corn or alfalfa! He, too, is interested in poultry and gardening. Last summer he had a garden patch of his own, which he plowed, disked and harrowed himself, and planted to potatoes, corn, and some small stuff. We had potatoes from his garden some time before our own were ready. He sold quite a few dollars' worth besides. On the whole he felt that his first garden was quite a success, even though he did forget and plant potatoes and pumpkins on the same space! He is much interested in becoming a Boy Scout some day, and is learning to cook a little, and do many little things about the house. In proof of the statement that he is quite a help to me, I have only to say that in over two years I have not cleaned and dressed a fowl for home use. He has a "22" and some traps, and this winter sent away his first little consignment of furs, muskrat and weasel, receiving his check, therefor, just in time to make himself a Christmas present of a flexible flyer. He is just a little worse tease than even a boy is expected to be, but his sister is learning to ignore him, and his little brother, who is gaining on him in size and strength very rapidly, is helping to break him of this habit.

Thomas Elbert, named for his two grandfathers, but who should have been christened "A. B." Jr., is seven, and perhaps the liveliest member of the trio. As a tiny tot he upset all my theories about keeping things in their usual places, and teaching children to leave them alone! When I complained of his various depredations, "A. B." would ask me why I didn't "put things up out of his reach." Since the youngster has transferred the base of his operations to out-of-doors, I have taken great satisfaction in asking his father the same question. The summer after he was two in February he possessed himself of a wrench, a pail of axle grease and a stick, removed the burrs from the heavy wagon wheels, and proceeded to apply enough axle grease to run the wagon six months if properly used, according to his father's somewhat disgusted report of the operation! Since that time he has "greased" and otherwise "fixed" every available piece of machinery on the place. He is the family mechanic. This summer he fitted up a repair shop in one corner of the well-house, which he announced would be open for business from 5 A. M. to 7 P. M. This fall his father decided it was time the young man learned to milk, but he made himself so hard to find at milking time that the plan was abandoned. He is attending school this year with some pretense at regularity, but considers it a dreadful bore. It takes him away from his beloved machinery too much of the time, and also necessitates his being kept somewhat cleaner than he really enjoys, his favorite garb being an old shirt and a good greasy pair of overalls! I cannot report that he has raised any chickens or made any garden, but he is authority for the whereabouts of every tool on the place, and is exceedingly quick and willing

to do whatever is asked of him which he considers in his line! For two years he has been able to run the gasoline engine with which we pump water for the stock. One morning when he was a little past five years old, I discovered him dressing himself with rather more than his usual haste, and upon inquiring the reason, he replied: "I've got to hurry out to the well-house. I can tell from the sound of it that Frank (the hired man) is giving that engine too blamed much gasoline!"

Thus you have them, three healthy, active children, which we are sure are no better than the average, and which we fondly hope are no worse! Sincerely, *Mrs. A. B. Tootell.*

Lee, N. H., Oct. 17, 1915.

**Marion Walker**

**Mrs. J. B. C. Walker**

DEAR MR. CLARK:—

Concerning Marion or "Bunny" as she is most always called. She was born in July 4, 1907, and as the date might suggest has always been quite independent. She is quite tall for eight years old, being four feet two inches and weighs fifty-nine pounds. She attends the public school and is in the fourth grade. She likes games of any kind, but is more inclined to favor the more active out-of-door games. She can skate both on ice and on roller skates. She has begun a little on music and practices about forty or forty-five minutes each day. When school is keeping she has no regular household duties to perform. She simply has to practice her music after school. But when school is not keeping, she has some regular duties, usually to wipe the dishes in the morning.

She is much interested in flowers and in gardening. She has a flower guide and takes great pleasure in hunting for wild flowers and then finding the names from the flower guide. She is very fond of books and such stories as the "Bedtime Stories" and the "Little Prudy Books" she reads herself quite understandingly. She likes to have animal stories by Long read to her.

I really couldn't say what her ambition to be is, so I just asked her and she says an actor in a circus. I think, however, that her ideas may change as she grows older. Very cordially, *Mrs. James B. Walker.*

Grand Mere, P. Q., Canada.

**Gratia Wardle**

**Mrs. E. B. Wardle**

DEAR MR. CLARK:—

Gratia Beaument Wardle is eleven years old, four feet four and one-half inches in height, weighs fifty-seven and one-half pounds. This is ten pounds underweight and coupled with her fair

skin and light hair gives her an appearance of fragility which is misleading, as with the exception of malaria she has had no illness of any importance since she was two years old. Eyes, ears, throat, nose, lungs, heart, digestive apparatus normal, temperament nervous; manner neither shy nor assertive; rather curiously independent of the thought or action of others. Of tastes, fondness for books and music are most marked. She has a strong sense of dramatic values, reciting and acting without self-consciousness.

She entered public schools at five, spent two years in kindergarten, as the first grade had two sessions a day, and we preferred to keep her out of doors in the afternoon. Has made the usual grade a year so that she is now in the fifth. Reading and spelling about three years ahead of her grade, writing and drawing poor, arithmetic just passing marks, grammar, history, etc., very good. Outside of school, she has had piano lessons for the last six months and has recently begun French, progressing well with both.

Games which give her a chance to use her imagination are preferred to merely physical ones. She is just beginning to take an interest in tennis. She is enthusiastic over snowshoeing and will learn to skate this winter. She doesn't care for the work of gardening, few children do, I find, though she is interested in the results. One of her favorite amusements is to plan what fairies do with the different flowers. She is an ardent hunter after wild flowers and likes climbing around through the woods. She has no stated domestic duties as I like her to be out of doors as much as possible and school begins at 8.30. When the need arises, she can do dishes, iron plain clothes, wash windows, make beds and take care of the baby. She has a small allowance of which she keeps an account and earns any extra she may need by some form of housework. This doesn't happen very often as her wants are few and simple. She has a good voice, which is the reason for her choice of future occupation, a professional singer.

The one thing over which I mourn is that she is an ardent anti-suffragist! Her reading for the summer included "Ivanhoe", "Quentin Durward", "Huckleberry Finn", "The Siege of Phalsbourg", "The Princess Aline", and "Heart of the West". I am glad to say that she speaks contemptuously of "Pollyanna" and "Jewel", among contemporary girl heroines, so that I am beginning to feel that I can trust her taste in literature.

Her attitude toward religion is inquiring rather than accepting. She can be trusted in a room alone with a box of candy, and as far as I can ascertain, she always speaks the truth.

I could, of course, write volumes on this interesting subject, but think you have the chief mental, moral, and physical points in the above. Respectfully submitted, *Maud W. Wardle.*

Simms, Montana, Dec. 13, 1915.

Ruth and Harold Wiggin

Mrs. A. D. Wiggin

My dear Mr. Clark:—

Ruth the eldest is now in High School, attending her father's own classes in Latin, Algebra, History and English. Last June Ruth passed a creditable examination in all common school branches according to the requirements of the State Board of Education, which is quite a severe test. Ruth is also doing very well in music. Let me say here that Ruth and all the rest are real Westerners in one thing, and that is horseback riding. The three are all fine riders and have a fine pony to ride. Dorothy is rather the best rider of them all, as she learned to ride when she was about five years old.

Harold is in the seventh grade and does well in his work and is quite a hunter. On one of his trips this summer, he had the experience of having a rattler jump for him, but he was quick enough to shoot and kill the rattler himself. The snake had nine rattles, was a big fellow. He certainly was very proud of that. They are quite common here at certain times of the year.

They all attend Sunday School regularly and are quite easy to manage. Very cordially yours, *Mrs. Edyth M. Wiggin.*

303 Ten Eyck St., Watertown, N. Y., Oct. 6, 1915.

Robert Winchester

Mrs. P. Winchester

Dear Mr. Clark:—

Robert is in the A—fifth grade of the public school and stands well in his studies. He is rather mechanically inclined and takes his greatest pleasure in playing with mechanical toys, such as steam engines, motor, electric and mechanically operated engines and trains of cars and with a set of the American Model Builder. Stone building blocks also come in for their share of his time, periodically. He has a wheel which calls for races with the other boys at times, but on the whole athletics do not claim much of his attention. He is yet too young for the Boy Scouts, but he has been much interested in them and has read their manual from cover to cover. He is of a little slighter build than the average boy of his age, is four feet two and one-half inches in height, and weighs about fifty-eight pounds. He does not know yet as to what he wants to be when he grows up and this is what he says in response to the question, as I just put it to him. He has no regularly prescribed household duties to perform, but willingly lends a hand whenever needed. We succeed once in a while in getting him to pull a few weeds from the garden, but this part of the game does not seem to appeal to him very strongly. His spending money comes mostly from errands and special things on which he works and at times he is quite energetic, though like most boys at his age he likes to play best.

He is taking lessons on the piano, this being the second winter at it and does very well. Practicing comes a little burdensome at times, but he is much interested and sticks to it pretty well.

On the whole Robert is just about the average boy of his age, though athletically he is not up to the average. However, other things make up for this to just about even the boy up with the rest of them. Yours very truly, *Anna H. Winchester.*

**H. W. Rice** Herbert is now farming. He writes, Henniker, N. H., Dec. 27, 1915:

Dear Clark:—There is not very much to say about myself. I came home late in the spring on account of the poor health of my parents, and in spite of an unusually poor season have managed to keep "square with the board."

I have met very few Dartmouth men lately, but I try to keep posted on all college news. I have not heard of a '99 man being mentioned for President Nichols' successor. Isn't it about time?

With best wishes to you for a happy and prosperous New Year, I remain, Yours in '99, Herbert W. Rice.

**J. P. Richardson** Just read this dated December 8 from "Long Jim."

My dear George:—As a class secretary, you are certainly the most unmitigated nuisance yet unearthed. Barstow was bad, Donahue was devilish, but Clark is the climax. If I ever have a case where I wish to interrogate my opponent limb from limb; when I desire to apply the equivalent of a stomach-pump to his gray-matter and turn it inside out for the gleeful inspection of a court and jury, I shall resign, and call you in as Sole and Senior Counsel; for you are a Human Question-Mark, and that goes double, as the boys say.

I will answer your diabolical catechism out of loyalty to the class and nothing else; I will not dictate the stuff to a stenographer, for the Lord and the devil only knows what secrets I shall have to divulge before I finish; and I will *not* write it on my best paper, for the firm would not stand for the heavy drain. So you make this out if you can, and I advise you to keep out of my way for the next few weeks, or I shall be likely to trample you into a custard. Just think how much more willing the fellows ought to be to answer my appeals for the Fund, than yours of this character. All I ask for is a modest check that can be struck off in a moment—I even send a stamped envelope—whereas you—but, Lord, this isn't getting me even to Query No. 1.

Here goes on the Westminster: (we condense.) Have moved office from 18 Tremont St., to 40 Court St., some job, but worth while; and

plugged along in a very unspectacular way, with only one case of "newspaper" interest, that of Emery vs. Emery, a contested will of a well-known New Hampshire lawyer, which is now (December 8, 1915) on the knees of the gods, *i. e.*, the S. J. C. of Massachusetts for final decision.

My only travel this year, off our local beats, was a trip to Chicago, Minneapolis, Duluth, the Great Lakes to Buffalo, Niagara, Toronto, the St. Lawrence, Quebec and the Saguenay, which Mrs. Richardson and I reveled in during the month of July, incidentally giving me the longest summer vacation I have had since I was fourteen, and worked in the Passumpsic Savings Bank for $1 per week. The first four days I spent in Chicago, playing duplicate whist in the Congress of the American Whist League; and this is worthy of note only because I suppose I am almost the only Dartmouth alumnus, and certainly the only '99-er, who keeps up any interest in this king of games, at least as played in tournament form. I had a regular orgy of whist for that period, having played three hundred hands, with nine different partners, and was moderately well satisfied with the returns. As for the rest of the trip it would take too much space to tell of all its delights; I can only say that I recommend it to you all, as a perfect program for a vacation.

Was at Hanover for Secretaries' Meeting; Commencement; and once in the summer. (The latter trip was made with eight ladies.)

You struck it, George; the Church reference did it; I blush (really) to say that I am now clerk and vestryman of St. John's Church, Newtonville. For other honors, I held ten honors in spades at the Hunnewell Club last Saturday night, by heck. (It slipped him, that membership on the Executive Committee of the Association of Dartmouth Alumni, called upon three times to select a list of candidates for trustee, and membership on the committee appointed by the trustees to prepare for 150th Anniversary of the Founding of the College, might be properly called honors.)

The '99-ers and non '99-ers Jim has seen are so numerous, lucky chap, that he says, "I refuse to answer, under advice of counsel, unless expenses of preparing, printing and publishing are to be paid out of the corpus of the estate." The Executive Committee would not consent and were glad to have Jim's stipulation as an excuse for keeping expenses down.

**C. I. Risley** Charles says "same old story, keep plugging, trying to make more money, but not as yet. Same old business trips touring Winchester, Putnam, Columbia, Duchess and Rennselaer Counties. No vacation; corporation too poor to give us any." Still Charles owned up to a summer

home at Pleasantville. (name sounds inviting.) He had been decorating it and it had been making him poor. But as he doesn't say he had to mortgage one or both of his autos, and is one of the few of the class so riotous as to possess two, the class should not feel worried.

**Road Song of the Dartmouth Men**
**K. Beal.**
**Nov. 6, 1915**

In a time long past, to the North and away,
A rugged Mother reared her brood,—
Reared them to work, and taught them to play,
Then sent them forth from the green home-wood.
Forth they fared—grown cubs from the den—
Forth to the life of Dartmouth men.

A hundred years, and fifty more;
Still from the North the long line came
Hard on the trail of the host before,
Surging down to play life's game,—
And winning or losing, and now or then,
Keeping the spirit of Dartmouth men.

"On! Straight on!" is their marching cry,
While the friendly wilderness gives them "Hail!"
With a confident heart and a fearless eye
Their column unbroken keeps the trail.
If baffled ever, they rush again,—
Stand back from the charge of the Dartmouth men.

We christened the Stadium, records show,
With a tidy score and a "Wah-hoo-wah!"
And we saw the tiger's broad stripes glow
With shame at the kick that hopped the bar.
And today were you beaten, Friend William Penn?
'Tis proud you should be 'twas by Dartmouth men.

"Pigs is pigs!"—we have it from Butler;
And how clear it is that nothing subtler

Will ever lodge in a railroad man's brain;
For it's our own argument they maintain:
"A students' no pig, a Pullman's no pen,—
Dartmouth students are Dartmouth men!"*

Last Tuesday we heard the hoarse tumult of flight,
When womankind struggled in vain for her right.
But we know that suffrage was settled with us
Long before Antis and Pros raised this fuss;
For who in our lives play the part of the sovereign
Save the fair, well-loved women of Dartmouth men?

We have no use for club or clique,
For social games of hide-and-seek.
So may our children heed the call
Of all for each and each for all,—
Till each one feels the strength of ten
Because he is one among Dartmouth men.

Time's wind has blown our froth of youth,
We stand in the sun and cry the truth:
To the youngest son of the latest wed
Of the newest class in Dartmouth bred,
We pledge our faith as the one that's been
The faith for ages of Dartmouth men.

There are some of us here,—and some have gone—
There are some few thousands yet unborn:
But our common goal is that emerald gate
Which Peter will open with key of state,—
I don't know where, I can't say when,
But he'll seat us together like Dartmouth men.

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*Apropos of rumor that R. R. men had refused to allow Dartmouth students to travel to Amherst game *en masse* in hog cars.

**H. S. Rogers** "Herb" is on the go all the time. He spreads himself all over Waltham, Wellesley and south side of Newton, day and night, Sundays and Holidays, and moving gets to be a habit. He has even moved his residence back to his Newton Upper Falls house on Thurston Road. "Herb" gave a smoke talk in Wellesley, March 23, 1915, on "The Telephone and Its Operation," fully illustrated, a very instructive forty-five minute talk, and if anyone is looking for entertainments for his men's, women's or boys' club, "Herb" would be glad to help them out. "Herb" attended Frisco Fair in a way probably no other member of the class did. On the night of September 26 about 5000 Telephone Employees "listened in", on a line from Mechanics Hall, Boston, to the Telephone Building at the Fair, "hearing every word distinctly." That's vacationing by proxy. "Herb" had a real vacation, eight days' rest with the family at his old home in Tilton, N. H. "Herb" was Chairman Entertainment Committee, Nehoiden Club, Wellesley, but had to give it up on account of poor health.

**G. M. Rounds** Here are some mighty interesting things upon Canada and the war and what is better about himself, by George:

479 2nd Ave., Detroit, Jan. 10

Dear George:—You win. Here is some kind of a communication. Your list of questions scare some, yet I will keep it in mind. I am not married and have none of the things you ask about in your list, so won't take up undue space that way. Spent all of last winter on my back in Calgary, Alberta, with rheumatic fever. First time since childhood that I have been ill in bed. Got away from hospital on May 4th and went to California to recuperate. Visited both fairs and regained my health. Spent the summer there. Business is very dead in Canada despite reports to the contrary. The longer I stayed in that country the more I loved the U. S. A. For a long time I have wanted to get back to my own people and now I have made the move although it means an entirely new start.

Had a fine call on Dr. Neal Hoskins the other day. He is the first '99 man I have seen in fourteen years. He is some citizen in Detroit, just as he was in Hanover.

You ask about war feeling in Canada. The Canadians are full of it and in deadly earnest, that is, barring Province of Quebec. They are more British than England's English. Canada had no say in starting or

stopping this war, yet without question she pays the toll. That, of course, seems strange to a race that fought against "taxation without representation" yet if you recall that has been Canada's way even from the beginning of her history.

Individually a Canadian establishes a friendship with a Yankee far easier than he does with an Englishman, but when it comes to government he has absolutely no use for ours. One of the striking things to a newcomer in Canada is how absolutely the whole country is in the hands of the banks and railroads. It is the natural resource alone of the country that draws Americans across the northern border. I can't see the Teutons beating England, yet, in spite of this, Canada's immediate future does not look good to me. All for now. Very best wishes to Dartmouth '99-ers, George M. Rounds.

**Round-Up**
**Boston, Mass.**
**March 6, 1915**

Long Jim's announcement postcard is again worthy of preservation, therefore we reprint it:

A Few Definitions

Round-up—An enthusiastic gathering of persons united to a common faith: term brought into common use by the Class of '99 of Dartmouth College.

Copley Square Hotel—A luxurious hole in the ground, surmounted by large quantities of brick and mortar, and completely surrounded by booze and boilers: on the map only first Saturday of each March.

Hard Times—Something to be entirely forgotten from 6.30 P. M., Saturday, March 6, 1915, until 1 A. M., Sunday, March 7, at said Copley Square Hotel, Boston, by the members of said Class of '99 of Dartmouth College.

Price $1.50.

So too is this reply:—

Definitions

Snow Drift—A pile of starched water, very high and very long. The prevention of attendance at Copley Square Hotel. John H. Dubois.

Such worthy definers ought to be the ones to chronicle the Round-up itself. It was the "best yet" in a long line of "bests" growing better each year. Sleeper presided this time. Bob Johnston had some new "drip", Watson told us something about the duties of a signal corps sergeant, N. P. Brown "orated" in his usual classical style, Tim Lynch surprised everyone with his imaginative dream *re* the class fund, Barstow outlined a policy for utilizing past secretaries, Donny had something to

say constructively on future get-togethers, Cavanaugh talked a bit on football and there was music and song to the saturation point. Those who sat about and listened were W. B. Adams, Allen, Atwood, Barney, Clark, Dickey, W. R. Eastman, Hobbs, Hodgkins, Huckins, Irving, Kendall and his friend W. C. Robie, Osgood, O'Sullivan, Richardson, Rogers, J. L. Sanborn and Wardle who came all the way from Grand Mere, Quebec. Only four, Beal detained at home by illness, Evans kept away by duties, Galusha away in Atlanta and Hobe detained in Gardner by the long wind of the annual town meeting, out of the local crowd were absent. Irving again gave joy with his presence and when Sully made us catch our breath temporarily as he thrust his shock of iron-gray hair through the door, a "jubilate" went up from all throats. During the dinner Pitt Drew brought the orchestra leader and his fiddle down so Sully could play a bit. The look of trepidation that came over the leader's face as he handed over his "Stradivarius" to Sully was only surpassed by the amazement that shone there when Sully got to going and Hodge threw five flat fits, accompanying. From the beginning in the hotel lobby through the dinner in the Dutch room to the usual aftermath about a table in the grill it was an echo of the Quindecennial, dashed by Sully and Hodge with a bit of the real old days.

**R. G. Rowe** Bob has been at the same thing only much more of it. Increase in business has been due, not to war, but to our success in low cost production as compared with other navy yards and outside establishments. Bob has a new house number, on South Street, this time. He hasn't been to Hanover, but hear this, "Am going in 1919." That's the first "announcement of intention." Good! Bob says "Sturt", the Keene banker, honored us with his presence one night the past summer, and it is needless to say that we talked over and lived over again the Quindecennial, etc. "Freddie" Locke is still working here and of course I see him often. "My vacation from August 7 to September 7 was spent very pleasantly, the first part of it being devoted to golf and auto trip (by the kindness of good friends) through the White Moun-

tains, and thence to Richardson Lake (one of the Rangeleys) where we spent several days fishing, collecting spruce gum, fir balsam, etc., and eating—the Maine woods do give you some appetite. We were twelve miles from the nearest village right straight into the woods, some spot, believe me. I might tell you many pleasant incidents in connection with our trip, but time is somewhat limited, and I suppose there is a limit to your patience."

**F. R. Sanborn** Ted didn't go to Europe after all. Mrs. San- was taken ill in New York City about the time they were to have started, and had to undergo an operation, and while she has been much better since, has not been in the best of health. They have been in Maine most of this last summer for the benefit it could do her. Ted has done some research work at Bellevue and at University Medical School during the year. He is back in New York City again for the winter.

**J. L. Sanborn** Jack uses a simile, that would do Professor Emery's English teaching soul good, when he talks about his work. After expressing a regret that his replies to questions are so meager he ends up, "Am as busy as a cat on a tin roof, so will get to work." Make your own deductions! Jack hired a cottage at Harwich Port for the summer season, sent his family down there, and spent Saturdays and Sundays and from August 6 to September 1 there, himself. The rest of the year as a member of the Pawtucket Golf Club, he keeps the upper hand on his avoirdupois by playing at the gentle game of golf.

**M. M. Sargeant** "Mot" keeps a permanent hold on this earth in New Bedford. June 1, 1914 he decided to go into business for himself and has done so in a limited way. He had always had a "hunch" that war was coming in Europe, but the Kaiser surprised him a bit by putting the play over just when he did. If "Mot" had known, he would have cut short his after-reunion vacation in 1914, in the mountains and at Candia in July, postponed it until later when the Stock

Exchange in New York shut down. It knocked his business, listed securities chiefly, in the hole, though it did not throw him into the sad and tragic situation, that many of the New York men found themselves suddenly in. Like a good many others who found their investment business curtailed, "Mot" has attempted some side lines to even the situation up. The result has been a whole lot of traveling. There have been frequent trips to New York, several to Boston, and a business trip through the main cities of Connecticut and to Springfield, two trips to Manchester and Concord. Vacationing has consisted of automobiling on the fine state roads that lead out in every direction from New Bedford over the cape region.

Twice "Mot" has dropped in on the secretary, March 4 and November 1. About some of the other fellows he has seen, he writes October 24, "I have seen Wason for quite a talk, could add quite a bit about his vacation at West Swanzey, but that must come from Wason, Hoppy and Sturt. Bill is doing remarkably well and is a prominent figure in Atlanta, covers a great territory in the South for the powerful Roebbling's. Bill's judgment is of a high order and recognized as such by his firm. Met "Fod" Martin late in August at Bridgeport, Conn., station. Immediately we set to work to plan a way to stop political grafting, and to make it burdensome for a decent man, especially a college man, still more particularly a Dartmouth man to lend his name to a party of grafters to coax the popular vote. We decided that social ostracism will do most, but my train came along and we left the details for a later meeting. Pap is in no end of glory, in the financial district these war days. He is known quite widely (truly) in New York for his marked opinions and prophecies. Pap is resting a bit these last few days at Hot Springs." The most important item in the Sargeant household during the year was the birth, April 29, 1915, of Marion Sargeant.

**School Committee-men** There are nine members of the class on town school boards:— Atwood, Dubois, Hawkes, Hoban, Hopkins, Lyster, Musgrove, Sturtevant, Tootell.

**H. H. Sears** We asked Bill for his views upon his section of California, and the relation of himself thereto. Here they are; as of October 11, 1915, from Redwood City, California:—

DEAR GEORGE:—I am going to speel off a lot of single line talk while waiting for a party to come in, with the understanding that it will serve as a rough draft and that I can with confidence entrust you to rehash.

It is good to hear from old classmates:—it breaks up the steady grind. After five years out here, with average progress, you will be interested to know that I think it all worth while:—*i. e.*, the learning of a new country through sneezing its dust, drinking its alkali water, poor whisky, (or non-dago-red), living more in the open than is possible in New England:—making Dartmouth deductions from your own, and the experiences of others; forging ahead by everlastingly keeping at it; working hardest when progress is *nil.*

There is so much highly colored literature on the market about the Golden West (dust) that I cannot hope to compete. The Exposition Fair at San Francisco has helped to explain matters to thousands of visitors. What the bull-con literature should state is that it is a wonderfully undeveloped country, and retarded in its development, because but little understood by those who are trying to make progress along temperate-zone-snow-and-frost lines. It's different out here. The roses and flowers are commencing to bloom while certain trees are shedding their leaves;—it's so contradictory out here with the experience of other localities of the same latitude, that many efforts amount to nothing—no progress, through lack of intelligent application.

The answers to the questions on the enclosed sheet, are made without the care that they deserve, but I trust that they will serve your purpose. My own work is now assuming more definite shape as I feel more free to line up with the situation as I have found it to be. I came out here with a very sick wife, and the climate has worked a wonderful change to seemingly complete recovery.

This entire section lacks the industrial and commercial opportunities to readily give a commercially trained man a position. No matter how much ability one may have, there isn't the chance to apply it here that there is in the more thickly settled east. This war tied up shipping of California products, which in turn tied up engineering construction. The Exposition brought out hundreds of school teachers, and eliminated my usual "pot-boiling" occupation of teaching when there was no engineering. My work as City Engineer on public street proceedings for the past three years had put me in touch with legal matter, and the City Attorney having an office adjoining mine, I formed the habit of searching the court records. Briefly, September, 1914, found me registered as

a graduate student in the Law Department of Stanford University. I followed the entire first year subjects without missing a lecture. It's only fifteen minutes, in my machine, to the University. Work was very slack in engineering, and by burning the midnight oil, adding one or two white strands to my erstwhile raven (?) locks, I handled my private, public engineering enough to clothe and feed. Last May upon completing the year at Stanford, I entered as office assistant with the City Attorney. We have a set of five rooms; a common reception room, and two rooms for my engineering, two for law. The Superior and Justice courts are close by, and I continue my preparation for the California Bar, and also am handling several engineering jobs, by working hard myself and holding others to the same effort. Competition is keen, politics are just as intricate (*nasty* is the true word), as elsewhere. There is nothing spectacular about it,—just humdrum-fruit-flowers-sunshine existence. With kindest regards to all the fellows, Sincerely yours, H. H. Sears.

Bill's busines card, you can imagine from the above, is quite a document. It already indicates that he is an associate member of Society Civil Engineers, is City Engineer, Redwood City, Street Superintendent and City Engineer, Mayfield, Calf., makes estimates and designs for buildings and bridges, surveys property, that he is a licensed surveyor and Notary Public for San Mateo County. Think what it will be when he becomes a member of the bar! His work requires lots of traveling, fifty per cent of the time he is on the move, everywhere within a radius of 200 miles. He has been often to Frisco Fair. But it's too big, he says, for a Californian to describe in any space we would allot him. He has seen "Randolph Rab" and says he is married and happy. In addition to all above Bill is a Scout Master of B. S. A., and for a vacation he arranged a summer camp at Pascadero, San Mateo County, on the coast for his troop. Bill sent two photos of the troop and himself that were interesting, but when he characterized his vacation as "work" he probably hit it right.

**Secretaries' Meeting Hanover, March 19, 20, '15**

The Annual Meeting of the Dartmouth Secretaries' Association occurred at Hanover March 19th-20th. Fifty-three delegates were present. The secretary of '99 was unable to be present, but was represented by Donahue. Other mem-

bers of the class present were Kendall representing the Dartmouth Club of Boston, and Richardson in his role of Secretary of the Executive Committee, General Alumni Association. Donahue, who had been elected president of the association at the previous meeting, did not preside owing to the fact that he was no longer a secretary. Young '01, vice-president and succeeding to the presidency, took the chair. Richardson was among those he appointed upon the committee on resolutions. At the Saturday morning session, E. H. Kenerson, Donahue and Professor Foster gave a symposium upon "Running Reunions", and among the other speakers was "Long Jim", who spoke on "Development of Alumni Council." The gist of his speech was that the action of the council to date had been to get a survey for bearings. The important thing of the whole meeting was the appointment, upon the recommendation of the committee on resolutions, of a "Committee on Efficient Co-operation", consisting of C. H. Donahue '99, E. H. Kenerson '03, Joshua B. Clark '11. "The duty of this committee is to study the work of each (class) secretary and to confer with the various secretaries in the endeavor to secure uniformity of effort, greater enthusiasm and closer relation between each class organization and the college and make a report of progress at the next meeting." Castigating co-operators: at last we have a position for live and experienced ex-secretaries, not unworthy of their dignity and worthy of all their mettle.

**M. F. Sewall** Hooray, "Freem" has another son! It is Arthur Ditmars, born November 12, 1915. In his profession Freem admits to having worked like ——. He read a paper on "Auto Intoxication" before the Tri-County Medical Society at Bridgeton in September. We might add that he is the President of said Society, too. Freem has a summer cottage at Ocean City, which he hires. He spent his vacation there, and also in an auto trip through New York State and the White Mountains. On the trip he saw Ralph Hawkes, and was the first '99-er to call him "judge".

**Frank Asbury Sherman, Prof. Mathematics. Deceased Feb. 26, 1915. By R. H. Willard**

Dartmouth men, young and old, graduates and non-graduates, felt keen sorrow when they read a short time ago the press notice of the death of Professor Sherman.

Frank Asbury Sherman, a native of Knox, Maine, graduated from the Chandler Scientific School of Dartmouth College in the class of 1870. During the Civil War he served for two years as corporal of Maine volunteers. After graduation from college he taught for one year in the Worcester Polytechnic Institute. In 1871 he returned to Dartmouth as associate professor of mathematics in the Chandler School and from that time until his retirement he was a member of the Dartmouth faculty. From 1872 to 1893 he served as professor of mathematics in the Chandler School and from 1893 to 1911 as professor of mathematics on the Chandler Foundation. In 1911 he retired from active teaching, but he remained in Hanover until his death in the fall of 1915.

Probably few Dartmouth professors have been better known to the alumni than was Professor Sherman. To them he was familiarly known as "Frankie". The character of his nickname indicates the secure place that he held in the affections of his students. During his career as a teacher, mathematics was a required subject for nearly all students and like all required subjects to many it was as unpopular as it was difficult. Students of a non-mathematical turn of mind, who had the benefit of Professor Sherman's instruction, remained deeply grateful to him for rough places smoothed out and for successes gained. To the mathematician he was a constant inspiration and help. Professor Sherman was a gentleman through and through and his genial smile always accompanied his greeting to his students and friends. To all his students he was an inspiring instructor and a sympathetic friend. He was ever ready to give ear to the troubles of his students and to extend to them the help or the suggestions that they needed. In turn they admired, respected and loved him. His was a familiar figure on the streets of Hanover and for a long time it will be greatly missed there. For many years, too, the old

town will not seem the same to visiting alumni, for with them no one can fill the place which has been left vacant by the death of Professor Sherman.

**E. L. Silver** "Sliver's" Normal School keeps on growing, notwithstanding Sturtevant and Keene Normal School competition, and it keeps "Sliver" on the continuous jump. Just now he is watching with anxious eye the erection of the main body and the north wing of his big new dormitory that the State is erecting for him. The south wing is already up and in use, and is a good looking bit of colonial brick and stone architecture, whose good looks and special features are in good part due to "Sliver's" taste and foresightness. As school keeps nearly the whole year around for him, a summer school being followed by a summer institute right after his regular school work, he doesn't get any vacation. This he gets in when he is traveling about giving talks, and when he comes down to Boston to see "Donny" and get a German dinner. "Sliver" is one of those who has made Hanover this last year.

**E. R. Skinner** Ed is Division Superintendent's Assistant at the American Optical Company works. The work is strenuous and confining. His only trip away from Southbridge during the year was to Pemaquid Point, Maine, for a little vacation. Both ways he tried to see Judge Hawkes, but the Judge was not in town. Ed's diversion is his membership in the local branch of Odd Fellows of which he is financial secretary. About the keenest disappointment of the year was his inability to get to Penn game and '99 supper. He hoped up to last moment that he could get away, but his superior was away, and as two of the foremen were out ill, he was compelled to stick to his works. He wrote, "I certainly do wish I could see you fellows, and I shall try to take in the next reunion either in Hanover or Boston."

**A. G. Sleeper** Sleep's activities are numerous. Legally, he has been engaged in some pretty big stuff, Crawford et al and Nies et al, cases involving the $400,000

funds derived from the sale of the Methodist Church property on Bromfield Street, the Horace W. Berry will case, $175,000, and the Hiram W. Barker estate involving $800,000. Commercially, he is interested in the Red Beach Plaster Company, making "Plaster of Paris" from gypsum rock at Calais, Maine. He is also trustee of several large estates. Sleep now maintains a country place at Dennis on the cape. He got his vacation in, by week-ends there, and by making his usual cruise on a friend's large auxiliary sailing yacht.

**S. J. Smith**

Here is a good letter from Sam Smith written October 26, 1915 from Spokane, Washington:

Dear George:—Your letter should have been answered before. Procrastination is my only excuse.

Since returning from the coast last March, I have been located most of the time at Granger, Wash., in what is known as the Yakima River Valley, about two hundred and thirty miles west of Spokane, where we have a drainage contract. The nature of the work is somewhat different from what New Englanders would look upon as drainage work, where it is done mostly to reclaim swamp or over-flowed land, but the work I am on is draining land that was at one time only a sage bush desert. About ten years ago the Reclamation service built a large canal, diverting the water from the Yakima River to irrigate this large section of the Yakima Valley, and the water has been used to such an extent that it has caused the water table to raise, and the raising of the water has caused the alkali in the soil to come to the surface, and when the water evaporates the alkali forms a crust over the low land. This deposit of alkali destroys vegetation, and it is to redeem this land that the drainage work is undertaken. The contract work covers about twenty-two miles of open ditch work, at a cost to the district of about $19 per acre for the district benefitted.

About nine years ago Oakes built a railroad up into this territory. Since that time it has changed to a paradise, but I have heard Oakes speak of it as something far different from a paradise. Have been planning for the last two months to be at Oakes' wedding at Portland, but I could not arrange for it after all, but from all the paper accounts there is no doubt but what he accomplished his purpose without me. Have not seen a Dartmouth man since I returned from the east last spring.

Wish that I could answer all your question in detail, but they will have to be left for those nearer the center of the universe. My business address is 806 Realty Building, Phone Main 7159, and house address 324 First Avenue, Phone Main 6556, Spokane, Wash.

Have not had an opportunity to go to the Frisco Fair, but I do expect to go east again this winter and hope I may see you. Yours very truly, S. J. SMITH.

In a letter to Jim Barney, Sam says he came east Christmas 1914, but did not have an opportunity to go to Boston; was at Thayer School annual meeting and dinner in New York, at which Whittier was only '99-er present besides himself. He was east again for Christmas 1915.

**Sophomore History, a Memory Test**

Evans and Rice tie on the Sophomore Class History memory test. Both attributed it to Musgrove and Rice says he read it in South Greek Room, Old Dartmouth. Ninety-seven reported absolutely no recollection. A few others had some hazy remembrances. Musgrove confesses to the soft impeachment and Spade Heywood, following out a dormant instinct, discovered corroborative "original resource" evidence hidden away on page 34, '99 Aegis to the same effect. The sad thing is the manuscript was never printed and was burned in Musgrove's Printing House fire.

**G. E. Speare**

"Spehore" thinks his story the same old story. It may be with respect to his teaching and principalship. But to us there are new lights and shadows in it. He has been doing some special work in New Hampshire Constitutional History, and before the Institute for Superintendents and Principals held at the Plymouth Normal School, August 21-27, 1915, "Spehore" gave the following talks, (1) The General Method of History Teaching—Application of Chapter 22 State Program; (2) Ancient History for High School Freshmen; (3) European History for Sophomores; English History for Juniors; and (4) American Constitutional History for Seniors; on successive days. They were said to be both instructive and interestingly done. "Spehore" is a member of the Littleton Lecture Course Committee, and Trustee of the Littleton Library. He sees Silver much and hears much of his achievements. Jim Pringle '97 hands out educational dope and "Doc" Downing 1900 physic in the same town. But when Guy

feels the need of invigoration he gets his creel and fish poles and camp trappings down from their pegs and hies himself to the woods. That's the way he spent his vacation this year.

Guy in sending his regrets to Donny that he could not attend the supper after Penn game said, "You are right, Donny, I am '99, though classed with 1903, a toast then to '99 from Littleton, over whom the Dartmouth range, with Mt. Dartmouth in the foreground watches from afar, success to the supper and all the splendid fellows and their wives gathered there."

**F. C. Staley** Things have been going well with Frank. Increased price of wheat has helped out all lines of business in his region. Frank has been up to Wichita, Kan., several times, and likewise several times to Oklahoma City, usually combining business and pleasure. Had one business trip to Kansas City. Frank took a week off in June to play in the State Championship Tennis Tournament at Oklahoma City, and another week in July to play in Kansas, Oklahoma Championship Tournament at Wichita. He and his partner won the championship in doubles at latter tournament. Frank is President of Major County Fair Association, Vice-President Fairview Commercial Club, President Fairview Tennis Club, and "Head fan for Fairview Baseball Club."

**A. D. Storrs** Dave reports "no change". But the list of honors keeps growing. Dave is Superintendent of the Cemetery, Trustee of Pine Park, Treasurer of the Precinct, and also Trustee of Beta Theta Pi, in the last taking the position left vacant by the death of Professor Sherman. As trustee of his fraternity, he has been overseeing some extensive alterations in his fraternity house. Dave went fishing for a vacation up on the College Grant, got some nice trout and saw "Skeet" Tibbetts catch a four and one-half pound brook trout on a fly-rod. Dave further says, "I do not know any news that would fat your report. I did spend a week with Jim Walker this summer, and had a fine time roaming around that part of the state. Arthur 'Kid' Folsom was there. Nelson Brown and Woodrow Wilson used our Golf Links this season, but

neither can beat Tibbetts at the game. I tried the game this year, but spent most of the time hunting for balls on the lawns of the residents besides the links."

**C. C. Sturtevant** "Sturt" has worked and drawn his salary. He has made one Progressive Party Speech, and given one Sunday School Convention talk. For a vacation he took a trip to Portsmouth, Hampton Beach, Isles of Shoals, also spent a few days in Munsonville, N. H. Sturt is a member Board of Education, Union School District, Keene. He's run across Adams, Hopkins, Locke, Rowe, Silver, and Wason. Fletcher '00 has become a master of Central Grammar School, Keene.

**Summer Homes Summarized** Twenty-eight men have summer places and two own land upon which some day they expect to build. Five of the places are family homesteads retained for summer use and six of the places are not owned but leased. They are divided as follows: Beaches 10, White Mountains 9, Maine 4, Cape Cod 3, Iowa Lakes 1, Massachusetts Lakes 1, California 1, Pennsylvania 1.

**Supper After Game, Copley Square Hotel, Boston, Nov. 6, 1915** A forward pass flashing out from a despairing dead level of defeat and bursting like a brilliant skyrocket into a victory bringing touch-down, beats caviar all hollow as a supper appetizer. Every ninety-niner and his wife, who walked, rode, or flew as it were, from Fenway Park to the Copley Square Hotel after the 6-3 game with "Pennsy" on November 6 knows that the statement is indisputable, knows too that you don't have to hurry down something else to cover up the taste of this kind of an appetizer and that its action on the palate will flavor pleasantly a whole evening's menu.

The ninety-nine supper "put over after the game" is the basis for all the foregoing philosophy and some more. Even the executive committee, post-mortemly speaking, think the only doubt is whether to prefer the appetizer or the supper. The latter was "some" supper however, even though they do say it.

In the hotel parlor gathered W. B. Adams, Mrs. Adams, Allen, Mrs. Allen, Atwood, Mrs. Atwood, Barney, Mrs. Barney, Beal, Mrs. Beal, Cavanaugh, Clark, Drew, Mrs. Drew and Miss Swain, Donahue, W. R. Eastman, Mrs. Eastman, W. F. Eaton, Evans, Mrs. Evans, Gannon, Hardwick, Mrs. Hardwick, Hoban, Mrs. Hoban, Hobbs, Mrs. Hobbs, Hopkins, Mrs. Hopkins, Huckins, Mrs. Huckins, Johnston, Mrs. Johnston, Kendall, Mrs. Kendall, Mr. C. W. Robie, Lynch, Miss Lynch and Miss White, Osgood, Misses Kaula, Parker, Payne, Mrs. Payne and Mr. and Mrs. Hale, Richardson, Mrs. Richardson, Silver, Sleeper, F. A. Walker, Mrs. Walker, Watson, fifty-five all told.

The subterranean Dutch Room where the "Round-Ups" are held as regularly as the first Saturday night in March appears on the calendar had been reserved so that the ladies might see what their ears had often heard about. With Hallowe'en caps upon their heads, and lanterns that were great grinning green cat heads in their hands, a procession was started at the end of a chatty hour upstairs, for the subterranean room below. The winding staircase was dark. Bob Johnston with "Progressive" boldness shouted "Hail, Hail, the game is over now, what the —— do we care now", and essayed to lead the company downward. Half way down on a window-ledge a wild-eyed Jack-o'-lantern exhibiting a Rooseveltian front of teeth gave familiar encouragement. Bob blurted forth some more of the "Hail, Hail" stuff and the yellow eyes of the Cheshire-like cat in his hand grinned. The "Hail, Hails" of the rest of the company came falling down through the darkness and the grinning cat-heads with the uncertainty of a youngster's "first scales". Limping far in the rear came a last faint "hail" from Hoban bringing up the end of the "peerade".

Warren Kendall threw open the door of the Dutch Room. A long Halloween decked table, with four branches and their accompanying chairs set as close together as a fine toothed comb, showed up dimly in the darkness and flickering candle light. Strange-mouthed, strange-eyed Jack-o'-lanterns, some with two, some with three, some with no teeth shouted out of the super darkness "Celery, Celery give me the first appointment." "I don't do that now," replied

Celery, "you will have to apply to Ikey." The piano, under the able substitution for Willis of his sister, Mrs. Kendall, pouring out toothache powder "Hail, Hail" soothed the pumpkin pandemonium. Warren and Jim Barney helped out the candle light by directing every one to his place. As each one put his green cat down on the table, the latter's smiles grew more satisfying, indicating that this had been even a wee bit too spooky for well bred green cats. Then some one turned on the lights and the illuminating smiles of the green cats vanished with a satisfied twinkle.

The wonderful results of crossing Halloween with Ninety-Nine Dartmouth now became visible. Even the wonder-working biologist Pearl's eyes would have bulged had they been there to see the result. There on the center table was a bit of the green campus edged with Princess pine and upon it Hobe's Eleazar Wheelock Pageantette in arrested progress. All the characters were there, Findem Road, Occom, Eleazar and Mrs. Occom in the cart, while an Indian kept his nose up against the rum cask in the end of the cart and a weather eye out for the cane of Charity Student Wardle who brought up the rear. On one of the branch tables was a replica in miniature of the garden party equally complete in detail, from refreshment table through the receiving line to the "Peripatetic Piano" and the musicians. On another branch table strange creatures astride a keg labeled "Rum 500 Gal." sucked at straws through the bung-hole. Witches, black cats and pumpkins nearly hid the tablecloth. The chandeliers, the plate rail, the balustrades of the stairs to the balcony were all hidden with greenery giving off the aroma of the northern wood One of our big banners hung from the plate rail behind the speaker's table, another from the balcony rail and all about drooped Dartmouth pennants, grinned down strange yellow pumpkin faces. It all made a clever setting for a clever dinner and was due to the good offices of Mrs. Pitt Drew and Mrs. James L. Barney and Mrs. Drew's sister, Miss Swain, who kindly assisted them; and the fun which they had started by their introduction of Halloween caps above stairs was continued by the Halloween blowers which they had placed at each plate. It was a scene full of

color, full of fun, sufficient to make Luther Burbank shout "mirabile dictu" or a '98 man weep with envy.

Suffice it to say that the dinner was a "man's dinner", even though it was "ladies' night". In other words there was really something to eat like steak, accompanied by individual pots of baked beans because it was Saturday night. It was assumed that after a football game even the ladies would have a masculine appetite. As a topper off, with coffee the waiters brought in a real five gallon keg. It was labelled "Eleazar's Rum", but when it had been set up and the spigot turned, out poured forth the finest of new sweet cider.

A good comfortable supper, with music, quips and jests and the blur of blowers and Bob Johnston at the telephone answering an imaginary call from the *New York Sun* for "copy", giving a Johnstonesque description of the dinner and the individual costumes of the ladies in his best manner might satisfy 1900. Not so '99. With Donahue at the center of the head table, acting as oratorical "quarterback", the oratorical plays put over after the supper this time were for originality, cleverness and worthwhileness up to real ninety-nine standard. Even the yellow menu cards with their clever footballist cover design in black, designed by Warren's cousin, had been an original foretaste. But when it came time to start the real play, Donny led off as only Donny can. Paul Osgood followed with the "Dramatic Incidents of the Decennial and Quindecennial", illustrated by stereopticon slides and for thirty minutes we relived under his skillful narration the joys of those two red letter events. When he had finished, Cig Adams kept the thrills still running up and down our backbones by singing the Arcady verses, that appeared in the Quindecennial Report, set to music by him especially for the occasion. The lights were still down and when the applause let up so anything could be interjected, Cig took up the song again and the man at the stereopticon threw on to the screen scenes illustrating the song, ending up with the chorus. Everyone sang and everyone wanted to keep it up, but the "quarterback" Donny started the ball moving in another direction by another brilliant play. This time it was Hopkins going around the right end with "Pills & Politics",

for a clever and witty touchdown wherein Musgrove and Parker came in for laudation. Hodgkins who was unable to enter the game at the last moment had his place taken on the program by the "quarterback"himself. He pretended to make the speech Hodge had prepared, but there seemed to be some suspicion whether he wasn't making some introductory "quarterback" remarks masquerade as a real speech. They were so good, however, that like the insanity of Hamlet you couldn't tell whether they were or were not what they pretended to be. The Ninety-Nine Troubadours came next. There was Maester Master Adams, Troubadours-in-ordinary, Atwood, Barney, Huckins, Sleeper and Richardson. Atwood was in Eleazar costume and the rest in great flaring red hats and gorgeous yellow sashes "designed and executed for the occasion" by Mrs. W. R. Eastman and Mrs. Kendall. As they grouped themselves on the lower landing of the staircase, Long Jim stentorially remarked "It's too bad Pap and Buck aren't here." Just then there was a "honk honk" outside and in tripped "Lena". She took a central position and with a prima-donna manner reflective of Hoban's famous representation of Adelina Patti without words, sang, together with the rest of her company, "A Perfect Day" and for an encore "I Wish I Had a Barrel of Rum". It was scandalous to see the vim Eleazar put into the second song and even Lena misdemeanored herself, but it was all joy-thrilling. Bob Johnston was down next for a play called "Football, an Analysis". He started out with an Abou Ben Adams dodge wherein he got quarterback Donahue mixed up with Abou and ended up with a plea for the Dartmouth Livery Stable Association, a benevolent society trying to help worthy students to get to "Leb" and other places by supplying them with loans of horse flesh. The last was a convulsing Don Quixote parody upon the Dartmouth Education Association. Bob always did have a faculty of getting signals mixed, but as usual he came through a-flying for a touchdown. Donny introduced the next play by saying that the printer had slipped up and instead of "Football, A Synthesis", it should have been "Football a 'cinch-it-is' ". With that under his arm Cavanaugh made a superb run for ninety yards clear across the field. It

was Beal's turn next with some telling verses. Then the troubadors came back and sang "A Warrior Bold" and "My Girl's A Charming Lass" and Tim Lynch finished up the game with a masterly executed run upon "99% Pure". The only old war horse in the team had been Bob, but they had proven the versatility of the class again and the correctness of the philosophy at the bottom of the class machinery, to wit that every man in the class is both a star player and a great team man when called upon to play.

Like a bit of after-the-game pageantry was the way the "quarterback" wound up the spectacle. Like good King Cole he called for pipes to think the game over and lo by magic they appeared, wee T.D.'s stamped with '99 on the bowls, bowls all filled and green ribbons ornamenting the stems. They were lighted. For a bit we smoked in silence; then some one started spontaneously "Ho, a song by the fire, pass the pipe, pass the bowl". In a moment Hovey's lyric was ringing through the hall. As it died down Donny rose and with happy adjectives began calling to mind one by one the men who were absent, beginning with the farthest away, and ended up by proposing a "skaal to the absent". It was drank. As we sat down Cig's tenor and the piano started up Graham's Ode:—

> "Together once more ere we sever
> We light the pipe whose smoke will ever
> Drift o'er the parting of the ways."

We drew another whiff at the wee pipes. In the smoke, arising, resprung up the vision of a Class Day sixteen years back. The hall rang with pathos, the hope expressed in the one living class day ode, first sung that day. Afterward we stood up to sing the Dartmouth Song and said goodbyes. The dramatic aftermath spread over the dinner a tone of deeper meaning.

**F. M. Surrey** Frank reported "nothing but work," and for a vacation "just loafed". The only thing out of the ordinary has been a trip to Middleboro, and a visit from Peddy, when in New York for the meeting of trustees of Fiske University. Later, however, he wrote from New York, November 7, 1915:—

My dear Clark:—You characterize my replies to your questions as "most awful meager" and I own the soft impeachment, but what are you going to do when that is really the state of affairs with regard to interesting events (at least to anyone else) in the life of a school teacher who spends his vacations quietly at home. You suggest that I tell something about the Morris High School, its mechanism, and my part in it.

In the first place, there are twenty-three high schools here and Morris is one of the largest, having an enrollment of nearly 5,000. They are not all in one building, as we have an "annex" but more than 4,000 are in the main building. This is possible by having them divided into two groups, one of which comes at 8.07 and goes at 1.15, while the other comes at 1.30 and goes about 5.30. Our constituency is as cosmopolitan as possible. One of our most recently admitted students was Arason Stenigrimur from the Flensborg School, Hapnasfjord, Iceland.

As to my part in the mechanism, I am a member of the "Program Committee," which arranges teachers' and pupils' programs. Three of us on that committee do most of the scheming at the end of the old term and the beginning of the new. We have to begin to plan for the new term long before the old one is finished. Soon after we have a new term started, and at intervals during the year, adjustments are made in pupils' programs in accordance with their needs and capacities. I have charge of this work, and it serves to keep one out of mischief a considerable part of the time. I should have said that we promote every half year and by subject, so that we have all kinds of complications in pupils' programs. My official position is "Assistant Teacher," which means one of the rank and file, but I am getting into all kinds of administrative work in addition to my teaching, so as to be in line for the next step, which is "First Assistant." I am doing the work of that rank now, but promotions come slowly in a system like this and one's reward for work done here is likely to come in the hereafter, or otherwise than by promotion. Among other things I have rather responsible work in connection with the registration of new students and the "rapid dismissal" or fire drill.

Our "Regents' examinations" may be of interest as they are a characteristic feature of this city and state. At the end of each semester we receive from the Board of Regents of the University of the State of New York examination questions in all kind of subjects. One week is devoted to these exams., and our ratings are subject to revision at Albany. Exams. have to be passed in certain subjects in order to secure a high school diploma from any of our city schools. The State of New York has rather recently adopted the plan of giving scholarships of $100 a year for four years to those who have highest rank in the state examinations and who go to colleges in the state. This is in place of supporting a state university. When the list was made up this summer Morris High School took first rank in the state, with

the largest number among the first thirty-five, and with one of our boys first on the list, his four years' exams. averaging ninety-six and a fraction.

I have neglected to say anything about the social side. We have all kinds of clubs and organizations imaginable: The Deutcher Verein, Qui Vive, Debating Societies, etc., etc. Last Friday I was invited to act as one of the "hostesses" at the Alumni Tea which is a monthly event.

In athletics Morris dose remarkably well considering the fact that we have only about one-third boys and compete with other high schools with nearly as large a total registration but all boys. Our football team has already beaten two of the large boys' high schools of the city. The rifle team is, however, our star aggregation. Last term they were entered in matches with other schools of the city and state and some of wider range, with a total of twenty trophies to be won. Our boys brought home nineteen of the twenty.

Well, I believe I have covered the ground fairly well and I am sure that I have quite outdone myself, so if you are not satisfied this time, I am sorry.

It occurs to me to mention the fact that there are two other Dartmouth men on our faculty, Matthews '94 and McCarthy '08. G. S. Blakely '88 left us a few years ago to become principal of a newly organized high school. Very sincerely yours, F. M. Surrey.

**H. M. Tibbetts** "Skeet" took care of one of the biggest Freshman Classes in the Country as well as 1000 other students. He had an article on Dartmouth Football in *Alumni Magazine,* May 1915. For a vacation he and Dave Storrs went fishing for four days in the Maine woods. They brought home their fish instead of coming home to tell about them, and they were "some" fish, "Skeet" says. He and Dave manage to get away once a year. "Skeet" says he can "classify" only as general handy man for Dartmouth Outing Club on ski jump, toboggan slide, etc., and that he is same thing for Hanover Country Club, but they call it President. He is also on Board of Governors of the Graduate Club. Mrs. Tibbetts made a trip to Montana in September, and "Skeet" went out to bring her back after he had the college settled down for the winter.

**Taxes** The tax of $2.00 to cover the cost of this report should be sent, by those who have not paid in advance, to James L. Barney, Treasurer, 210 Freeport

Street, Dorchester, Mass. Jim says "The cost of collecting," that is postage et al, for the last report, was too high and that the saving by immediate remittance would enable the class report to blow itself to several illustrations. Therefore please remit immediately.

**A. B. Tootell** "Toot" was in Great Falls November 17 on jury duty. He borrowed Jordan's set of questions in order to reply. His ranch is nine miles east of Cascade, no telephone nearer than one and one-half miles. This year he raised an excellent crop of hay and grain and potatoes. He has been doing some research on the determination of sex in animals. He has a theory which he has been testing for some years. For a vacation he naively remarks "I am on the jury." "Toot" has been school trustee for several years, but is not just now. He is secretary local grange and a director of its building organization. He has seen Wiggin at a ball game in Cascade, July 4, and Jordan several times during the year. "Wiggin is the champion hog raiser of his district (Simms). Jordan is about to go to Salt Lake." "Toot" writes further about his farming, November 17, 1915:—

FRIEND CLARK:—My farming has been fairly prosperous this year, thanks to the copious rains and the war in part. We are raising a few horses and some dairy cows together with hogs and poultry. The combination is fairly successful. We are raising alfalfa. This year for the first time we had three crops without irrigation. Farming anywhere is rather a busy life, and here where help is so expensive, there is a strong temptation to try to do much more than one really ought to.

Way off out here we have some natural advantages, but we do miss a great deal that we might have if we were living in your section of the country. I haven't seen a good football game for years. Have never attended a class reunion, and I feel that I have lost a great deal that I was lawfully entitled to.

I do not run a car yet, but I do run a gasoline engine that we use for plowing, threshing, and grinding.

Goodby for the present. I hope nothing will prevent my attending the twentieth reunion of '99. Sincerely yours, A. B. TOOTELL.

**Treasurer's Report**
**J. L. Barney**

J. L. Barney in account with Class of '99:—

RECEIPTS 1915

| | |
|---|---|
| Cash from C. H. Donahue | $19.02 |
| Balance from Quindecennial, W. C. Kendall | 11.37 |
| From taxes | 194.40 |
| From taxes in advance | 97.00 |
| Interest on deposit | 5.13 |
| Contribution for twelfth report from friend | 125.52 |
| | $452.44 |

EXPENDITURES 1915

| | |
|---|---|
| Account book | .50 |
| Postage, printing and sundry expenses | 22.67 |
| Printing, plates, postage, etc., twelfth report | 325.52 |
| | $348.69 |
| Cash on hand December 31, 1915 | 103.75 |
| | $452.44 |

**L. E. Varney**

Luke reports "hard fighting, winning some cases and losing some. He is travelling most of the time; for during last year he has tried and argued cases in United States Courts in Portland, Boston, New York, Buffalo and Washington. For a vacation he motored in his new Ford. "Great stuff!" Got up to Hanover for once, motoring with Batchelder '98 and party. Came back by way of Plymouth and nearly scared the Secretary out of his wits by the volume of a "Hello," as the Secretary was piously walking into the village for a Sunday bite. He took the Secretary onto the running board, and we had a "heart to heart" flying into town.

There have been rumors of house building by Luke in Portsmouth. To our inquiry Luke wrote, October 4, 1915 from New York:—

DEAR GEORGE:—You have been misled, I fear, by the reports of our new house in Dover. All that I have done is to get a little bigger tract of land with one end stretching out into the country, where I could plant a few cabbages and potatoes. The house is only incidental to the garden. You see we had to have a cellar to keep the farm implements in, because we have no barn.

My potatoes did not do well this year because of the excessive rains, which doubtless prevailed at Plymouth as well as at Dover. But, nevertheless, I have had a great deal of pleasure in hoeing them and watching them grow; and this has done me a lot of good.

The potato crop failure was more than made up for, however, by the cabbage crop which I harvested. The cabbages were so large that I had to convey each one individually into the cellar in a wheel-barrow. They will supply boiled dinners for the neighborhood for the winter and possibly through the spring,—that is, unless there is enough pro-German sentiment to convert some of them into sauerkraut. We are most all Irish up that way, however, so I expect the cabbages will hold out, as I said, until the spring.

There is a lot more that I could write you about this garden for I have simply spoken about the extremes, the potatoes and cabbages, one a dead failure and the other a colossal success. I have simply written you this to let you know that I have had a real garden. That is why you have not seen more of me this summer,—when I have not been at my desk I have been in my potato patch.

Kindly let me know what you use for potato bugs in your garden, and how crops were this year up Plymouth way. More anon and cordially yours, Lucius E. Varney.

Luke now makes flying week-ends to Portsmouth, and then gets into a pair of blue jeans, and wields the goad over his steers for recreation and religious stimulation.

**J. B. C. Walker** Jim has done very well in all his occupations, to wit, dealer in grain and groceries, lumbering, insurance and as postmaster at Lee. He has traveled about all over New Hampshire this year, both for pleasure and business. Mrs. Walker went to Frisco Fair. But he didn't take any vacation himself. Had a week's visit from Dave Storrs. That amounted to the same thing.

**F. A. Walker** Fred says modestly: "Made a living." However, we note that he has acquired, this last summer, "a very modest shack" at Lake Boon, Stowe, Mass. He spent his vacation there. He sees "Cav" frequently, Skinner occasionally, and reports that Bill Atwood called on him several times.

**The War** "Has the war affected you? How?" brought chiefly negative answers. These, as well as the affirmative answers, showing either harmful or beneficial influence, are more interesting when applied to the types of work existing among the members of the class. We have therefore classified the occupations of the class, trying to reduce them to their fundamentals. It should be borne in mind, however, that the question was personal and a negative answer by the individual might not be indicative of the exact effect upon the type of occupation. Still with this possible element of errors, the result is not without interest.

The classification with the numbers in each group and the effect of war financially upon the group is as follows:—Actor (1) none; Automobiles (1 sales agent for Northwest United States, 2 salesmen for accessories in East, 1 manufacturing foreman limousine bodies) none; Banking (3) 1 president Oklahoma Bank reports increased business through rise in price of wheat, 2 clerks, one in Texas, one in New Hampshire unaffected; Book Store college town (1), little affect, some supplies harder to get; Brokers, stock and investment (3) two in New York City absolute stagnation followed by unusual activity, one in West reduced activity through investment timidity; Building, house, etc., (1) New England much activity; Carpet and rug manufacturing (1) West, severe loss through closing Boston and Montana copper smelter, Great Falls; Cement (1) unreported; Chemists (3) a soda syrup mfg., combustion engineer, lost source of supplies; Advertising manager for Baking Powder Co., unaffected; Coal dealer (1) none; Creamery (1) none; Dentist (1) none; Doctors (15) located New England (7), New York and Pennsylvania (4), Michigan, Ill. (3), Washington (1), some reported collections harder and increased cost of supplies and in Philadelphia one has suffered loss of French patients owing to return to France of French reservists, two of these situated next to Canadian borders report commercial intercourse of their districts with Canada at stand still; Druggist (1) reports "not noticeable"; Dry Goods merchant (1) New England, none; Engineers (11), one factory construction engineer not being favored with war order factory work

designed very little, four railroad engineers Eastern were busy, but report no new work being undertaken, two railroad contracting engineers (West) report railroad building at standstill, and only engineering work ahead is irrigation and drainage problems on hand, two contracting railroad and general engineers Southern absolute arrest of work, one civil engineer California reports "war cut off all private engineering work and nearly all municipal construction," 1 paper mill engineer reports diversion of capital from paper mill building; Farming (3) benefited, good times in bituminous coal region helped farming there and the increase of price of wheat ("though low") helped Montana farmers; Fine furniture (1) "made business quiet"; Flour (2) none; Gas engines, marine (1) cut off export business, but given indirectly some other business; Groceries (2) one reports wholesale prices higher and money hard to get, another clerically connected unaffected; Insurance (3) one in New York State reports business not so brisk, other two including Life Insurance examiner unaffected; Lawyers (13) unaffected; Leather board mfg. (1) inability to get aniline color now, many supplies higher, very little in main, felt general slowing in business at first; Librarians (2) not affected in work, one was about to publish a translation of a German work on America which publishers cancelled; Lumber (3) one dealing in building lumber unaffected, two in portable mill operations, query whether trade standstill due to war or other causes; Minister (1) none; Metal trades in Worcester (1) draftsman stimulated; Newspaper (3) trade paper editor and sporting editor unaffected, news editor overworked; Optical works (1) none; Packing house (1) chemist unaffected; Painting supplies and decorating (1) none; Plaster paris mfg. (1) export trade cut off; Printing (1) unaffected; Property development (1) unreported; Pulp (1) construction engineer in residence "not materially"; Railroading (3) one not directly, two "none"; Real Estate (2) California, Canada, depressed; Rubber (1) very active; Scale mfg. (1) took edge off business compelling temporary salary reductions; Shoes (1) efficiency mgr. "no"; Teaching, collegiate (9) prevented one from journey of investigations in Balkans, induced another to a tour of observation among warring nations,

otherwise unaffecting; Grammar and high school (15) unaffected save for one chemistry teacher who felt the increased price of chemical supplies and chemical apparatus, i.e., "goose necks"; Telephone (1) commercial representative "none," unclassified (1) query: U. S. Navy Yard (2) active but "increase in business due not to war, but to success in low cost of production as compared with other yards and outside establishments;" Woollen (1) unaffected as mfg. confined to white woollen flannel for babies underwear, etc. One shipment, however, to Australia may be due to war; Wire products (1) Roebling's Southern sales mgr., "Reduced our business in sight in eight Southern states about 25%."

It will be noted what a small proportion are detrimentally affected and there seems to be some question whether the business standstill in the West instead of being due to the war is not due to over development.

On the other hand the mental effect of the war has been varied. Note how the following replied to "Has the war affected you?": Bailey, "Yes, it makes me sad"; Benezet, the grandson of the First Grenadier of the Guard under Napoleon, "No, except in my sympathies"; Donahue, "Wasted a lot of my time figuring out how England and Germany both could be licked and all the others win"; Gerould, "At times it interfered with proper work"; Hoskins, "Yes, Mrs. Hoskins is of German birth"; Leavitt, "Made me mad"; Locke, "Only disgust"; Lynch, "Very much desired to be in the scrap"; Pearl, "Has stirred up my bile dreadfully; otherwise only indirectly. Is anybody in the class, except perhaps Hen Berger, pro-German?"; Richardson, "Only to afflict me with an almost physical sense of depression and sickness whenever I allow my mind to really rest upon it and to produce from me an occasional contribution to the various relief funds. I have mingled feelings about these. They are splendid undertakings, but I cannot give without wondering whether our turn may not come next and if so whether every dollar will not be needed at home"; Sewall, "Politically made me a more staunch G. O. P.;" Speare, "Stirred up rows with my friends"; Varney, "No, except to make me an

advocate of preparedness"; Willard, "Inspired in me a great desire to see Germany licked good and proper."

**E. B. Wardle** Weary has been completing the hydro electric development of Laurentide Co., including installation of six 20,000 h. p. water wheels with accompanying electrical equipment. Travel has been between plant and the links. He did, however, attend Boston Round Up. No vacation. Weary is Chairman of Green's Committee on best 9 hole course in Canada. We quote below a letter from Mrs. Wardle describing life at Grand Mere:

Life in a Canadian mill town may not sound idyllic, but under the right circumstances it may be so. We are all very enthusiastic over it. Ed has a big job on his hands, but it is intensely interesting and he has splendid people to work with. Socially, we have found everything very pleasant, English, American and Canadian, all full of the same delightful feeling. We have a very pleasant house with woods on three sides of it, barn, garage, garden, chicken house, bear cage, and big lawns. The bear cage is empty now and the children use it for a playhouse in summer.

In the summer we can play tennis on asphalt courts maintained by the company, golf on a very good nine-hole course (resident professional), ride, drive, motor, fish and dance. In the fall there is good hunting without going too far. (I could buy moose meat for 20c. a pound and black ducks for 30c. apiece all last month.) And in the winter sleighing, skiing, snowshoeing and sliding, too much snow for much open air skating, but there is a fine big rink and we generally have a first class hockey team. There is a club house with reading, card and billiard rooms and an assembly hall for basketbll, indoor baseball, dances, concerts, etc. If you want to have a party and feel that your house is too small, you can use the big club house veranda in summer or the assembly hall in winter. The children go to a school maintained by the company, one hundred and fifteen pupils, and 5 teachers, three Americans, one English, one Canadian. The company's houses are well built and taken care of, the streets and sidewalks kept in fine condition, electric light and telephone service good and cheap, food, except milk and fruit, considerably lower than in New Jersey, the little dry-goods stores surprisingly good. We go to Montreal to get our teeth filled and to buy our books and clothes.

There are an amazing number of motor cars in the province, considering the bad roads. A fine new road has just been built between Montreal and Quebec and in the spring we are promised one between here and Three Rivers which will communicate with it.

We have all been in very good health since coming here. The air is like Rhine wine, thin, clear and stimulating, and so dry that one doesn't mind the cold.

The war has been felt surprisingly little here. There has been plenty of work and though about one hundred and forty have enlisted, they have all been English or Canadians. French Canada is by no means doing her share in the war. The habitants' view of life is purely parochial. The English speaking population is probably not more than five per cent of the whole in this town.

In listing our amusements I forgot to say that when Ed finishes his dam, we shall be able to go to La Luque, eighty miles up the river in a motor boat. At present going out on the river is too precarious to be classed as an amusement. It is a hazard.

**Warren's Wanderings: Stray Memories Corralled.**

Warren is the traveling member of the executive committee. The little visits with distant ninety-niners, shunted into business journeys, reported by him at the committee luncheons, were so good that they evoked for him one day the title of Class Shepherd, unanimously bestowed by the rest of the committee, and in order that the class might also have the benefit of them he has corralled the following stray memories:

* * * * *

Scene—Fifteenth floor of a large office building entirely occupied by the Universal Portland Cement Co.

Place—208 So. LaSalle St., Chicago, Ill.

Time—September, 1915.

Enters C. S. from a wide corridor into a well lighted spacious outer office, presided over by an extremely well groomed but officious Office Boy.

Class Shepherd—"Is Mr. Kirk to be found here?"

Officious Office Boy—"Don't know 'im, Sir."

C. S.—"Are you sure he's not connected with some part of this organization? The City Directory guided me here."

O. O. B.—"Well, he might be here. Wait a sec and I'll see."

(Whereupon the O. O. B. withdrew from a p. h. in his desk a list of names, which paper does not show signs of much thumbing.)

O. O. B.—"Initial?"

C. S.—"H. B.—Harold Bruce Kirk."

O. O. B.—Yes, I guess you're on all right. Here it is. Wait a minute."

(Exit the O. O. B. as though to produce once more the long lost, though never forgotten associate of days about the Dartmouth campus and in Reed Hall during freshman year of 1895-6. Just 20 years ago.)

Re-enter O. O. B.—"Just a minute, Sir, Mr. W. the Department Head will be here."

(In a short time the C. S. was ushered most courteously into a private office by the D. H.)

D. H.—"You are looking for a Mr. Kirk?"

C. S.—"Yes, Sir, a Mr. Harold Kirk who was a classmate at Dartmouth and whom none of us have seen and scarcely heard from for several years."

D. H.—"Well you're surely on the right trail for I distinctly recall hearing him say something about being at Dartmouth."

(After further and more positive identification by means of physical characteristics—frequently unsafe after a 20-year interval—and other very proper things to mention to one's business associate or superior officer the D. H. volunteered:)

"Yes, Mr. Kirk is one of our field men and has as a territory Southern Illinois and a part of Indiana. He's down there now so I'm sorry you won't be able to see him unless you are to be in the city for some time."

C. S.—"Tell me, please, what you can about Kirk. We used to call him 'Squaw.' You see very few of us have seen him in all these years, much less hear from him and as we are anxious to keep in touch with everyone of the fellows, the boys will be anxious to know what he is doing, how he is getting on, about his family, and so on."

D. H.—"Kirk, I am glad to say, is counted one of our best outside men. He has been very successful and is getting along first rate. He hasn't been with us very long, but is doing very well. He appears happy and seems to enjoy his work. His trips usually take from four to six weeks. You can tell the boys that Kirk is all right and even if you don't hear from him it isn't because he doesn't care about you fellows

or never thinks of you. It's just his way. Oh, yes, he's married. Has a fine wife, though I think no little folks. I don't know whether they keep house or board. No, don't worry if you don't hear from him. That's Kirk. His heart is right."

C. S.—"Do you know whether or not he is interested in politics, is prominent in club life, or follows any other hobby?"

D. H.—"No, I cannot say a thing outside his business affairs, I'm sorry to say. He hasn't much time for these outside things and I doubt very much whether he takes time for them when in Chcago."

As there was apparently but little more to be gained by detaining this friend of Squaw's longer, the C. S. expressed his thanks, left a cigar and was gone.

* * * * *

Dr. Charles E. Cushman of Chicago and Joliet, Ill! Busy? At 6 p. m. he greets you with coat off and sleeves rolled up and no apparent notion of its being time to go to his club for supper. If "Cush" enlarges his field of influence much farther he will need an oversize business card for his present activities, addresses, etc., already require 14 engraved lines by actual count. The card verily looks more black than white. "Cush's" business zeal is only exceeded by his hospitality. Taken by surprise he was none the less able to arrange for an evening off and treat the traveller to a splendid dinner and a delightful moonlight ride in his Haynes Six roadster. We dropped in for a few minutes chat with Burpee Taylor '97, who is in business only a short distance from him. The memory of a former visit from our own Dr. David Parker still lingered with "Cush." Perhaps the conviviality of kindred spirits and the common meeting ground of the profession had much to do with that mutual good time. It's good to see our fellows calling on each other and no one enjoys it more than our prominent Chicago classmate. More success to him.

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Dr. Neal S. Hoskins! Nearly a year ago the C. S. dropped off a Michigan Central train at Detroit one Sunday morning and after breakfast boldly 'phoned Dr. Hoskins for an ap-

pointment. When positive identity had been established, a warning was given to watch out for a round-faced, well-fed individual who shortly would be approaching in a runabout. A few moments later, "Hoss" with the old familiar stride and the same happy smile was seen coming from a waiting auto. A hearty handshake after nearly sixteen years made one feel that time indeed has passed quickly. It wiped out the whole period and I was talking again with the campus friend as though on an after-breakfast stroll from McMurphy's down street on a Sunday morning. It was indeed delicious after all these years. We went to the Doctor's office. At times the dignity of added years and responsibilities were present, especially when being shown over the plant and meeting other members of the firm of which "Hoss" is one of three. But alone in his office with a panoramic view of Lisbon and a Dartmouth picture or two for inspiration, the same old fire of genuine fun was again aflame and I realized what a lot we had lost in not having had him present at all our gatherings. Nothing was forgotten, no detail of college days had gone from his mind.

"Hoss" and his partners and associates dispense healing in Detroit on about the same systematic and complete plan that Filene caters to "man, woman and child." This was decidedly new and interesting and yet how simple, how convenient, how sensible and how thorough, both for doctor and patient. Here was a whole floor, twenty odd rooms, well up in a large office building, prominently located and spic span new. A corps of doctors, specialists in their lines, X-ray operators, nurses and attendants were there, that every "ill that flesh is heir to" might receive the special attention it required. No operations are performed here, however. These, if necessary, are done at the hospitals. Doctoring is thus made both professional and business-like. Unprecedented growth had required a removal to these larger and newer quarters after two years working out of the idea. The "Hoskinorum School of Science" in Sanborn Hall was a wonderful germ plasm.

At one time when off guard, or perhaps to indicate that he is still human, "Hoss" pulled out the "makin's" and proceeded to roll his own smoke. It was an impressive picture.

The original of the Bull Durham moving picture van had nothing on our friend, Doctor Hoskins, "Old Doctor Hoskins" as Bobbie would say; and as the C. S. and the Doctor talked on through the welling smoke, the impression took root with the C. S. that the class will surely see this member of it, that it much wants to see, at the reunion in 1919.

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While the C. S. was walking along a busy street in Rochester, N. Y., looking for some place where a directory would be found to tell him "Bill" Nye's office number, he was attracted to an individual who was holding down the curb, apparently waiting for a trolley. There was something familiar about the figure with yet a doubt. The C. S. made a wide detour. The figure eyed him in return. The C. S. walked by, turned and came back again taking a wide sweep and then boldly approached. "Is this you, Bill Nye?" It was and on the very corner overhead on a window of the Chamber of Commerce was "Nye & Forbes, Ins." in gold lettering, if the C. S. had only looked up. There was a quick and hearty invitation to "come up to the office" and all business was over for that day.

"Bill" and his partner are firmly established in general insurance business with several field men and a busy office force. There is a certain air of prosperity about the place. Knowing "Bill" we would be sure there was a good foundation or no buildings. It was all there and apparently the result of individual effort.

A little later Mrs. Nye was consulted and it was found there were enough potatoes "in" for an extra, and an invitation cordially given was heartily accepted. Thereafter the C. S. had to say "Ed." The C. S. cannot go further without paying homage to the lady who presides over that home with her fine little brood of three, two boys and a girl. He was made to feel delightfully at home with never a thought of a stranger just dropping in. "Ed" has seen but a few of us the past seventeen years and Mrs. "Ed" knows practically none. It was therefore keenly interesting to go through the pictures in the last report and point out this one and that one. It meant for

them immediate acquaintance for the reports are well read in that home. Our ladies will all be glad to welcome Mrs. Nye in 1919 for she is one of us. So after an all too-short evening discussing everything Dartmouth and Ninety-Nine, "Ed" piloted the C. S. back to the station where a sleeper was taken for Boston. Note: This was a Boston & Maine sleeper. The next reunion will find the Nyes on deck from Saturday to Wednesday.

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The C. S. shall have to call Herb Collar a "movie fan" for one fine evening last summer, while it was yet light, the C .S. tried to reach Herb by 'phone from the Buffalo Union Station and was informed that he was "out for a little while," but would return about nine. After telling who the C. S. is, Mrs. Collar confessed to the movie habit and said Herb would be glad to come to the station even if for only a short time. The train left at 9.45 so we only had a brief half hour together. Our famous 220 man is not much heavier than when in college, —a good number of us are sorry we cannot say the same,—but he is none the less happy and is prospering with the others. While it is difficult because of his modesty to get "Herb" to admit anything, yet he has a fine position with good prospects. If any of you go through Buffalo, be sure to stop over a train to see "Herb."

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Dan Ford and the C. S. missed connections, so that their visit was confined to a short bench warming experience in the Milwaukee Railroad Station at Minneapolis one night in January last, but it was good. Dan with his short sharp fire told of his University duties and while he would scarcely admit it, he is surely making his influence felt and his importance is increasing as shown by the work which is falling to his lot. Responsibilities look for broad shoulders upon which to lean and Dan in his own way is carrying his load and doing it in a manner to reflect much credit upon himself. The C. S. couldn't get all of this out of Dan, but he got it elsewhere.

It was regretted that more time was not to be had for a visit to Dan's house. A cordial welcome was extended by 'phone by Mrs. Ford and the C. S. is looking forward to this another time.

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Keene, N. H., isn't so very far away, but unless one has definite business there the chances are unfavorable for stopping, even though it has the usual attributes of a beautiful New Hampshire town.

The definite business, however, came one day and the C. S. stretched it out to cover a night and descend upon "Sturt" and Charlie Adams. A church supper claimed "Sturt" before the C. S. could make his presence known, else he fancies he should not have had to eat at that really splendid Cheshire House. But Charles and his family were not so minded that evening and the C. S. found them at home. Charles has an idea that the whole western part of Southern New Hampshire will go hungry or without confections if he doesn't stick to his job. But that's not the only reason. He has a family, wife and two fine children. He is digging now that he may take his leisure later when he's his own boss. Such faithfulness hath its reward. It's my opinion that the C. E. Adamses go to Hanover in June, 1919, as Mrs. Adams will insist upon it.

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A meeting with "Bill" Hutchinson at his father's funeral in Norwich last winter does not make just the narrative to write about, that being more of a personal matter. To those who haven't seen Bill since 1909, or even longer, it should be said that he has sobered up a great deal, looks upon life with considerable seriousness, and is one of the more solid and substantial men of his community. He is highly successful in his chosen work as we all know he would be.

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These stray memories of the C. S. do not deal at length with other seen oftener such as "Tedo," "Mott" Tom Whittier, "Herbie" Watson, "Phil" Winchester, "Sully," Jack Sanborn and other hardy perennials regularly seen at our various

anniversaries. It is a great joy to be able to call upon those who by their choice or fortune are located away from the centers and take to them in a humble way the cordiality of the class through the Executive Committee and perhaps to bring them into a bit closer touch with the class as a unit. It is the C. S.'s purpose, so far as he is able and he expresses a hope that others may emulate his purpose, in calling on a classmate seldom seen, thereby tending to bring us all into a closer companionship for good to Dartmouth and for the renown of our splendid class. Even "Kimmie," The "Rab," Horace Sears, "Bones" Woodward, "Bill" Wiggin, "Toot," the two new emigrants "Ted" Child and John Ash, Frank Staley, "Doc" Norton, and Sam Burns are not beyond the C. S.'s ambition. Since the Executive Committee have willed it and made him the Class Shepherd, his voluntary visits have taken on a class duty. If not welcome any one may turn the latch on him. His faith is in the fact that he has never seen a Dartmouth man, much less a Ninety-Nine man, who was not always glad to grasp the hand of such a wanderer.

**H. A. Wason** Bill has worked harder than ever before and made a poorer material showing, so he says. The war reduced his business in Southern States about 25%. As Bill spends about one half of his time in traveling through the South, he feels that he does his share of it. For a vacation, it is, therefore, a pleasure to settle down in some one spot, instead of traveling as many like to do, so he has been making a practice each year of returning to a cottage which he hires at West Swanzey, N. H. Take it with Ash and Childs in the South, and "Mot" Sargeant and Berger in New York, and Dr. Hopkins, Sturtevant and C. E. Adams in Keene, he has seen quite a few '99-ers during the year.

Bill's letter accompanying answers to questions tells interestingly of his vacation, and some of the things you want to know about. It's dated Atlanta, Ga., Nov. 23, 1915:

My dear George:—I am enclosing the questionnaire filled out, as you will note, mostly with monosyllables.

Two of our ninety-nine men have forsaken the Southeast during the present year and have gone to the Northwest. John Ash and "Ted" Child, who were in Atlanta during the greater part of the year of 1914, and then in Chattanooga until the spring of 1915, have moved to Corvallis, Oregon. John took his family, consisting of his wife and five children as well as a nurse maid, from Chattanooga to Corvallis in his Hudson touring car. They camped along the way and made the trip of more than 3000 miles without accident or sickness. There was an interesting article published in the Corvallis newspaper giving a good deal of publicity to the trip. Ash and "Ted" are in the general contracting business, and are in addition conducting a manufacturing plant.

My family passed four very pleasant weeks at West Swanzey this summer. While there a slight illness of mine made it necessary to call in a physician. Dr. Hopkins drove over in his car from West Swanzey to the camp, and you can imagine my pleasure in finding that the doctor was our little "Hoppy." This accidental meeting afforded us an opportunity for a very pleasant reunion, and led to my getting acquainted again with "Sturt" and C. E. Adams who live in Keene.

Your reference to Frank's matter in your note of Sept. 26 just goes to show that Frank's fate was of a great deal more interest to the East and North, than it was to the South. It is absolutely impossible for anyone to understand the Southern viewpoint unless he has lived here and become one of the people. I believe the majority of the decent citizens think Frank's end was no more than he deserved. Far be it from me to dissent from this opinion. The means were rather harsh, but we have a way of ignoring the means where the end to be accomplished seems vital. Ex.-Gov. Slaton is at home again and thus far unmolested, although there have been some dire predictions made as to his bodily safety.

I wish some of our good Dartmouth men would come South. Sometimes I feel isolated, particularly since Ash and Child beat their retreat to Oregon. If I can get to Boston soon, or whenever I may, I am going to let you know I am coming and we will have a little reunion of our own, and I wish to see everyone of the old ninety-nine men in that neck of the woods. I am just hungry for that sort of thing.

I am going to be in New York in January or February, and sincerely hope I may see you then.—As ever,—WASON.

**H. L. Watson** "Watty" has been at work steadily on the continuation of the electrification of the N. Y., N. H. & H. R. R., of all tracks west of New Haven. The following letter gives the details of his vacation and is of interest upon the question of "military preparedness." It's dated, New Haven, Oct. 17, 1915:

Dear George:—This spring the U. S. Gov. notified the state of N. Y. that a school of instruction for the signal corps would be held at Fort Leavenworth, Kan., from June 5 to June 15th and asked for a detail of an officer and three non-commissioned officers from my company and the same from "B" company in Brooklyn. I was luckily named as one of the detail to be sent. We left on the night of June 2nd and reached the Fort at noon on June 4th. We had lectures on all kinds of subjects pertaining to the work, instruction in cavalry tactics and drills with Co. A signal corps of the regular army. During these drills we watched the others for a while and then the national guard students replaced men of corresponding rank and drilled with the company.

Throughout the trip I enjoyed myself and got a lot of useful knowledge. We all went out via Pittsburg, Indianapolis and St. Louis, but on the return I left the others and came back through Chicago. I got to Chicago the day the car strike was settled. I reached there at about 9 a. m. and it was the deadest place you can imagine with not a surface car or elevated train running. By eleven a. m. the elevated trains began running and by mid-afternoon all surface cars were out. I got back to New York June 19th at 7 a. m. and took the first train to New Haven.

As soon as I got back I started "cramming" for exams for promotion. The exams took place on June 30th and July 8th, a total of 8½ hours. My commission as 1st lieutenant was issued July 10th and on July 17th our company left for the state camp at Fishkill Plains, N. Y. There we had 8 days of fine instruction and experience.

One day, while halted from riding a moment, a number of motor cycle messengers passed by us pushing their machines. One of them reached over and gave my leg a yank and looking down at him closely I was much surprised to see "Ikey" Leavitt in the uniform of the 7th N. Y. infantry. He is living in N. Y. and has been a member of the 7th for over 2 years. After getting back to camp, I had a chance for a short talk with him as his regiment was camped only across the road from my company. I afterwards saw "Ikey's" name on the list of the 7th regiment rifle team for the competitors at Sea Girt, N. J. This team won several matches and I saw that Ikey won an individual match so you see he must be some shot.

You ask some very pat questions regarding the Plattsburg camp, but I am forbidden by regulations to discuss it as I should like to. I believe that camps of this kind cannot be held too often or attended by too many of the citizens of the country. The experience of even one month of training will overcome the shock of the change from the ordinary conditions of life and will teach a man how to take care of himself for the benefit of himself and the others around him. The man will also get an idea of the ways of carrying out drills, trench work and also a line on the different branches of the service. While these

things cannot make an officer in one month still they would go a long way toward making clear much of the information contained in the various drill manuals. In case volunteer service became necessary a candidate for official position who has attended camps could take his books and together with his experience could much more quickly make himself qualified to hold a position as an officer and, what is more important, properly look after the welfare of his men.

A man should not allow himself to be satisfied with attendance for one season only, but should attend at least one and if possible two more seasons and should study well the numerous drill regulations, field service regulations, manuals of subsistence and supply and transportation in order that his men may be properly clothed, fed and kept in good condition and ready for action.—Yours sincerely,—H. L. Watson.

**T. T. Whittier** Tommy says he has plugged at it for fifty weeks and drawn his salary. We might say he has travelled at it, too, for his paper mill engineering work has taken him several times to Minneapolis, several times to Maine, a few times to Wisconsin, and also to Ottawa in October. On one of his western trips he ran into "Cush" in Chicago by chance. For a vacation he motored up through the White Mts. in June, going by the way of Hanover and got from Dave the points of direction to be followed farther up. For a summer home he hires a bungalow at Mattituck Point, Long Island, but it doesn't see so much of him personally as the mere fact suggests. He saw Greenwood one June day in Hartford and Sam Smith and Wardle looked him up in New York.

**A. D. Wiggin** "Wig's" worked like —— all the time. Besides teaching he "researched" 130 acres of wheat into the bosom of mother earth. He made some extemporaneous talks during the year, but he doesn't think them to have been of much account. For a vacation he just worked some more. His travels have been purely local. When you consider that he is president of Simms Commercial Club, also president of the local Telephone Co., you see at once that he wouldn't have the time for such amenities of life. He reports having "three summer homes and that they are doing him" though he doesn't specify how. Jordan and Tootell he has

seen, he knows that Oakes is married and he says that Lewis '97 is raising some smoke out in his region, both literally and figuratively.

**H. R. Willard** "Tony" attended to his professional work, "that's all." Last spring he wrote a chapter on mathematics to be included in a handbook for highway engineers. His travels have been principally to Old Town and Bangor. During the summer he went to White River Jct. and St. Johnsbury, Vt., by Boston. For a vacation he taught in summer school and later spent a month at Southwest Harbor, Me. Tony is a member of the Orono Democratic Town committee.

**P. H. Winchester** Pete writes October 3, 1915:

"This year has been about the same as last, so far as business has been concerned, and Kendall can doubtless bear me out when I say that I have done all I could with mighty little to do it with. We have, however, built a few passing track extensions, renewed a few bridges that time and the elements had been a little too harsh with, built a new stock yard at one of our points nearest Canada so that the dear Canadian cattle could be given needed rest and shelter as they first should reach our hospitable shores, and in general have tried to keep the property in shape to be able to handle the business when the long prophesied good times return, without in the meantime spending so much as to put the good old N. Y. C. into the hands of a receiver.

No books, essays, etc. Hold on, though it was more than a year ago, I did give several spiels on what I saw of the Panama Canal when I was there in January, 1913, and at least several people listened to me, or at least looked at the stereopticon pictures. But nobody saw fit to publish my "lecture." The only way I now have of getting my name in even the local papers is by going out on the Road to make an inspection, when they generally manage to get hold of it at least about every other time.

My only travels are when I manage to get a few days' vacation which isn't so very often, but I have succeeded in getting by automobile as far away from Watertown as Auburn, N. Y., in the one direction, and as far as Big Moose in the Adirondacks in the other direction. We also managed to purloin about a week's time the present summer for a little rough-it trip to Lock's Mills, Me., where we spent a very pleasant time at my father's camp. New York is all right for its sce-

nery, but good old Maine still comes in for a good bit of praise, for it is certainly a very beautiful country about the little chain of lakes in the vicinity of Lock's Mills. You see I haven't lost all my pride in my native state, even though I have spent some 15 years out York State way. The nearest I came to seeing the fairs at San Diego or at Frisco was by attending Howe's Travellogues, which, in case you are not up on such matters, I would advise are a species of the moving picture variety of entertainments, these particular ones coming to the local "opery" house twice a year. You can thus see both these fairs for a very nominal fee, depending on where you wish to sit. I have not been to Hanover since the never-to-be-forgotten Quindecennial of the Class of '99. Cannot strictly classify as any of the officials mentioned under question 14, though I might possibly get in under the wire on the hog-reeve matter from the number of stock yards the M. of W. men had to clean out and disinfect as a result of the several quarantines that have been placed throughout this territory in course of the past years. None of the honors mentioned have been heaped upon my humble head. The nearest approach to it was when our barn was designated for the fall primaries, where two votes were cast, though not for me, for the Democrats, Socialists, etc., were supposed to be there.

Warren Kendall is the only member of the class I have seen since the fall of 1914, to the best of my knowledge and belief, having seen him in his office in Boston on August 28, 1915, when on my way to Lock's Mills, Me. I was looking for him. Having been so out of intimate touch with the other members of the class, I can give no news concerning them. The same is true of the members of the other classes mentioned. I have hopes of getting to Buffalo some time the present month and am going to make a serious effort to call on Herb Collar whose address Kendall gave me when I saw him in Boston.

**E. L. Woodman** Leon says of his year's work, "Nothing new or alarming" and "too much reading to find time for research work. Am directing research work of a graduate student instead." He made a short trip visiting schools at Brewer, Ellsworth and Blue Hills, Me. For a vacation he sent his wife and children to New York State and then enlarged the house by raising the roof. He is attending one of Willard's courses this semester. As the students express it, "Willard is a great teacher, but awfully sarcastic at times."

**W. C. Woodward** "Bones" characterizes his year of professional activities thus: "Kept the wolf from the garage." That is going some. He is now President of the Seat-

tle Surgical Society. For a summer place he owns a half acre on an island in Puget Sound and for a vacation camped on San Juan Islands, the Thousand Islands of the Northwest. Occasionally he sees Place '00, who is practicing law in Seattle. Bones has changed his residence from 1227 10th Ave. West to 724 17th Ave. North, thereby getting a different point of compass.

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